★ Oct. 12, 1935

THE NEW YORKER

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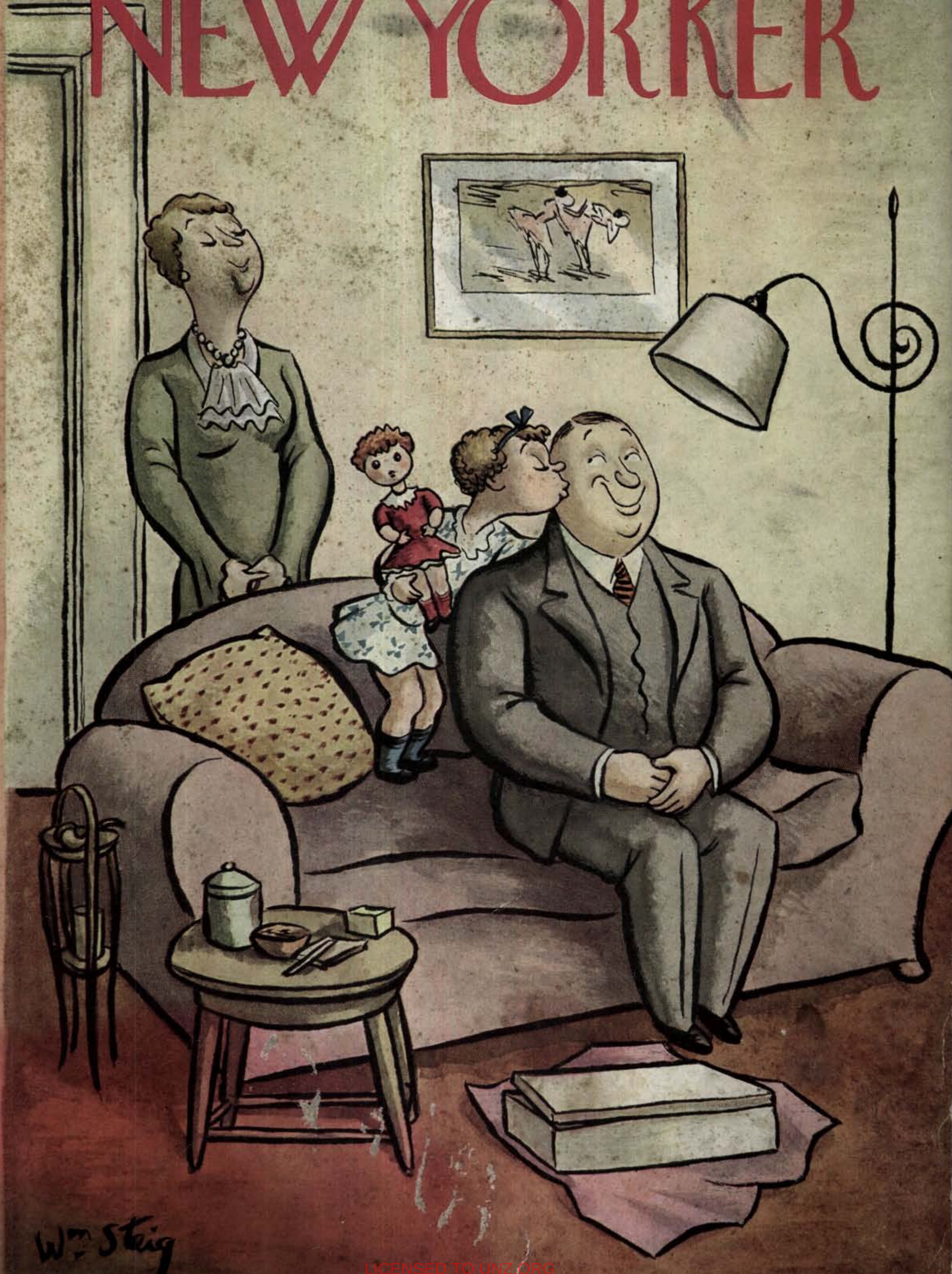

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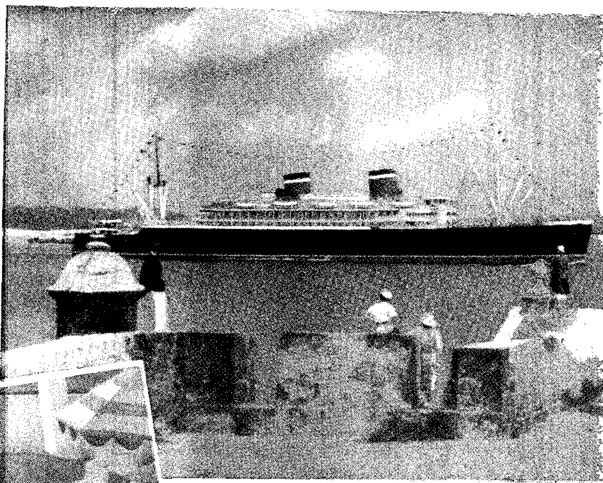

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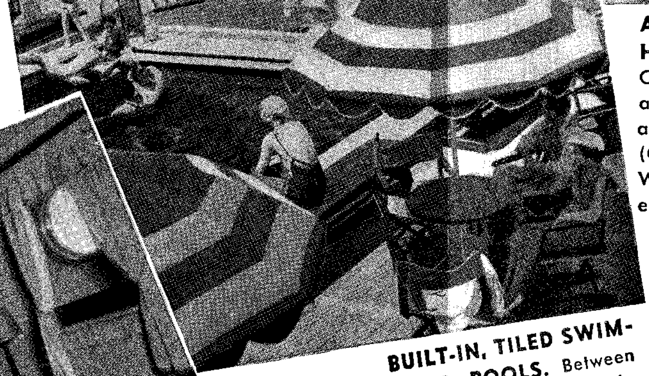

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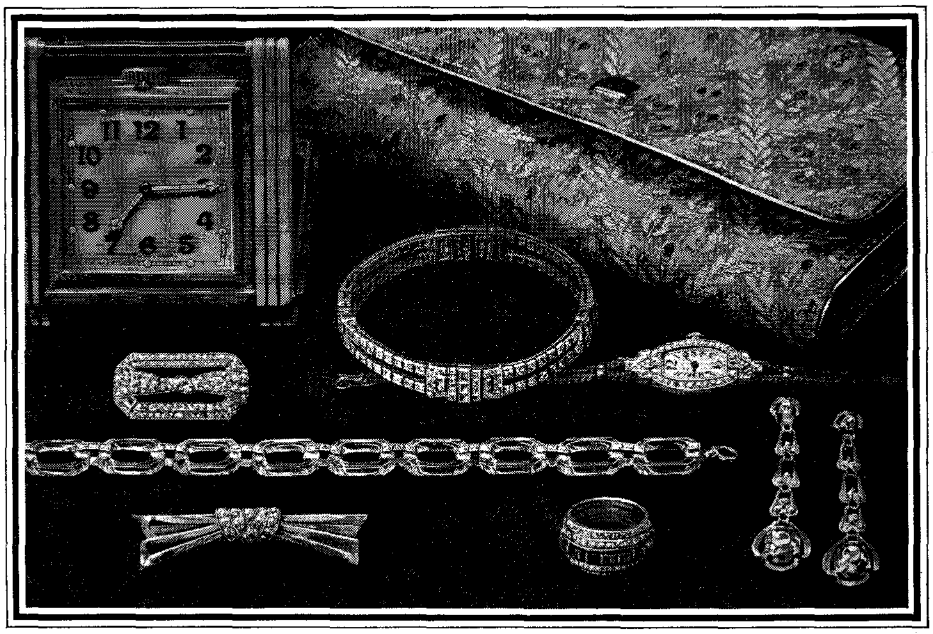

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19.]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Children's Hour—A fine, brave play about two school teachers who are accused of Lesbianism by a brat. Katherine Emery, Anne Revere, Florence McGee, Katherine Emmet, and Robert Keith. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. PEnnsylvania 6-0773.)

If This Be Treason—The Rev. John Haynes Holmes and Reginald Lawrence avert a war for the Theatre Guild. McKay Morris, Walter Greaza, and Tom Powers are involved in all the innocent excitement. (Music Box, 45, W. CHickering 4-6160. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Most of the Game—Very light, but very pleasant, conversation based, now and again, on adultery and the allied arts. James Bell, Robert Douglas, and Dorothy Hyson. (Cort, 48, E. BRyant 9-0046. 8:45 P.M.)

Night of January 16—It is up to the audience to decide whether or not Karen André pushed the Match King off his penthouse. A. H. Woods' rowdy courtroom melodrama, with Doris Nolan, Sarah Padden, and Walter Pidgeon. (Ambassador, 49, W. COlumbus 5-7057. 8:50 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Paths of Glory—Sidney Howard has a little trouble getting going, but altogether his dramatization of the Humphrey Cobb novel is shocking and effective. William Harrigan, Jack Roseleigh, and Cyril Scott are in the cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. LAckawanna 4-6720. Mat. Thurs.)

Personal Appearance—What happens when a Hollywood movie star gets her hooks into a filling-station boy. Genuinely comic lines, read with great effect by Gladys George. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BRyant 9-3970. Mat. Thurs.)

Shakespearean Repertory—The Philip Merivale-Gladys Cooper company in "Macbeth": through Sat., Oct. 12. Either "Othello" or "Macbeth" will be given the week of Oct. 14; see daily papers. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CHickering 4-2728. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

A Slight Case of Murder—Dirty doings in a gangster's Saratoga mansion. A fairly entertaining melodrama by Damon Runyon and Howard Lindsay. (48th Street, 48, E. BRyant 9-0178. 8:50 P.M.)

Squaring the Circle—A farce out of Soviet Russia which is remarkable chiefly because it kids Soviet Russia. Otherwise, it is a Slavic "Box and Cox," mildly amusing. (Lyceum, 45, E. BRyant 9-0546. Mat. Thurs.)

The Taming of the Shrew—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne doing their best (which is pretty darned good) to make an old dog do new tricks. What is known as "good fun." (Guild, 52, W. COlumbus 5-8229. Mat. Thurs.)

Three Men on a Horse—A little man with a genius for picking winners is taken over by a group of touts and promoted. Good, vulgar laughter. William Lynn, Sam Levene, Shirley Booth, and others. (Playhouse, 48, E. BRyant 9-2628. 8:45 P.M.)

Tobacco Road—The dramatization of Erskine Caldwell's story of Southern sloth and sin, showing a family just about as low as a family can get. With James Barton. (Forrest, 49, W. LAckawanna 4-6890.)

A Touch of Brimstone—Roland Young's polite gifts rather wasted on the story of a philandering producer's wrangles with his wife. With Mary Philips. (Golden, 45, W. CHickering 4-0144. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Oct. 13, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

Winterset—Burgess Meredith, Margo, and Richard Bennett in Maxwell Anderson's sensitive attempt to write a grim underworld tragedy in terms of poetic prose. Not completely successful, but worth your while for all that. (Martin Beck, 45, W. PEnnsylvania 6-6100.)

WITH MUSIC

Anything Goes!—If you want a good musical show with lots of laughs, this ought to fix you up. William Gaxton, Victor Moore, Benay Venuta, and others. (46th Street, 46, W. LAckawanna 4-1219.)

At Home Abroad—Beatrice Lillie merry and bright in the Dietz-Schwartz revue. Other talented people hanging around are Eleanor Powell, Paul Haakon, and Ethel Waters. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CIrcle 7-5161. Mat. Thurs.)

Sketch Book—This year Earl Carroll gives us a history of the United States "as seen through the eyes of a chorus girl," and except for some excellent dancing, a comedian named Sassafrass, and a performing dog, it is all fairly routine. (Majestic, 44, W. CHickering 4-3141.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify all dates.)

Porgy and Bess—The Theatre Guild's production of the Gershwin-Heyward folk opera. Alexander Smallens conducts the orchestra and the cast includes Todd Duncan, Anne Brown, Georgette Harvey, and Abbie Mitchell. Opens Thurs., Oct. 10. (Alvin, 52, W. COlumbus 5-4114. 8:15 P.M.)

Sweet Mystery of Life—A comedy by George Haight, Richard Maibaum, and Michael Walach, with Hobart Cavanaugh, Gene Lockhart, and Broderick Crawford. Opens Fri., Oct. 11. (Shubert, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-7175. 8:40 P.M.)

Achilles Had a Heel—Walter Hampden in a play by Martin Flavin, with John Wray and Sylvia Field. Opens Sat., Oct. 12. (44th Street, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-7135. 8:40.)

Jubilee!—The Moss Hart-Cole Porter musical, with Mary Boland, June Knight, Melville Cooper, Derek Williams, May Boley, Mark Plant, Charles Walters, and others. Opens Sat., Oct. 12. (Imperial, 45, W. CHickering 4-0360. 8:30 P.M.)

Agatha Calling—A play by Rosemary Casey, with Louis Calhern, Leo G. Carroll, Jay Fassett, and others. Opens Mon., Oct. 14. (St. James, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-4664. 8:40 P.M.)

Venus in Silk—An operetta with score by Robert Stolz. The cast includes J. Harold Murray, Nancy McCord, Audrey Christie, and Joseph Macaulay. Opens Mon., Oct. 14. (Adelphi, 54, E. CIrcle 7-7666. 8:30 P.M.)

Bright Star—A comedy by Philip Barry, staged by Arthur Hopkins, with Lee Tracy, Julie Haydon, Jean Dixon, and Louis Jean Heydt. Opens Tues., Oct. 15. (Empire, B'way at 40. PEnnsylvania 6-9541. 8:40 P.M.)

Triumph—A play by George Austin, with Ruth Matteson, Zamah Cunningham, and others. Opens Tues., Oct. 15. (Fulton, 46, W. LOngacre 5-8825. 8:45 P.M.)

Strip Girl—A play by Henry Rosendahl, with Mayo Methot, Walter Gilbert, and others. Opens Wed., Oct. 16. (Longacre, 48, W. LAckawanna 4-8686. 8:45 P.M.)

BALLET

Monte Carlo Ballet Russe—Massine, Baronova, Lichine, Toumanova, Danilova, and other members of the accomplished troupe. Performances daily through Sun., Oct. 20, from a repertory that includes "Three-Cornered Hat," "Scheherazade," "Aurora's Wedding," "Cotillon," "Thamar," "Union Pacific," "Boutique Fantasque," "Petrouchka," "Prince Igor," "Good Humored Ladies," "Choreartium," "The Midnight Sun," and "A Hundred Kisses." See daily papers for programs. (Metropolitan Opera House, B'way at 39: PEnnsylvania 6-1200. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Sat. and Sun. 2:30.)

Vicente Escudero—Recital by the famous Spanish dancer: Tues. Eve., Oct. 15, at 8:30. (Town Hall, 43, E. BRyant 9-9447.)

AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

Barney Gallant, 161 E. 54 (PLaza 3-2465)—Barney's new uptown place, with Arthur Warren's orchestra, and songs by Grace and Charlie Herbert.

Biltmore Supper Room, Madison at 43 (MUrray Hill 2-7920)—Howard Lally's orchestra, with dances by Florence and Alvarez.*

Central Park Casino (RHinelander 4-3034)—Leo Reisman leads the orchestra in this all-seasons rendezvous and the Yacht Club Boys sing their irreverent songs.*

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56 (PLaza 3-8887)—Joe la Porte's orchestra plays in the new Salon Azure. There's also Tisdale's Trio and songs by Roberta.*

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (ELdorado 5-8769)—The playboys' paradise has reopened for the season. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Gustavo Martell's tango band.*

Jack Dempsey's Supper Room, 8 Ave. at 50

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THE NEW YORKER

ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS
25 WEST 45TH STREET
BRYANT 9-6300

EDITORIAL OFFICES
25 WEST 43RD STREET
BRYANT 9-8200

The New Yorker, published weekly by F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; P. D. Hoyt, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, advertising manager. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. XI, No. 35, October 12, 1935. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1935, by the F-R Publishing Corporation in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(CIrcle 7-6666)—After-theatre music by Dave Herman and his orchestra. Dances by Carlos and Marchan.

Madison, Madison at 58 (VOlunteer 5-5000)—Val Olman's orchestra plays in the new Baroque Room. Songs by Ramona and the Meadow Brook Boys.*

Le Mirage, 125 E. 54 (PLaza 3-5080)—Eve Symington sings, the decorations are by Vernon McFarlane, and the orchestras are led by Ron Perry and Bernie Dolen. Dress.

Mon Paris, 142 E. 53 (ELdorado 5-9800)—The inimitable Marion Chase has just opened here. Gene Fosdick's music.*

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (REgent 4-5900)—Pancho and his orchestra play in the Neptune Grill.*

Place de l'Opéra, 151 E. 57 (PLaza 3-6615)—Recently opened on the site of the old Embassy Club. Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians play for dancing.*

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PLaza 3-1740)—Eddy Duchin now provides the music in the Persian Room, one of the smartest and most charming places for supper dancing in town. Dances by the DeMarcos. Dress.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (CIrcle 6-1400)—Ray Noble leads the orchestra, Frances Maddux sings, and Ramon and Renita dance in this room high in the sky. Dress. . . . The informal Rainbow Grill features Joe Candullo's orchestra and dances by Houston and Harden.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (VOlunteer 5-3600)—The new Savoy Room has Dick Gasparre's orchestra, songs by Dwight Fiske, and dances by Rosita and Fontana. Dress.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PLaza 3-4500)—The new King Cole Room, built around the famous Maxfield Parrish mural, features Emil Coleman and his orchestra. Dances by Medrano and Donna. Dress.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PLaza 3-9096)—Noisy and popular after-theatre rendezvous. Music by Nat Brandwynne and Nano Rodrigo, with songs by Georges Metaxa.*

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (ELdorado 5-8028)—Another popular late spot, with Joe Smith's and Alfredo Brito's orchestras. Lucienne Boyer opens here Thurs., Oct. 10.*

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (ELdorado 5-3000)—Rudy Vallée and his Connecticut Yankees play for supper dancing in the Starlight Roof Garden. Also, Michael Zarin's orchestra. Dress.

Dance Orchestras Here and There—Dick Wilson plays at the Bossert, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights. . . . Hal Kemp is at the Pennsylvania Madhattan, 7 Ave. at 33. . . . Little Jack Little is at the St. Moritz Continental Grill, 50 Central Pk. S. . . . Jack Berger plays in the Orangerie of the Astor, B'way at 44. . . . Enoch Light is at the McAlpin, B'way at 34. . . . Johnny Johnson play in the Commodore English Grill, Lexington at 42. . . . Isham Jones plays in the new Blue Room of the Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44. . . . Harold Stern is at the Salon Madrid of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, 5 Ave. at 9. . . . Don Richards is at the Montclair Casino, Lexington at 49. . . . Henry Halstead provides the music at the Park Central Cocoanut Grove, 7 Ave. at 56. . . . Clyde Lucas plays at the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34. . . . You'll find Ozzie Nelson at the Lexington, Lexington at 48. . . . Bert King is at the Governor Clinton, 7 Ave. at 31. . . . Sammy Wilson is at the Edison Green Room, 46, W. of B'way.

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19.]

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Notes—Kathryn Parsons sings and Jack Meyers leads the orchestra at the Club New Yorker, 38 E. 51 (ELdorado 5-8814).* . . . Maxim's, recently opened at 12 E. 54 (ELdorado 5-9492), offers Malanga's orchestra and songs by the Riviera Boys. . . . Vignes de France, 130 E. 58 (ELdorado 5-9468), has songs by Chic Endor and Charlie Farrell, and Alfred Menconi's and Don Martel's orchestras.

Places offering music and casual entertainment, where you might drop in for a drink and a bite to eat during the course of an evening: Savoy-Plaza Café Lounge, 5 Ave. at 58; Netherland Bar, 5 Ave. at 59; Weylin Bar, Madison at 54; Elysée Monkey Bar, 60 E. 54; Armando's, 54 E. 55; Trouville, 112 E. 52; Bill's Gay Nineties Bar, 57 E. 54; Ethel Levey's Snack Bar, 68 E. 56; Le Bijou, 6 E. 56; Place Elegante, 33 W. 56; Continental Café, 10 E. 52; Madeleine's, 6 E. 52; Town Casino Club, 9 W. 52; Chateau Moderne, 42 E. 50; Anna Held's, 1 Ave. at 52; Man About Town Club, 15 W. 51; Club Normandie, 112 Central Pk. S.; Rockefeller Plaza Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge, 32 W. 50; Deauville, 42 W. 58; and Number One Bar, 5 Ave. at 8.

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Broadway Atmosphere—The French Casino, 7 Ave. at 50 (COlumbus 5-7070), has a spectacular new show, "Folie Parisienne," and Don Bestor's orchestra. . . . Other rough-and-tumble places with plenty of floor show: Paradise, B'way at 49 (CIrcle 7-1080); Hollywood, B'way at 48 (CHickering 4-2572); and Del Monico's 209 W. 51 (CIrcle 7-6108). . . . Dan Healy's Broadway Room, 231 W. 54 (CIrcle 7-3073), is a good place to wind up the evening.

Small, noisy places, popular with the late Broadway crowd: The Famous Door, 35 W. 52; Jim Healy's, 62 W. 52; and the Onyx, 72 W. 52. . . . The original Tillie of Harlem now has a place at 106 W. 52; open all night.

Greenwich Village—Mori's, 144 Bleecker (GRamercy 7-8736), has Nye Mayhew's orchestra. . . . For Village dance-hall atmosphere: The Village Barn, 52 W. 8; The Greenwich Village Inn, 5 Sheridan Sq.; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq. . . . Not for débutantes: Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan.

Harlem—The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142 (EDgecombe 4-1030), has Claude Hopkins' band and an excellent show, featuring Nina Mae McKinney, Miller and Mantan, Cora La Redd, and truckin'. . . . The Ubangi Club, 7 Ave. at 131 (TIllinghast 5-9366), also has a good show. . . . There are lots of other places if you feel like exploring on your own hook.

Foreign Atmosphere—Cuban: El Toreador, 7 W. 110 (UNiversity 4-8644). . . . Montmartre: Bal Musette Bedou, 301 W. 46 (LOngacre 5-8194). . . . Russian: The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14 (TOmpkins Square 6-9784), with singing by Nastia Poliakova and Adia Kuznetzoff. . . . Scandinavian: Valhalla, 141 W. 54 (CIrcle 7-9821); and Wivel, 254 W. 54 (COlumbus 5-9251). . . . Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CHelsea 2-4646); and Dimitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (STuyvesant 9-8836), with dances by Dimitri and Helen Virgil.

MOTION PICTURES

Alice Adams—Katharine Hepburn in a mildly interesting version of the Tarkington novel, hardly supported at all by Fred Stone. (Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.; through Thurs., Oct. 10; continuous from noon.)

Anna Karenina—A beautiful film, with Garbo doing her best by Tolstoy, assisted by Fredric March and Basil Rathbone. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 12-14; continuous from 1 P.M. Jefferson, 3 Ave. at 14; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 15-17; continuous from noon.)

The Dark Angel—Sob stuff of the war days expertly exploited, and presented by Merle Oberon, Fredric March, and Herbert Marshall. (State, B'way at 45; through Thurs., Oct. 10; continuous from 10 A.M. Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 11-14; continuous from 1 P.M. 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Oct. 11-13; continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

Diamond Jim—Edward Arnold's acute characterization of the great gentleman of Broadway. (Palace, B'way at 47; and 81st Street, B'way at 81; Fri. through Thurs., Oct. 11-17; continuous from noon. 23rd Street, 143 W. 23; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 11-14; continuous from noon. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; and 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; Sat. through Tues., Oct. 12-15; continuous from noon.)

Steamboat Round the Bend—Some of the excitement and some of the comedy of life along the Mississippi in the old days. A Will Rogers picture. (42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Mayfair, 7 Ave. at 47; Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 16 and 17; continuous from 9:30 A.M. 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. and Fri., Oct. 17 and 18; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

Top Hat—An Astaire success, thanks to that gentleman himself and to Ginger Rogers, as well as to Irving Berlin and a number of others. (Palace, B'way at 47; 81st Street, B'way at 81; and 23rd Street, 143 W. 23; through Thurs., Oct. 10; continuous from noon. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; and 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; through Fri., Oct. 11; continuous from noon.)

Revivals—At the Sutton Cinema, 3 Ave. at 57—Victor Herbert's "Babes in Toyland," through Fri., Oct. 11; continuous from noon.

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "China Seas," involving Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, pirates, and a typhoon; "Man on the Flying Trapeze," gentle, amiable comedy, with W. C. Fields; "She Married Her Boss," Claudette Colbert at her best as the secretary who learns of the perils of wedlock with an employer; "The 39

in any tilt with old Jack Frost . . Van Raalte "Wyns"

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19.]

Steps," an English thriller which is perhaps the liveliest of the kind we've had this fall.

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A Midsummer Night's Dream—The Max Reinhardt production. Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M. daily.)

ART

Groups—Oil paintings by living artists: Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M. . . . Becker, Burliuk, Datz, De Martini, Dirk, Levinson, Weston, and others: Dorothy Paris, 56 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Hart—Memorial exhibition of a quiet but able draughtsman: Newark Museum, 49 Washington St., Newark, N.J. Open weekdays (except Mon.) 12 noon to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

Hassam—Early paintings by an American impressionist who understood his Monet and Sisley but never passed beyond them: Milch, 108 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Léger—Comprehensive show including paintings on the scale of murals by a modern who turns flesh and blood into steel cylinders and pistons: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

Modern—Bookbindings by Wiemeler that are the last word in skill, taste, and elegance of the fancier kind. Also photographs of recent work of California architects who have followed the trail blazed by Gill and Wright: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

Photographs—The U. S. Camera Salon: Mezzanine Galleries, R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Plaza. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 12. . . . Photographs by Brett Weston: Julien Levy, 602 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Mon., Oct. 14. . . . Camera portrayals by Avery Slack: Camera Club, 121 W. 68. Open weekdays 1 to 5 and 8 to 10 P.M.

Spanish—Loan exhibition of fifty-eight important Spanish paintings, including examples by Goya, El Greco, Velasquez, Ribera, Zurbaran, and Murillo: Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

Miscellaneous—Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., unless otherwise noted—Water colors, drawings, and prints by Marcel Vertès: Julien Levy, 602 Madison; starting Oct. 15. . . . Lithographs of the prize ring by George Bellows: Keppel, 16 E. 57; through Oct. 18. . . . Annual mural show: Decorators Club Gallery, 745 5 Ave. . . . Early American paintings; also, etchings by Edward Fisk: Ferargil, 63 E. 57; through Oct. 12. . . . Paintings by Zerbe: Marie Sterner, 9 E. 57; through Oct. 12. . . . Paintings by Revington Arthur and decorations by Elizabeth Jones Babcock: Argent, 42 W. 57. . . . Water colors by John Wenger: Montross, 785 5 Ave.; through Oct. 12. . . . Paintings by Lena Gurr: A.C.A. Gallery, 52 W. 8; through Oct. 12. . . . Annual exhibition of water colors: Morton, 130 W. 57; through Oct. 12. . . . Selections from the collection of Burton Emmett: Contemporary Arts, 41 W. 54; through Oct. 12. . . . Paintings and water colors by Irene Racz: Chez Vous, 20 E. 58. . . . Gouaches by Thomas Nagai: LaSalle, 3112 B'way. . . . Work by contemporary Scandinavian-American artists: 33rd floor, Squibb Bldg., 745 5 Ave. (open 1:30 to 6 P.M.); through Oct. 11. . . . Color reproductions of works by Degas: F.A.R. Gallery, 21 E. 61.

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

Fritz Kreisler—First appearance here this season: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Oct. 12, at 2:30.

Georges Miquelle—Return of an eminent 'cellist: Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Oct. 16.

Paul Robeson—First appearance here in two years of a distinguished concert artist: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Oct. 19.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Klemperer conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eves., Oct. 10 and 17, at 8:45; Fri. Afts., Oct. 11 and 18, at 2:30; Sat. Eves., Oct. 12 and 19, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Oct. 13, at 3.

Chicago A Capella Choir—Cain conducting: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Oct. 14.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Stokowski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Oct. 15, at 8:45.

Note—Free concerts by the W.P.A. symphony orchestras can be heard at the McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, Thurs. Afts. at 4; at the Brooklyn Museum, Sat. Afts. at 3, and Sun. Afts. at 3:30; at C.C.N.Y., Lexington at 23, Sun. Eves.; at the Museum of Natural History, Wed. Afts. at 2; at the Great Hall, C.C.N.Y., Convent at 139, Wed. Eves.

ON THE AIR

James Melton—Singing with William Daly's orchestra on the Atwater Kent program: Thurs. Eve., Oct. 10, at 8:30, WABC.

Jascha Heifetz—Also Alfred E. Smith and a sketch by Laurence Stallings, on the "To Arms for Peace" program: Thurs. Eve., Oct. 10, at 9:30, WABC.

Annapolis Anniversary—Special broadcast in celebration of the Naval Academy's ninetieth Anniversary, including addresses and messages from Navy men on land and sea all over the world: Thurs. Eve., Oct. 10, at 11:30, WEAF.

Hunt Races—Clem McCarthy describes two of the races at Rolling Rock, Ligonier, Pa.: Fri. Aft., Oct. 11, at 3:15, WJZ.

Football—Sat. Aft., Oct. 12: Nebraska vs. Minnesota, at 2:45, WABC and WJZ; Columbia vs. Rutgers, at 2:30, WMCA; Iowa vs. Colgate, at 2:45, WEAF; Notre Dame vs. Wisconsin, at 3, WOR.

Boston Symphony—The first of a series of hour concerts under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, from Symphony Hall, Boston: Sat. Eve., Oct. 12, at 8:15, WJZ.

Wallace Beery—Making his début as master of ceremonies on the Shell Château program: Sat. Eve., Oct. 12, at 9:30, WEAF.

Dusolina Giannini—Guest soloist, with Rudy Vallée, on this week's Magic Key hour: Sun. Aft., Oct. 13, at 2, WJZ.

Philharmonic-Symphony—Otto Klemperer conducting. Inaugurating the season of two-hour broadcasts of the Carnegie Hall Sunday afternoon concerts: Sun. Aft., Oct. 13, at 3, WABC.

Julius Huehn—Baritone soloist with the Ford Symphony and Chorus, Kolar conducting: Sun. Eve., Oct. 13, at 9, WABC.

Mischa Elman—This week's soloist with the General Motors Symphony, Rapée conducting: Sun. Eve., Oct. 13, at 10, WEAF.

Jack Hylton—Beginning a weekly series of programs with orchestra and revue. The first broadcast will originate in England: Sun. Eve., Oct. 13, at 10:30, WABC.

Ted Hammerstein's Music Hall—A weekly program that attempts to recreate the atmosphere of the old Oscar Hammerstein Music Hall days: Mon. Eves. at 8, WEAF.

Joan Crawford—In a radio version of "Within the Law": Mon. Eve., Oct. 14, at 9, WABC.

Herald Tribune Forum—Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt, Cordell Hull, Sir Samuel Hoare, Sir Josiah Stamp, Mayor LaGuardia, Igor Sikorsky, John Erskine, Edward Johnson, Helen Hayes, and many others will be heard in an extensive series of broadcasts from the fifth annual Forum on Current Problems: Tues., Oct. 15, at 10:15 A.M., WJZ; at 10:30, WEAF; at 11, WJZ; at 2:45 P.M., WJZ; at 4, WEAF. Wed., Oct. 16, at 10 A.M., WJZ; at 10:30, WEAF; at 10:45, WJZ; at 12 noon, WEAF; at 3 P.M., WJZ; at 4, WEAF; at 4:30, WEAF; at 5, WJZ. Thurs., Oct. 17, at 2:15 P.M., WJZ; at 3:45, WJZ; at 4, WEAF; at 8:15, WJZ; at 9:30, WJZ.

SPORTS

Football—(Directions for reaching fields are noted at the end of this item.)

Sat., Oct. 12—Pennsylvania vs. Yale, Franklin Field, Philadelphia, 2 P.M. . . . Princeton vs. Williams, Princeton, 2:30 P.M. . . . Harvard vs. Holy Cross, Cambridge, 2:30 P.M. . . . Army vs. Gettysburg, West Point, 2:30 P.M. . . . Columbia vs. Rutgers, Baker Field, 2:30 P.M. . . . N.Y.U. vs. Carnegie Tech, Yankee Stadium, 2:30 P.M. . . . Fordham vs. Purdue, Polo Grounds, 2:30 P.M. . . . C.C.N.Y. vs. Providence, Lewisohn Stadium, 2:30 P.M.

Sat., Oct. 19—Yale vs. Navy, New Haven, 2 P.M. . . . Army vs. Harvard, West Point, 2 P.M. . . . Princeton vs. Rutgers, Princeton, 2 P.M. . . . Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, Franklin Field, Philadelphia, 2 P.M. . . . Brown vs. Dartmouth, Providence, 2 P.M. . . . N.Y.U. vs. Penn M. C., Yankee Stadium, 2:30 P.M. . . . Fordham vs. Vanderbilt, Polo Grounds, 2:30 P.M. . . . C.C.N.Y. vs. Lowell, Lewisohn Stadium, 2:30 P.M.

Directions to fields—Baker Field, B'way at 218: take B'way subway to 215 St. . . . Yankee Stadium: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L," 8 Ave. subway, or Jerome Ave. subway. . . . Polo Grounds: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L," 8 Ave. subway, or Bus No. 3. . . . Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam at 136: take B'way subway to 137 St.

The last trains which get you to out-of-town games leave: for Philadelphia, from Penn. Sta., 12 noon; for Princeton, from Penn. Sta., 12:30 P.M. (Oct. 12), 12:15 P.M. (Oct. 19); for Boston, from Grand Central, 8:30 A.M.; for New Haven, from Grand Central, 12 noon; for Providence, from Grand Central, 8:30 A.M.; for West Point, from W. 42 St. ferry, West Shore R.R., 11:03 A.M.

Horse Show—Orange Horse Show, Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J., Fri. and Sat., Oct. 11 and 12.

Hunt Races—Monmouth County Racing Association, Red Bank, N.J., Sat. Aft., Oct. 19.

Racing—Belmont Park: races daily at 2:15 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 12. The Grand National Steeplechase, The Futurity, and the Jockey Club Gold Cup will be run Sat., Oct. 12. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:10 to 1:30 P.M.) . . . Empire City, Yonkers: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M.; starting Mon., Oct. 14. (Special train leaves Grand Central at 1:20 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

Rodeo—Annual big show by the cowboys and cowgirls: Madison Square Garden, 8 Ave. at 49. Performances nightly at 8:15; Sat., Sun., and Wed. Afts. at 2:15.

Planetarium—Performances are given at the new Hayden Planetarium, American Museum of Natural History, weekdays at 11 A.M., 2, 3, 4, 8, and 9 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 8, and 9 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 10 A.M. and 1 P.M.

Admiral Richard E. Byrd—Presenting motion pictures and telling of his Antarctic experiences. The first of the weekly "Great Adventure Series": Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Oct. 12, at 11.

Danbury Fair—At Danbury, Conn., through Sat., Oct. 12. Dog show, Oct. 10; harness races, Oct. 10 and 11; cat show, Oct. 11 and 12; auto races, Oct. 12.

Auctions—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—Rare Chinese textiles: Fri. Aft., Oct. 11, at 2:15. . . . Antique furniture, tapestries, Oriental rugs, paintings, silver, and decorations: Sat. Aft., Oct. 12, at 2:15. . . . The library of the late Philip Greely Brown: Tues. and Wed. Afts., Oct. 15 and 16, at 2:15.

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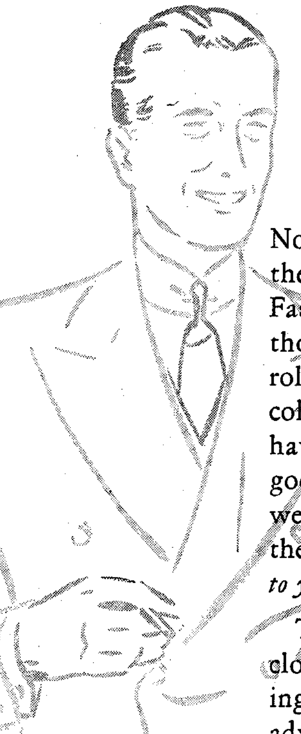

IN ORDER to make a real point, we must say just a few more words on the subject of *Style* (a much-used term that may mean many things, or nothing).

Fashion Park has long had a name for good style in men's clothes. That name has *not* been built by the creation of startling, faddish extremes. True, our designers have often initiated new ideas that have become fashionable. But our great success has been in constant addition of those slight but significant differences that distinguish the well-dressed man. . . . A scant half an inch more here—a quarter less there—that does it!

Now . . . if you see the point, step in at the Fashion Park dealer nearest you and see Fashion Park style. Remember, please, that those small differences will remain—that the roll of the lapel will always roll, that the collar will lie snug indefinitely. Our tailors have cut and sewn and formed and shaped good style into your suit. The cloth may wear thin in time, but the style will still be there. . . . *Such clothes are always worth more to you than they cost.*

The same store that shows Fashion Park clothes will show you good style in furnishings also. If you wish, it will give you sound advice on any question of correct dress for men. . . . Fashion Park Manufacturing Corp., Rochester and New York City.

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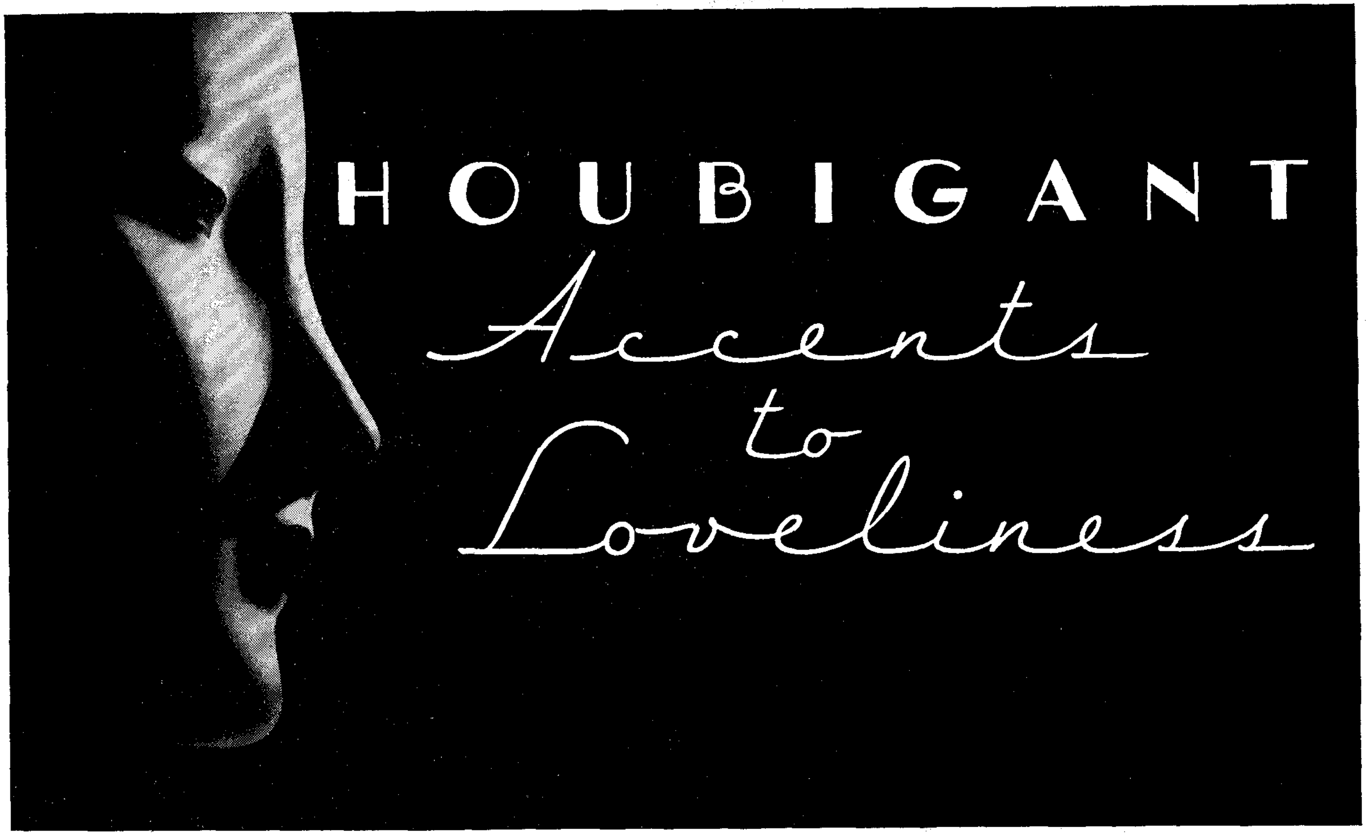
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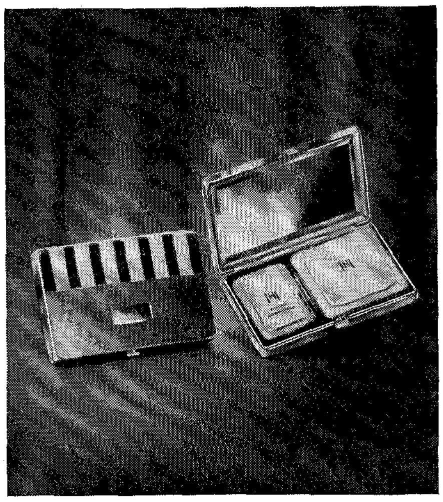

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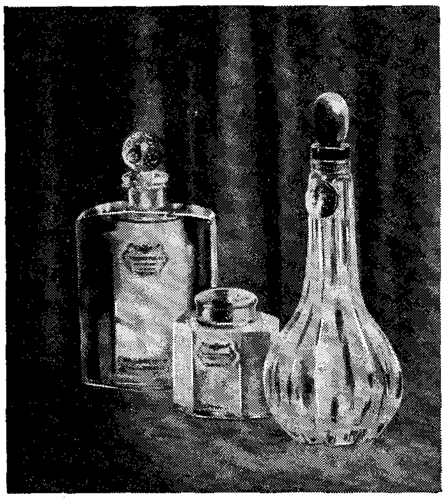

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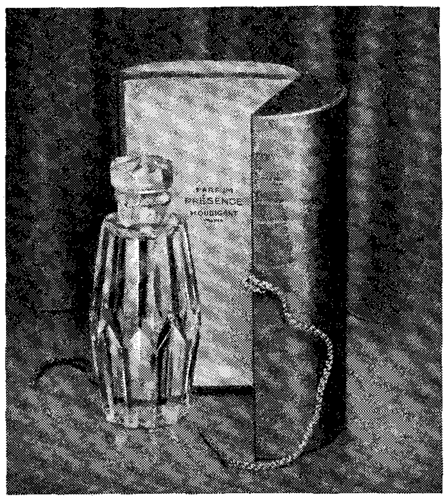
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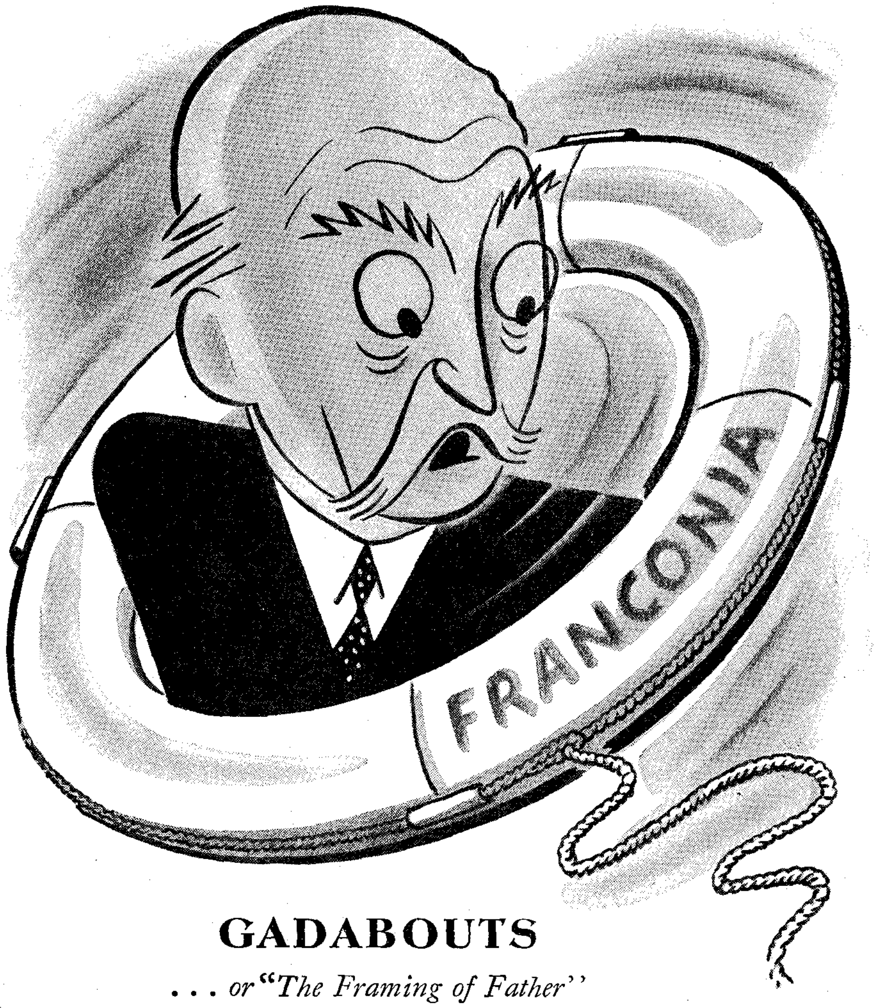

GADABOUTS

. . . *or "The Framing of Father"*

IT was ten after seven when Shirley burst into the room, all aglow from tennis and a shower. Dad's soup was cold, and sister's habit of plumping into her chair didn't help any.

But apparently Mother felt that the moment was propitious. She cued Shirley silently, with a folder that said "FRANCONIA 1936 Around the WORLD CRUISE" across the front — holding it just above the top of the table, so Dad wouldn't spot it.

The little minx started off with a tennis-court roar that made Dad wince. "Whaddya think?" she asked. "The Colburns are in China — and they're going on around the world!"

"Humph!" said Dad, between mouthfuls of soup. "Gadabouts!"

"Ann Colburn's so stuck-up there's no looking at her," Shirley chattered on. "It'll be worse after this . . . she'll have every boy in town at her feet."

"That's where they ought to stay, too, the nitwits . . . at her feet!"

"I *beg* your pardon, Father," I chimed in, not meaning to make it sound so noble and resentful. "Some day you may find your own son in just the position you refer to."

"Oh, I may?" said Dad. "Well, pardon me for calling you a nitwit," he added, in a tone that implied the worst.

There was silence for a moment — one of those pregnant silences that often occur at the Jenkins table, when everybody knows that Mother Jenkins is shortly going to step heavy-footed into an argument.

"Your Father disapproves," said Mother sententiously, when the maid had gone, "because the Colburns don't seem to be 'settled'. To my mind, however, there is only a shade of difference between being 'settled' and being dead. I've been 'settled' here for twenty-five years, and when I see a family cut loose and do things, I don't call them gadabouts. I applaud them!" And she crossed glances with Dad as two fencers would cross swords.

"Now listen here, Maude," Dad said. "I'll admit that I've done no gadding about for twenty-five years, but before that I had seen most of this country and South America too! I'm no stick-in-the-mud!"

"That's exactly it!" said Mother, delighted to see Dad on the defensive. "You have travelled, but you plan no such advantages for your children."

"Ah, so I'm a cruel father, now, is that it?" said Dad, lapsing into the safe refuge of martyrdom.

"Not cruel, Mr. Jenkins," said Mother, and her eyes began to twinkle; "just unobservant. Otherwise you would have noticed that the Franconia is doing something really exceptional next year . . . giving you practically two world cruises in one . . . combining both the Southern and the Northern Hemisphere routes. Also you would have noticed that the children and I have been poring over the literature on this Franconia 1936 World Cruise . . ."

"Ho! So I'm framed, eh?" cried Dad.

"Well, you're certainly going to listen to this itinerary," said Mother. And she proceeded to recite it, calling attention to such unusual places as the Seychelles and St. Helena . . . to the chance to see Victoria Falls in Africa, the Taj Mahal and practically all the important places in India.

Dad's eyes had already begun to glisten at the mention of Angkor Wat . . . but when Mother's recital carried him on up to Pekin and Tokyo, he could no longer hide his enthusiasm.

"Holy smokes!" he exclaimed, "that ship darned near goes 'round the world from south to north, as well as from east to west . . . Say, the Colburns' trip just isn't in it!"

Thereafter it was a cinch to ensconce Father in his after-dinner chair, with slippers and pipe and an illustrated booklet of the Franconia World Cruise. He was framed, all right — but he did make a pretty picture . . .

Complete equipment for home framing sent on request . . . and may the Fathers forgive us! Booklets suitable for planting by the paternal easy-chair may be had from your local travel agent, together with complete information . . . or write to CUNARD WHITE STAR LINE, *25 Broadway and 638 Fifth Ave. . . . or* THOS. COOK & SON, *587 Fifth Ave., New York.*

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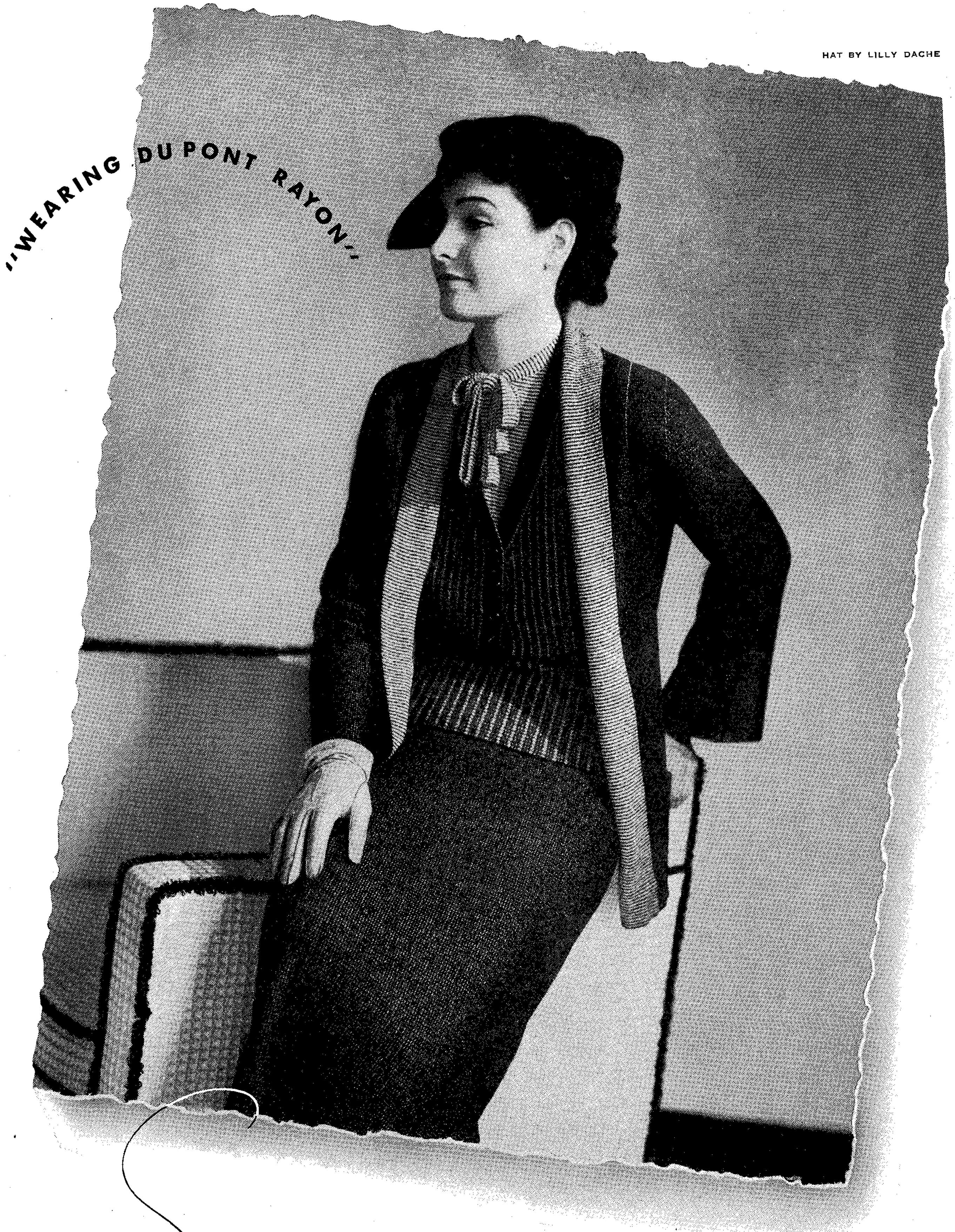

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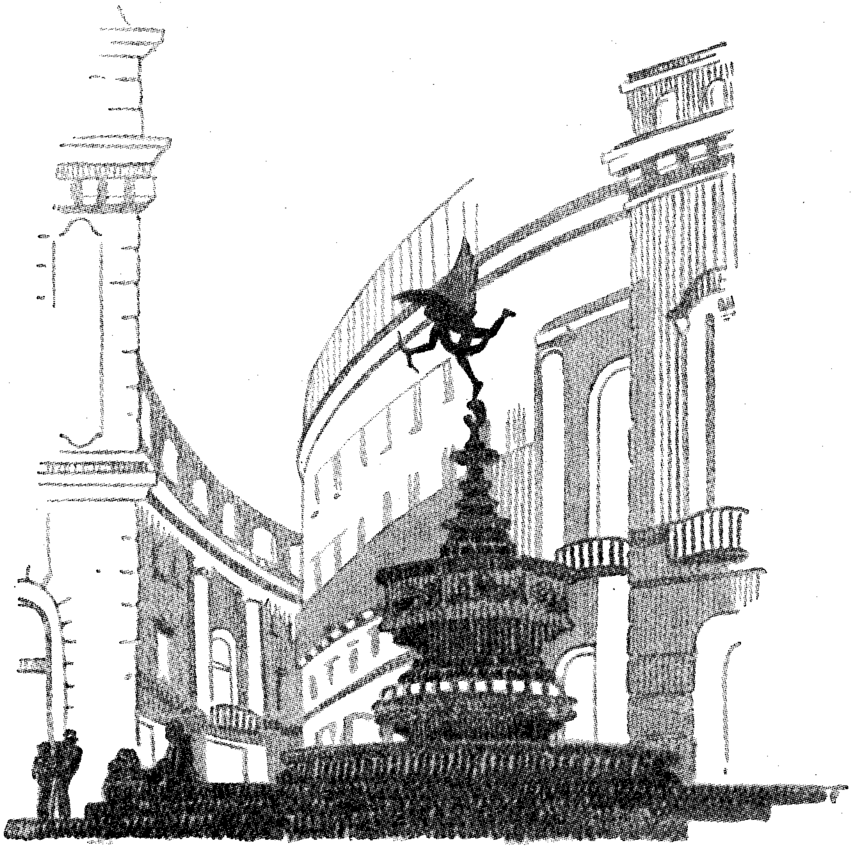

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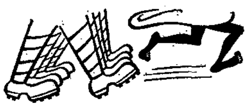
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE New York Curb Exchange went on the air over a network the other day, and the last few blades of grass growing in the streets dried up and disappeared. The purpose of the broadcast was to show people "the glamour, excitement, and efficiency of a modern stock exchange." We will soon be buying Lawn Mowers Preferred, and only the elephant in the zoo will remember 1929.

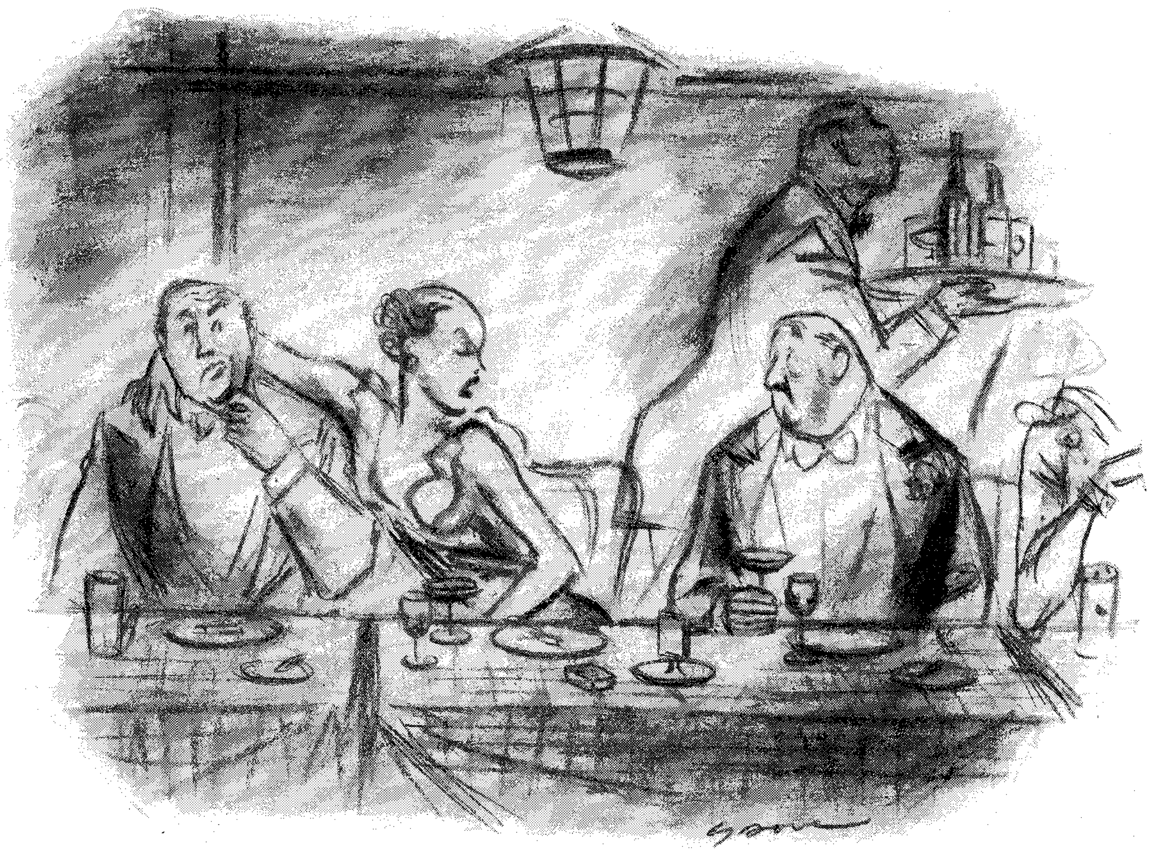
MUSSOLINI made it plain in his proclamation that it was all right to kill Ethiopians, since they were barbarians, "unworthy of existing among civilized people." This seems to be accepted as a good enough justification in some circles. Arthur Brisbane has pointed out that it is silly of us to worry about Italians killing Ethiopians, because Ethiopians are so backward they don't even wear shoes. We thought and thought about that one. As an ex-barbarian who sometimes gets homesick for the old life, we resent the slur. Civilization, in the long run, becomes more barbaric than barbarism. It is civilized to dine well, go to a play, and discuss the plot between acts with somebody else who has shoes on; yet there have been times, barefoot, when we have felt more alive. In theory, an Italian machine-gunner, with a high-school education and wearing Size 9 Oxfords, should be thirty-two times as high a type of man as an Ethiopian night fighter, barefoot, in his long white robe, because the Italian, with civilized equipment, can destroy thirty-two times as many enemies in one minute. Yet all the accoutrements of the higher life—literacy, sanitation, shoes, modern field equipment—lead in the end to the same killings; and culture erupts in a pimple of extreme savagery, as in Mr. Brisbane's paragraph. It must be strange music in the ears of a barbarous Ethiopian woman, standing at her door, shoeless, hearing the terrible approach of oncoming civilization.



STATESMEN and historians have long known that a common enemy is the most solidifying thing a nation can have, welding all the people into a happy, united mass. We saw how true that was in our own home last week when we discovered that the place we had moved into had cockroaches, or, as the cook calls them, cackaroachies. We discovered them late one night when we went down into the pantry and snapped on a light; since then, the household has warred against them with a high feeling of family unity and solidarity, sniping at them with a Flit gun, rubbing poisonous paste on bits of potatoes for them to eat, the house full of great singleness of purpose and accord. No wonder a dictator, when he feels uneasy, looks around for something for his people to squash.

BERNARR MACFADDEN finds a disturbed condition in present-day American home life. Conditions, in fact, are so disturbed, marriage so unstable, that he is making a survey through *True Story* to find out what is going on in the world. One thing that is going on in the world, of course, is Mrs. Boardman's school for brides, over on East Sixty-fifth Street, where a girl is taught to operate a home with charm and precision and beauty; and while we have never been in any household run by a pupil of the school, we feel that it is the sort of institution which should come under the scope of such a survey. We are no sociologist, and we are as unstable a married man as ever put up a curtain rod, but we should imagine that a husband might be made vaguely uneasy at discovering that his wife was attending a school of home management; and we know for a certainty that charm sometimes reaches a point where a man tiptoes quietly out and goes to an old-fashioned charm-proof beer saloon where he can gaze quietly at a fly-specked calendar and drop cigarette after cigarette into a full spittoon.

THIS is an odd moment in history for *The New Yorker* to find itself suddenly become a Social Force, yet that is exactly what has happened, and under the most exciting circumstances. In a full-length novel called "Give Me Tomorrow," by William Farquhar Payson, a copy of *The New Yorker* bobs up on page 189 and turns out to be a powerful factor in shaping the course of the heroine's life. We feel we must tell you about it. The heroine is a young pagan girl named Helena, and she is the daughter of a murderess, as so few of our women subscribers are. She has gone to the top of a mountain, hoping to find herself, and there she has the misfortune of meeting an evangelist named John Larsen, who has tawny yellow hair and a chest expansion of four and a half inches. John



"For God's sake, Arthur, do take that pained expression off your face!"

begins to exert an uncanny religious influence over Helena, particularly on page 185, where he sort of lets his hand wander down over her in a spirit of grace. Helena feels strangely affected by the tonic mountain air and the tawny Larsen, and what do you suppose brings her to her senses just in time? An old copy of *The New Yorker*. "Could anything, she thought to herself, be more out of place here on the mountain? The grotesque drawings, the exaggerated irony, the preposterous cleverness and distortion." Then the big change came over her. Despite herself, she chuckled at one of the effete, distorted jokes, even though it seemed out of tune with the clear, bracing mountain air. And she suddenly realized that John Larsen COULDN'T CHUCKLE. That decided her. Her sense of humor had saved her from a fate worse than death; she came down out of the mountain and went back to the comparatively safe and congenial lot of being a murderess's daughter and old subscriber.

Harun-al-Rashid

A QUARTET of gentlemen adventurers connected with the Standard Oil Company, and headed by a Mr. Owen, have just returned from Tirana, the capital city of Albania, with a surprising little tale. Seems that after a strenuous summer of surveys and transactions of one sort and another in the Balkans, they came to Tirana with hopes of finding excitement and gaiety—buxom peasant girls, monocled officers ready to duel at the drop of a hat, and so on. Tirana, however, turned out not to have any night life at all: no night clubs, no theatres. After a late dinner, the four retired to their hotel suite and settled down to an evening of draw poker. Beside them, a tall French window overlooked a darkened city. Far away across the city, a light shone in the royal palace; elsewhere there was nothing. In about ten minutes, the telephone rang. Mr. Owen answered and was addressed first in Italian, then in French, and finally in English. He replied in English, and a small, sad voice inquired, "Is it bridge or poker?" He said it was poker. "This is King Zog speaking," the voice went on. "I wonder if I could come over and take a hand." Owen told him to come right ahead. He arrived fifteen minutes later, played for the rest of the evening, and lost the Albanian equivalent of a dollar and a half, after which he bought them a round of drinks at the hotel bar. Seems he keeps a telescope at the palace, and manages to get in quite a little night life that way.

Prodigy

IT'S time you knew something about Vincente Minnelli, the youngster who directed "At Home Abroad," and designed the settings and costumes. We're told that never before in the history of Broadway musical shows has one man undertaken these three important jobs (at least, nobody has ever tried it and got away with it). The impetuous Shuberts now have him under contract to do the same thing for five of their forthcoming shows; he's also designing (but not directing) the new "Follies." He's only twenty-eight, but is a theatrical veteran: he was brought up with a travelling tent show of which his father and uncle were the owners and his mother the starred actress. They toured the Middle West with a company of ten and two carloads of equipment, presenting New York successes of previous seasons, revised for the corn-fed audiences (Minnelli remembers that "The Bishop's Carriage" was given as "He Lied to Her"). The tent show was killed by the movies in the early nineteen-twenties, and Vincente, then sixteen years old, got a job in the window-dressing department of one of the big stores in Chicago. One Sunday he happened into an art gallery and saw some Whistlers. They were the first paintings he had ever seen, and he was fascinated. He read up on Whistler, studied the paintings, and began to draw himself. He took to haunting the theatres, studying scenes from the balcony, and later making crayon sketches from memory. Usually he managed to sell these to somebody connected with the play. Never had any lessons in drawing or painting. When he was seventeen, he got a job designing costumes for the Chicago Theatre, a movie-and-stage-show palace like the Music Hall. Then followed five seasons at the Paramount here, and two at the Music Hall—doing costumes and sets, with intervals of work on three "Vanities" and on Grace Moore's "The Du Barry."

He stood up pretty well under the strain of whipping his first big show into shape—smoking cigarettes, chewing gum, and never raising his voice as he bossed his elders around. When he got mad, all he would say was "Now, look here, we're either going to do this or we're not." His favorite numbers in "At Home Abroad" are Eleanor Powell's "Lady With the Tap," because it's a tap dance in ballet style (or maybe it's vice versa), and Paul Haakon's "Death in the Afternoon," which he likes because of its "overtones of apprehension." The assassination in Louisiana caught him with a Huey Long puppet in one of his scenes, which had to be yanked out; Sally Rand is the present substitute.

The final "e" in Vincente really belongs there, he says. He dropped it during his Paramount-"Vanities"-Music Hall days, because he was afraid it looked affected, but restored it on the advice of a numerologist. Up to a few years ago, he habitually dressed in a way to remind you of Easter Sunday in Harlem, but lately he has tapered off to gray suits and light-green ties. He reads Saki and Huysmans more than he does any other writers, and has added Daumier and Rouault to his painting gods. In his youth he read all of O. Henry's stories, and today if you tell him the title of any of them he can reel off the plot. Can't forget anything; he even remembers the words of all the popular songs he ever heard. Recently he has ventured into Tin Pan Alley himself, writing one or two lyrics which are as yet unpublished. These include such rhymes as "I want the moon to bay at" with "Games that two can play at." Obviously, he could go far in this field, too.

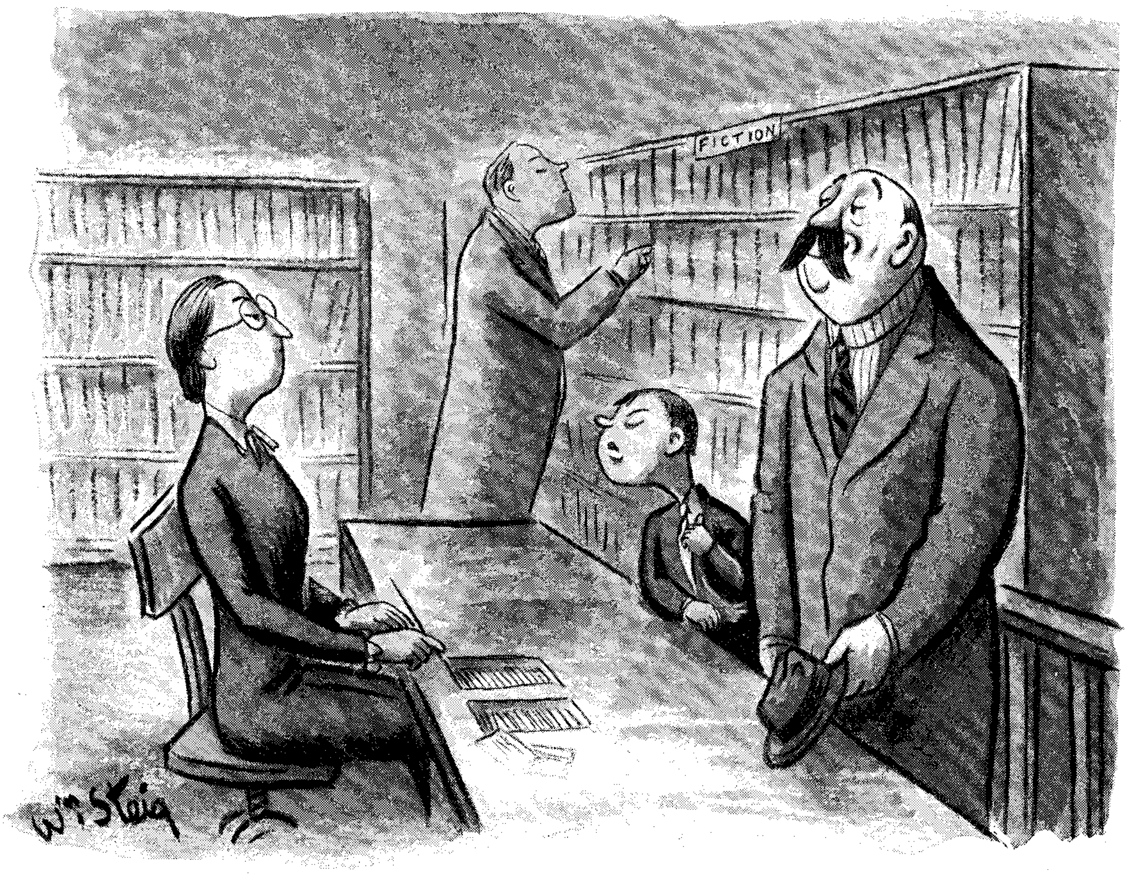
The Fall of New York

BUS tops continue to be a fertile source of instructive conversations. We are thinking at the moment of what passed between a boy and his father (both from the wheat belt, we judged) as the bus was bouncing northward on Fifth Avenue, somewhere in the Nineties. The boy pointed to one of the debris-strewn vacant lots which face the Park, and asked what had become of the house. "Rich people used to live on this street, Son, but lots of rich people have lost their money," said his father gravely. "They can't afford to live here no more." The boy nodded understandingly. "So they have to tear their houses down," he said. "That's right, Sonny," said the man. "They have to tear them down." Father and son were silent, gazing with pity at the little heaps of mortar and broken bricks.

Candy Butcher

THAT little place on Forty-second Street, near the corner of Sixth Avenue, which looks like a butchershop and sells candy that looks like meat isn't by any means the first place of its kind. Our fudge editor shouldered his way through the crowd in front and found the proprietor, a Mr. McLinden, out in the back room making liverwurst, Bologna sausages, hams, and festoons of wieners out of cocoanut, chocolate, and a sugary concoction called maple-nut. He said he has shops in Cleveland, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, and has at one time or another operated in Canada, Cuba, and the Argentine, and we have been told by oldsters that places vaguely like his existed in New York a long time ago. The reason he delayed so long in bringing his big idea to New York is that he couldn't find the right location for a shop. Present one is ideal, he says: four stores from the corner; people round corners in a big hurry, then slow down four or five stores later, at which point they're suckers for a catchy window display. Heaven knows, Mr. McLinden's display is catchy enough. The candy is displayed on enamel trays in what looks like a refrigerated showcase; it is sliced with a butcher knife, weighed on butcher's scales, and boxed in what look like Swift's or Armour's bacon packages.

Mr. McLinden just drifted into candymaking, having formerly been an automobile racer. Driving a Mercer, he once raced Barney Oldfield and beat him. He was also (he said) the first man to promote a race between an automobile and an airplane. The airplane won. Mr. McLinden hails from Iowa, has a Southern accent, and is burly, barrel-chested, and ruddy. Every sum-



"My old man wants to make out an application."

mer he bundles his wife, his two sons, and his daughter into an old ten-ton Greyhound bus which he has converted into a little travelling house, and goes on a two months' fishing trip. As the back of his business card announces, all the McLinden candy is kosher, a Rabbi H. A. Rabinowitz, of Brooklyn, officiating. Kosher candy ham—that's something to think about, you people.

Aryan Distillate

AN odd thing happened to a New York matron who was touring the British Isles with a friend of hers. They stopped off in Aberdeen, and thought right away that here was a chance to get their husbands some pot-still Scotch, about which they didn't know much, but had heard a lot. They went into a liquor store and put themselves into the hands of an ancient and knowledgeable clerk, who immediately brought out his most prized liquor in a little sample keg, and made them taste it. It tasted fine. "What is this called?" asked our lady. The clerk replied, rather astonishingly, "Jew of Ben Nevis." "*What?*" she said. "Jew of Ben Nevis," he repeated, a little irritably. She thereupon changed her mind about ordering that Scotch, or *any* Scotch; muttered something about the whole business "sounding funny." Her friend bought some, though, and they took it back to their hotel with them. When they opened the package they found on the bottle a picture of a lush green hillside, and the words (as you've probably guessed) "Dew of Ben Nevis."

Stresses and Strains

WE'VE always been interested in the George Washington Bridge (we even walked across it once); last week we sought out one of the engineers to get some pertinent facts about it, as follows: The cables are capable of supporting a maximum load of over 375,000 tons and at present are carrying a load of but 80,000. (The bridge itself and the traffic.) Plans include the construction some day of a lower deck twenty-nine feet below the present one for four rapid-transit tracks. When this is added, the maximum load on the cables will be 124,000 tons, so their safety factor (capacity divided by load) will be three. The safety factor of the towers is four. The bridge sways in the wind, but this is not humanly perceptible. It isn't the hard, fierce gusts that move it but strong winds that blow steadily. Before these, the bridge doesn't really sway but is bowed slowly out to one side. The structure is built to withstand a deflection of twelve feet sideways at the centre of the span, but the engineers doubt if it will ever be anywhere near that. They've never actually measured it, which would be a complicated procedure, but they're sure that the most it's moved so far is around three feet. The span also rises and falls as it contracts and expands with changes in temperature. At each tower, the deck can slide back and forth a distance of fifty-two inches, the movement being absorbed by gratings, which are like two gigantic steel combs, intermeshed. Allowance was made for a maximum variation of twenty-four feet in the height of the bridge at the centre of the span, although the maximum variation anticipated is twelve feet. Winter before last, when it got down to fourteen degrees below zero once, the bridge underwent its greatest contortion so far. The cables connecting the towers to the shore contracted enough to bend the tops of the towers three inches landward, the towers themselves shrank three inches in height, and the contraction of the 103,000 tons of steel in the span raised the centre of the bridge three feet above its normal height.

While we were about it, we checked up on suicides from the bridge. There have been thirty-five (five of them women) and four stunt jumpers have been killed. No one has jumped from the bridge and lived. The bridge force has developed considerable technique in thwarting would-be suicides, and has officially been credited with twenty-four preventions. A girl turned up one rainy day without raincoat or umbrella and when asked where she was going, said, "I'm going west." The police held her and learned that her husband had died two weeks before. A few days later a woman telephoned the bridgemaster that she'd overheard a young man in a restaurant say he was going to the bridge to kill himself. All gatemen were warned, and soon a young man answering her description appeared. He was stopped at the gate and sent off to Bellevue. When the bridge authorities got a tip that Shipwreck Kelly was planning to jump, as a stunt, photographs of him were handed out to the force with orders to be on the lookout. Since then he's turned up at the bridge twice, both times being recognized and stopped at the turnstiles.

Sudsy Berles

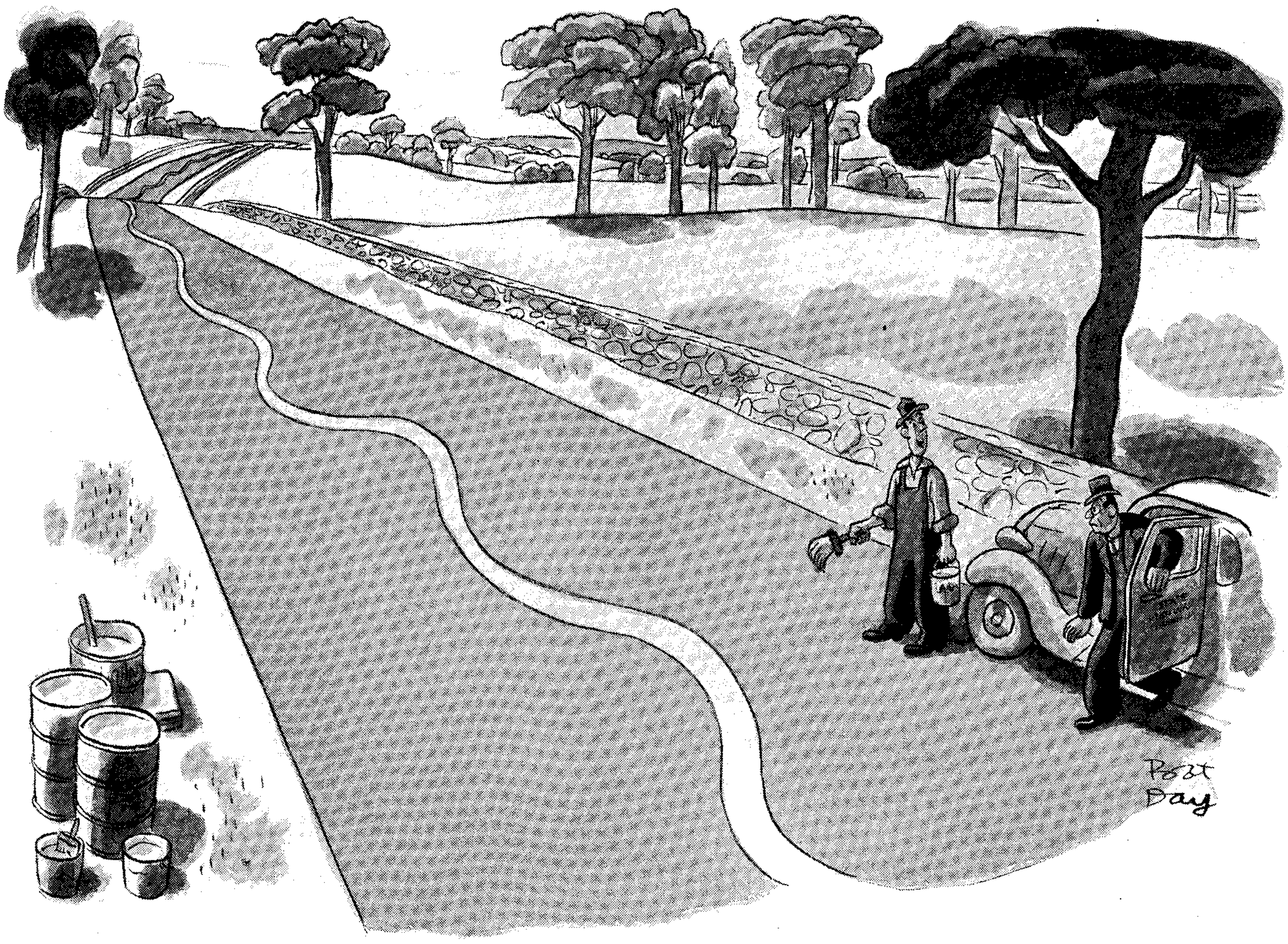
MRS. ADOLF BERLE, JR., wife of the City Chamberlain, has just installed twin bathtubs. This is the first authentic case of twin bathtubs which has come to our attention. In the Berle household the installation had become a necessity, because Mr. Berle's most brilliant remarks were made in the tub and Mrs. Berle was unwilling to miss them. The Berles can now bathe simultaneously and wittily, side by side, a living mass of soapsuds and epigrams. We understand they are very serious about this, as they are about everything.

Opening

GATHERING of the honey from the beehive in the Gardens of the Nations took place on September 25th at 4:30 in the afternoon. Twenty-five pounds were garnered, but we got only a small bite, as most of the crop had to be put back in the hive for the bees to live on this winter. The hive, as you know, is located on the terrace of the eleventh floor of the R.C.A. Building, in the vegetable bed amid lacy carrot tops, withered cabbages, and one little yellow punkin which Nelson Rockefeller is going to make into a jack-o'-lantern to scare his old grandfather with.

The hive was opened by Mr. F. W. Gravely, a bee man, in the presence of Mr. C. L. Howk, president of the New Jersey Beekeepers' Association, ourself, and a small knot of kibitzers. The press was uninvited, as reporters are too gross to eat honey. Mr. Howk was guest opener, a small, ruddy man who, when he saw the hive, ran toward it with an anticipatory chuckle.

When we three approached, the bees were buzzing out of their square white home and sailing off over the parapet on errands of their own through the mild September sunshine. Mr. Gravely carried a small smoker operated by a hand bellows; we carried a *World-Telegram;* Mr. Howk, empty-handed, moved foward in the van, making a



"It was my own idea, to keep drivers alert."

• •

soft, clucking sound. It wasn't necessary to use the smoker much, as the Rockefeller bees are kindly. Mr. Gravely simply touched them up a bit with the smoke, and then took the top off the hive. The bees, as all bees do during a raid, fell into a panic and gorged themselves rapidly on honey till they were drunk, fanning the air with their wings as a signal to the queen that hell had broken loose. The honey was both light and dark. The light, mostly clover, had been gathered in summer and was extremely sweet. The dark, which we preferred, was the fall honey, made of goldenrod, wild asters, and Baby Ruths. Where the bees find goldenrod and asters is a mystery to anyone on the terrace of the R.C.A. Building, as the bees all seem to depart straight toward the Forty-fourth Street Hotel. It's a wonder a Rockefeller bee can get anywhere at all, for that matter, the way the wind blows on airy days. A housefly would be licked, and wouldn't venture eleven stories up, but bees have guts, and these particular ones are strong as a Douglas bomber.

It seems that Mr. Gravely wasn't the first man this year to take the top off the hive. One day toward the end of June a nice-looking man in a dripping perspiration made his way authoritatively to the end of the vegetable garden, pushed his Panama hat back off his brow, and, stooping, calmly dismantled the hive. He picked up a couple of bees, examined them critically. They seemed mesmerized. He summoned Miss Ann Bartlett, the young gardener. "Your bees are not doing very well," he said. "What's the matter with them?" asked Miss Bartlett. "Queen trouble," said the stranger, ominously.

They never found out who this remarkable stranger was. They took his advice, though, and installed a new queen. She worked out well, and the colony numbers about twenty-five thousand, according to our count. Winter is coming on and the bees will form a ball around the queen to keep her warm, the bees in the coveted inside portion of the ball changing places in regular shifts with the bees in the cold outside portions, all of them working their wings slowly to keep up the circulation. On very mild winter days, when there is no sound of snow-removal machines in the air, the bees will take short trial flights, to keep fit. And when the catkins dangle from the forty-foot Russian poplar beside the Chinese consulate, they will emerge boldly to begin anew the amazing work of pollenizing the midtown district.

Weaker Vessel

THE Hotel Lexington, whose clientele includes a goodish number of salesmen and buyers from other cities, has found it convenient to keep a record of the business houses represented among the guests. A breezy lady buyer from the West was registering there the other day, we're told, and, after filling in her name and address on the card, seemed to be brought up short by the blank space headed "Firm?" She nibbled her pen a moment, then wrote "Not very," and headed for the bar, ready for anything.

A TIMELY SUGGESTION

To the Editors of *The New Yorker*,
SIRS:

I HAVE a plan which I thought might contribute something toward the solving of the existing plethora of novels and help simplify the whole tangle of American literature to a point where we can once more safely say we have it well in hand. I do not believe this has been said since the time of Louisa May Alcott.

My plan came to me in rather curious fashion, not unlike the apple falling on Newton's head. I was in bed reading one of those thousand-page novels by one of those authors who are too lazy, as Voltaire said, to write a novel of three hundred pages. I was holding the novel directly over me, as I am very husky. When I got to the section in which the author was describing his adolescence and how he discovered Sex, I guess I must have nodded a little, because the book slipped from my hands and crashed upon my skull. For several days my condition was quite grave, and I had to have the priest and doctor. So Newton really got off better than I did.

Oddly enough, the first newspaper I saw when I was convalescing was an extra. I heard the newsboy crying it, sent out for one, and in it found the following item: "Extra! When Victor Hugo wanted to get some work done he was in the habit of removing all his clothes. His valet then locked them up in a closet and did not return them to the master until the work was done.—*Gas Logic*."

That particular edition did not give any more details. However, there were enough. This bit of information, coming on the heels of my unfortunate experience with the heavy novel, did the trick, and the solution of the present-day overproduction of novels came to me like a flash. Freezing! Freezing the novelist!

The plan is simply this: We take all the novelists writing today and divide them into halves, which we may call Sections A and B. In Section A we place all novelists who ought to be allowed to continue writing novels. In Section B we place all novelists who ought to be made to quit writing novels, and we freeze them. Freeze them solid, so that they cannot write any more novels.

Now we take Section A and we divide *it* into halves, which we can refer to as Subdivisions One and Two. Subdivisions One and Two are to take turns writing novels. Subdivision One is to be frozen while Subdivision Two gets its novels off its respective chests. Then Subdivision Two is to be frozen and Subdivision One is to be thawed out so that its members can get their novels off their chests. (That is where novelists have always had to get their novels off from.)

However, any novelist who tries to write a thousand-page novel shall be frozen, *ipso facto*, the moment he passes page 300.

You can see that this plan would not only reduce the number of novels published by seventy-five per cent but it would remove that increasing menace, that sword of Damocles for those who like to read in bed—the Twelve-Pound Book. I am aware that the plan contains flaws, but they can be smoothed out in time, and anyhow they are far outweighed by the obvious benefits. Think, for instance, of the boon it would be to book-reviewers to have seventy-five per cent fewer books to review. It is true, the book-reviewers might then eat seventy-five per cent fewer meals, but they would much prefer this to the existing state of affairs, which is causing hundreds of them to crack under the strain. Nobody wants to see a book-reviewer crack under a strain, except a book-writer.

We may run into difficulties at first, but they can be conquered. We may—in fact, we shall—have novelists in the permanently frozen section (B) who will be able to keep right on turning out novels, even though frozen. We shall have to cross that bridge when we come to it.

There may be novelists in Subdivision One or Two of Section A who prefer to write their novels à la Victor Hugo. Naturally, these novelists will be allowed to strip off their clothes and hand them to their valets to be locked up until the work is finished. The only drawback here is that we plan to make it a rule to freeze any novelist, regardless, who has a valet. This is to give the novelists who have not got a valet a chance to write a lot of novels and get a valet.

The method of freezing can be determined later. We considered dry ice, air-cooling, and, probably least expensive of all, just having the novelists look at each other.

Which novelists are to be frozen? We thought, at first, that the fair thing to do would be to let the novelists themselves decide. On mature deliberation it was obvious that if we adopted this method the result would be that every single American novelist we have would be frozen stiff and we would be left for an indefinite period of time with no reading matter except Hugh Walpole. So we decided to freeze Hugh Walpole and let General Hugh Johnson decide which American novelists should continue writing, and which should be frozen.

I AM hoping that you may see your way clear to lending the support of your valuable publication to this plan. I shall be glad to answer any questions or supply any information I can. At the moment I must close, as there is no fire in the room where I am writing this, and when I started writing it, three days ago, I gave all my clothes to my valet, except my spectacles.

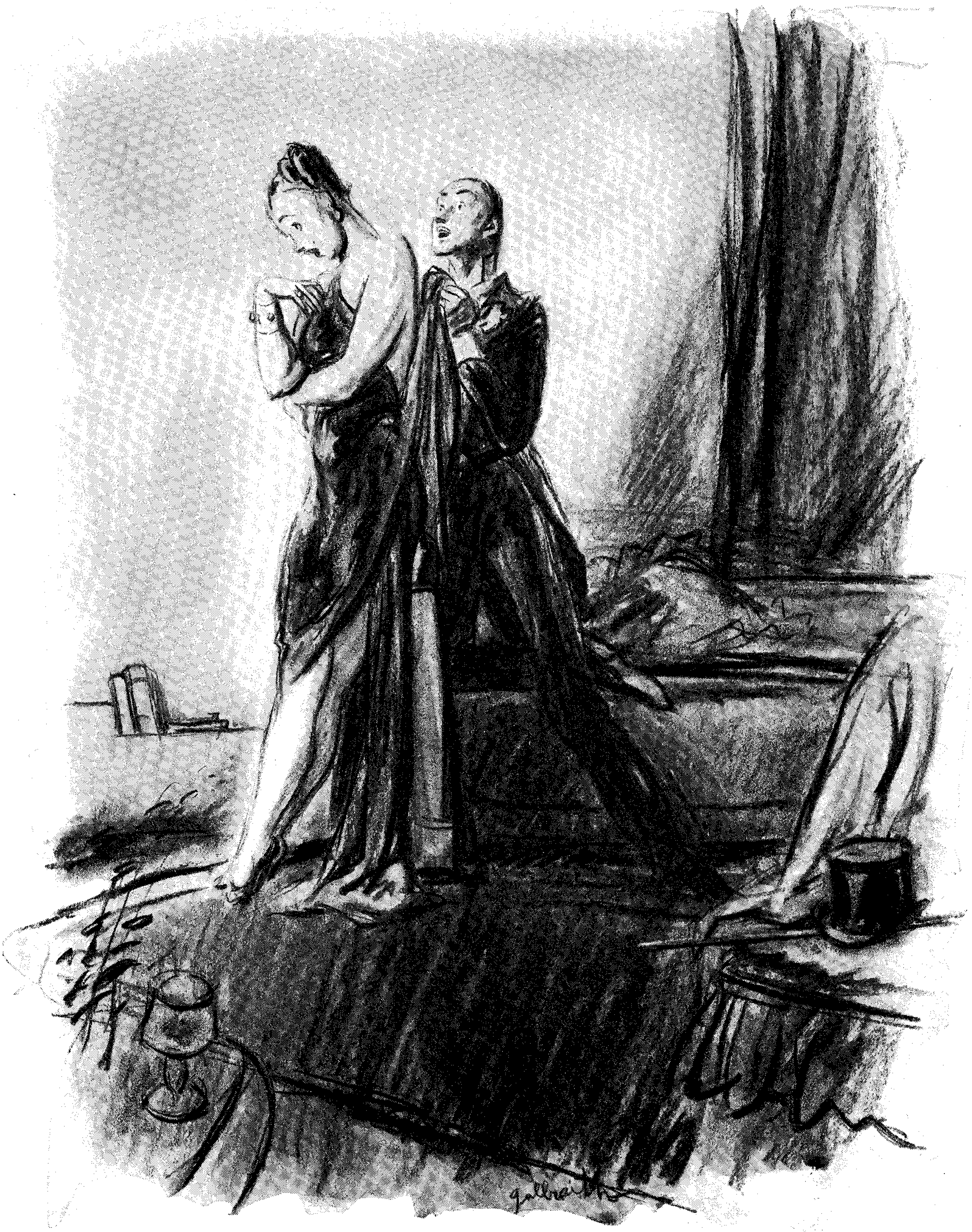
Respectfully yours,
FRANK SULLIVAN

* * *

PURITAN

The most flirtatious puritan I've met
In this long life of meeting puritans
(His upper eyelid lowered with regret,
The lower eyelid lifted not askance),
He leads his little ones to Sunday school,
Then lingers at the outskirts of the church,
For there the Lord might let him play the fool
And through some whimsy leave him in the lurch.
If will were free, 'twere one thing, but 'tis proven
That God guides man as on a puppet string.
So, with a web predestinately woven,
This man ensnares a deliquescent wing:
He struts the cloth of Sunday on his frame
With Monday in his vitals all the same.

—WITTER BYNNER



"Miss Wordley—Phyllis—I'm not fit to kiss the hem of your gown."

FLOWERS FOR THE OCCASION

THE garden was always ready. Nothing that she had seen impressed Mrs. Braley as so typical of this strange world as this garden that could be anything. It was only a small plot of ground on the many acres that made up the "lot" of one of the greatest film companies in the world, but the ingenuity of its design and arrangement indicated a sense of preparation for any contingency that was formidable.

"I am not the kind of woman," she said brightly to the guide assigned her by the office, "who knows the names of flowers, but I get the idea."

The idea was obvious. Standing where paths crossed, she had only to turn her head to gaze down a walk lined with cypresses which might easily be an Italian garden, or, looking the other way, she seemed to see a New England lane winding through careless, high grass and wild flowers.

The nice young man from the office—for Mrs. Braley had connections which merited special courtesies, connections in Hollywood as well as in practically every other place on the face of the globe—this nice young man regretted too that he didn't know the names of flowers, that botany had never been a major concern in his life, but he could explain the principle and the purpose of the garden.

For one moment some remote notion that a garden should have no other purpose than to be beautiful and a pleasure served to remind Mrs. Braley abruptly that she had forgotten where she was. Underneath all the beauty and the pleasure concentrated in this town there was always purpose. She was aware of her own purpose, lying deep and secret and grim under the casual manner of this jaunt to the western coast. It was a purpose that had grown from a careless, jesting fancy into an intention too strong to be denied. Perhaps it was an absurd intention. Something would tell her soon, she knew, how absurd it was, or how possible. And if it proved to be possible, if it succeeded, how many problems would be solved.

"You are now against a background of bright spring flowers," the young man was saying, "and when they need a background like that, there it is. The lights, you know, can bring out the cheerful note."

"Goodness," she said, "let me move on."

The background for young love reached perhaps ten feet, and then suddenly the character of the foliage and the shrubbery altered to a sombre note, fitting the plots of villains, the tragedy of farewells, the approach of disaster.

"Let me rest here a minute," Mrs. Braley said with a laugh. "It's all so interesting, so amazingly competent. We outsiders have no conception how wonderfully you have worked out every problem, how prepared you are for anything. You consider everything."

She looked at the polite, solicitous young man who had been dedicated to her services because Mrs. Roche, wife of the great film magnate, had herself done a bit of considering as to the number of influential people Mrs. Braley knew in Washington. Mrs. Roche saw no further reason to limit her social life to the west coast and to cinema people. Mrs. Braley might be a great help this coming winter.

"Give her the works," said Mrs. Roche to her mate, and hence Mrs. Braley stood in this garden now.

The young man understood his

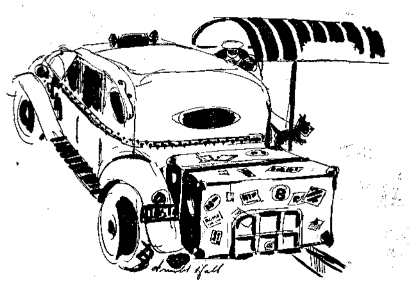
"Under the circumstances, I thought your remark about the Wellesley crew was rather tactless."

assignment. Was there anything else she wanted to see? Would she care to meet any of the movie stars? Gable was on location at present, but perhaps the Marx Brothers—?

“Not today,” and she smiled at him. “I am meeting my daughter for luncheon and I am late now. But I wish Lydia could see this garden. She would love to see this garden. I hate to bother you. Would it be asking too much if I brought her tomorrow? Just to this garden?”

She wasn’t asking too much. Not by any means. The young man was eager, more than dutiful. Mrs. Braley knew the look. She had often seen it in young men’s eyes. After all, her daughter, too, was not unknown in the world, though she wasn’t an actress. That young girls should be photographed by the press because they happened to be especially beautiful débutantes was, of course, regrettable, but in this environment it could hardly be looked upon as a great affliction. It might even have its convenient aspects.

LATE as Mrs. Braley was at the restaurant, Lydia was even later. Hurrying through the throng of loiterers, loiterers with autograph books all poised, Mrs. Braley saw at once that she would have to wait as usual. She didn’t care. She could sit on the long seat by the door and watch the showy group of passersby, mostly tourists like herself if without quite her style, only rarely among them a face recognizable from Hollywood to the Euphrates. She could stare, too, at the wild extravaganza of the cold buffet spread before her eyes, such trays of hors-d’œuvre as she had never seen anywhere else. Hollywood was the capital of the hors-d’œuvre, she had learned. Everywhere she went there were trays of them, caviar, anchovies, and paté made up into amazing items, elaborated and rococo beyond the maddest dreams of Paris. No wonder salaries, those thousands a week everyone seemed to be making, vanished under this bright sun. Those thousands a week! Mrs. Braley closed her eyes, for that grim intention had come into the front of her mind again. She opened them with a start when there was a pull at her arm, a tiny touch at her elbow. A voice piped in her ear.



“I thought you had only one arm,” it said.

She stretched out both her arms, and smiled at the child sitting beside her, a good-looking child in a sailor suit.

“It was the way I was holding them, I guess.”

The child beamed up at her, with a bright, endearing face.

“That man looks like a priest,” he went on without any child’s shyness whatsoever, as though they were intimate friends.

It was just a waiter, she said, and then she asked him if he was in the movies.

“I was,” he answered. “Years ago.”

He could hardly be over six. She had to laugh, and she smiled at the woman on his other side.

“Your son?” she asked.

“My adopted son,” said the woman, her eyes welling with maternal love and pride.

She saw the little boy later, in the dining-room, and pointed him out to Lydia where he sat with some grown-ups and a little girl perhaps his own age, another very pretty child, dressed in a pink dress of the period of “Little Women,” with pink roses in her

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OH, NO, PIONEERS!

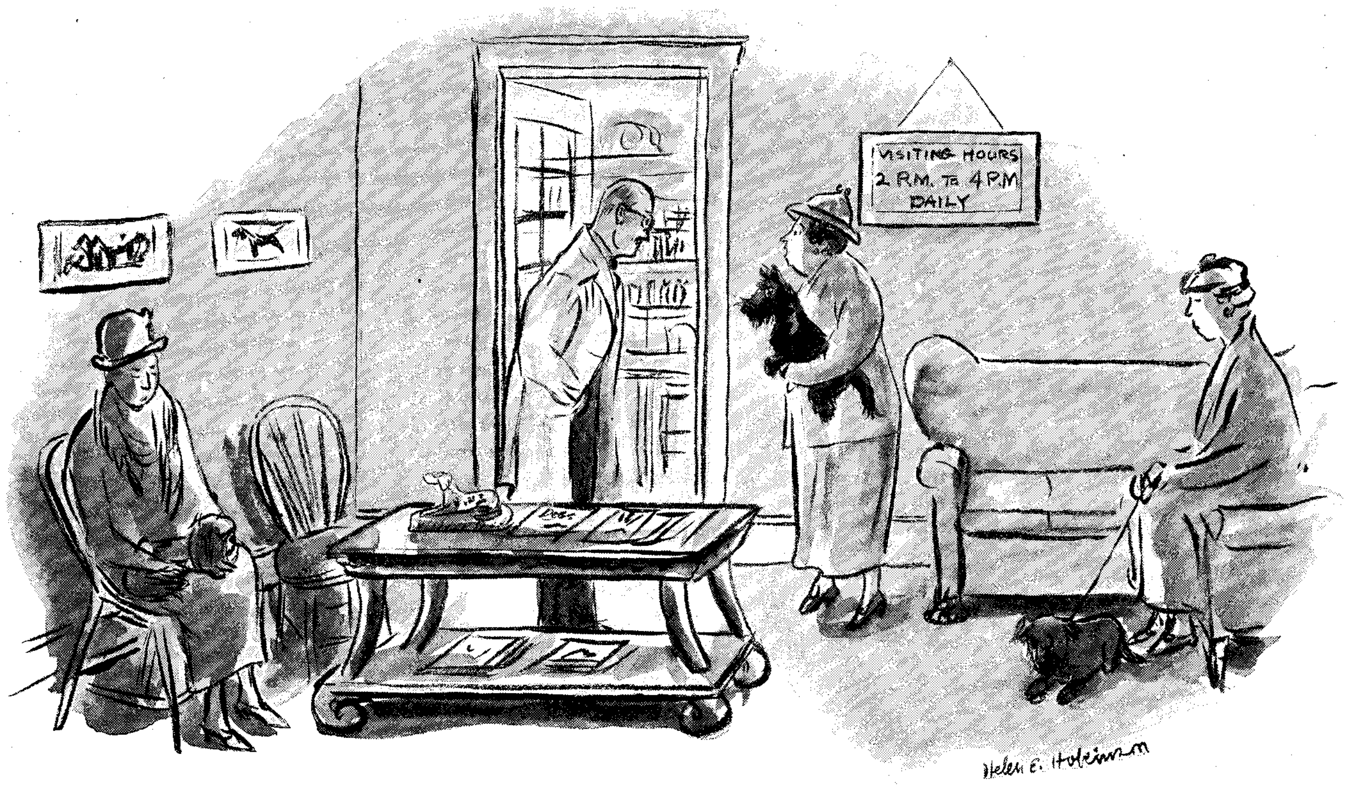
My heart goes out to the gipsy-footed,
The Seekers-behind-the-Veil,
The wandering fellows, the loosely-rooted,
Who follow a winding trail.
And I ask myself, “Is there anything better
Than shaking the shackle, freeing the fetter,
And setting out for the last horizon
That dust of the humdrum never lies on?”
Yes, I say to my soul, very Halliburton-ly,
“Is there anything sweeter?”
And my soul says, “Certainly!”

For I am the person who loves a Rut
(Thereby are my hours bolstered),
A Rut with a roof that is weatherproof,
And one that is well upholstered;
Where by four known walls
I am oft benighted;
Where nobody calls
Who isn’t invited;
Where never occurs
A strange event;
Where my spirit purrs
In bored content;
Where Ambition glooms
And Fame’s defeated,
And all of the rooms
Are central-heated.

I’m never beset by a madness lunar,
Nor rent by a wild desire
For the woods, the hills, or the reckless schooner
Whose topsails are shot with fire.
And the Roads of Romance, both going and coming,
I’d readily trade for reliable plumbing,
While the untrod ways that I’m quite unuster,
I’ll leave to the Waughs and to Simon & Schuster.
Yes, I’m all but deaf to the mute insistences
Of the far-off places,
The dim, blue distances.

For I am the person who loves a Rut
As I once loved chocolate candy—
A Rut with a book and a capable cook
And plenty of ashtrays handy.
Oh, stones, well rolled,
Get a pretty polish.
But nights are cold
When the year turns fallish,
And very much rather
Than stir and toss,
I’d gladly gather
My bit of moss.
For I’ve always seen,
In despite of the Bard,
How the grass was green
In my own front yard.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY



"He won't play with his little rubber ball any more, and he bit my husband."

• •

hair. The little girl and one of the women with them were leaving, however, and suddenly the little boy also got up and escorted her to the door. Just as the two children reached the door, framed, as it were, in its archway, the little boy, who had taken the girl's hand, drew her toward him and kissed his tiny companion with a perfect gesture of gallantry.

"Gracious," said Mrs. Braley, "even the babies," and she turned restlessly to listen to Lydia, who had been late because she had been telegraphing for more clothes to be sent on from New York, clothes she could ill afford, and who was now rather bored with everything around her. Mrs. Braley knew her eyes must be hardening as she looked at her daughter. Yes, Lydia was a beauty. She had breeding, too, God knows, which was rare here, and which should have its value now that the films were awake to the refinements and Mrs. Roche had an eye on the effete East. Thousands a week, thought Mrs. Braley, her mind wandering from the theme of the refinements.

Conversation came to them from the next table, and Mrs. Braley soothed her nerves with a moment of eavesdropping.

"She has to have a guard for her adopted daughter. He just hangs around the garden. Fifty dollars a week to squat in the bushes."

"You know, she's taken a new house. Unfurnished!"

"Unfurnished? You mean to say she's furnishing her house herself. All that bother. I never heard of such a thing."

It was a world of adopted children and furnished houses, Mrs. Braley decided. There was so much to learn in this world, so much for Lydia to learn if she would take the trouble. She turned to Lydia and said that they were to go to the Lot next day and that the young man had offered to introduce them to some of the movie stars, though Gable would be on location. Lydia wasn't listening; she was staring at the archway which the children had just left after their beautifully staged little scene. Another couple was there now, a couple known to all who read the movie magazines as newly married. As they paused there in the entrance with their flawless good looks it suddenly occurred to Mrs. Braley that they must have married for no other reason than that they looked so well entering a room together. She could not imagine any other more elemental instinct which could have united just this young man and this girl. And they know what they are doing, she thought. How definitely sure they are what they are about! Her eyes came back again to Lydia, and she saw quite clearly that Lydia was actually ten times as beautiful as the girl in the doorway. Nevertheless, she was shocked at what had come into her mind. "This place, this fantastic, unreal place, it is doing something to me." She had observed, too, that Lydia was holding her head down so that no one at the other tables could see her profile, and for some reason she could not define the attitude filled her with apprehension.

"I thought that dinner tonight was going to be a small one," Lydia began.

"There'll be fifty," said Mrs. Braley. "They don't have small dinners. They move in droves."

"And the man sitting next to me will be wearing a bathing suit," said Lydia.

"We could have spent our summer in Vermont," said Mrs. Braley. "That farm in Vermont is about all we've got in the world."

"I know exactly what we've got," said Lydia. "I know exactly what you've got and what I've got. I don't think of anything else. And I think I know what we've got better than you do. You know what I mean."

Mrs. Braley said that she didn't at all, but that she was sorry that Lydia wasn't having a better time. They had come out here just to enjoy themselves, just to have a good time, after all.

"Do try to like things a little," she said, and she looked at her daughter's face turned toward her a little now, and sighed at the sight of the sulkiness it showed. There was so much to be learned about one's own daughter—not one's adopted daughter, she smiled—there was so much that she had overlooked in her observation of the world and so much to be learned here where everyone seemed to be always on a stage.

Always on a stage, always aware of a setting, a background! The two children and the young couple loved it and could not have failed to behave as they did. It was their life, this absorbing instinct for self-display. There was a new speculation in Mrs. Braley's eyes as she fixed them upon her aloof and reticent daughter. "Perhaps, after all, poor Lydia is just a lady," she thought.

Yet she did not abandon that plan of hers, that hope that had grown out of a ridiculous fancy, until the next morning, when they were back in the moving-picture garden on the lot and the young man was explaining its meaning in all detail to Lydia. Mrs. Braley stood aside a little and watched them, and suddenly, all at once, it was clear to her that they would soon be going East, and that not from this place, anyhow, would come those thousands a week.

The bride they had seen entering the restaurant would not have required any explanation of this garden. Of that Mrs. Braley was sure. Each strip of border would tell its own story to that girl. She would see its meaning and act accordingly. Half sardonically Mrs. Braley studied her daughter standing there, sulky, bored, listless before a background that was bright with roses and the gay, careless flowers meant for a scene of young and happy love. —John Mosher

DO RE MI

I MUST have been ten when it came to me that never, this side of paradise, would I be able to carry a tune, and that even identifying one would tax my tiny powers unless I could hear the words. I was a pupil then at the Horace Mann School, up on 120th Street, and our class was an early venture in experimental education, being held outdoors, on a roof. We wore little woolly suits and hoods that gave a sort of startled and bloodthirsty pleasure to the regular students downstairs, who were without our embarrassing advantages. We looked like rabbits and when we ventured recklessly down from our roof during recess we were hunted like rabbits. We were like rabbits, too, in that we were the soft and foolish victims of a thousand grim experiments. It was a thin week that didn't bring us at least one delegation of educators of a refined and scientific aspect, who came with their questionnaires and went away to write admiringly about us in the journals of their trade. I never had to read these articles, but nevertheless I was grateful when one of the bloodless creatures slipped on the icy roof and broke his glasses.

The delegation which found out that I was tone-deaf consisted of two ladies, who wished to test the pre-adolescent reaction to music. We were lined up in a solemn, woolly row while one of them wrote a line of strange words on the blackboard. Her handwriting was distinguished, requiring quite a lot of preliminary skirmishing with the chalk, and I had begun to itch by the time the other one got up and sang the words.

"Do re mi fa so la si do," she sang.

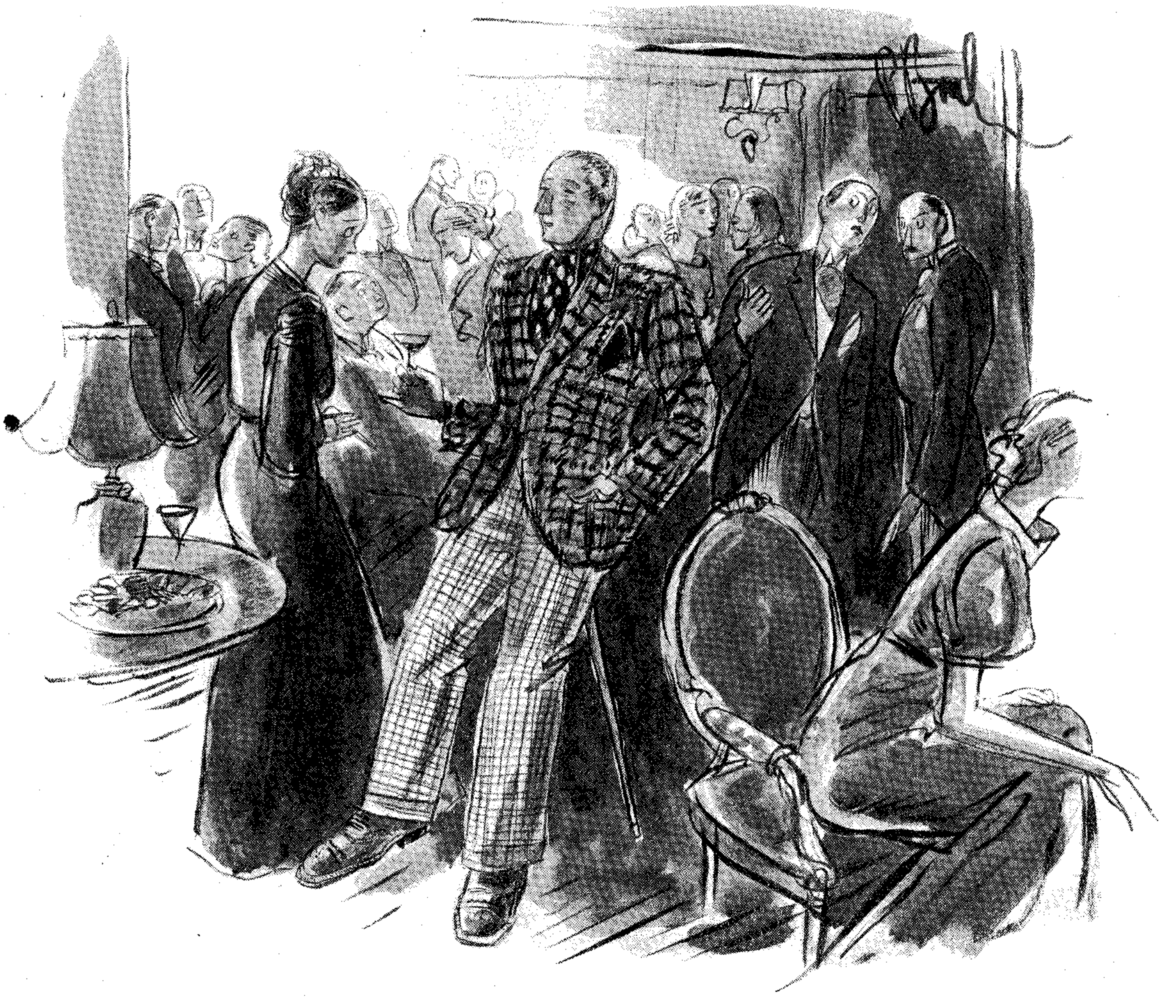
"I can see down into the lady's neck," whispered the child beside me with horror.

Our visitor sang the line two or three times more, and then two or three times backward.

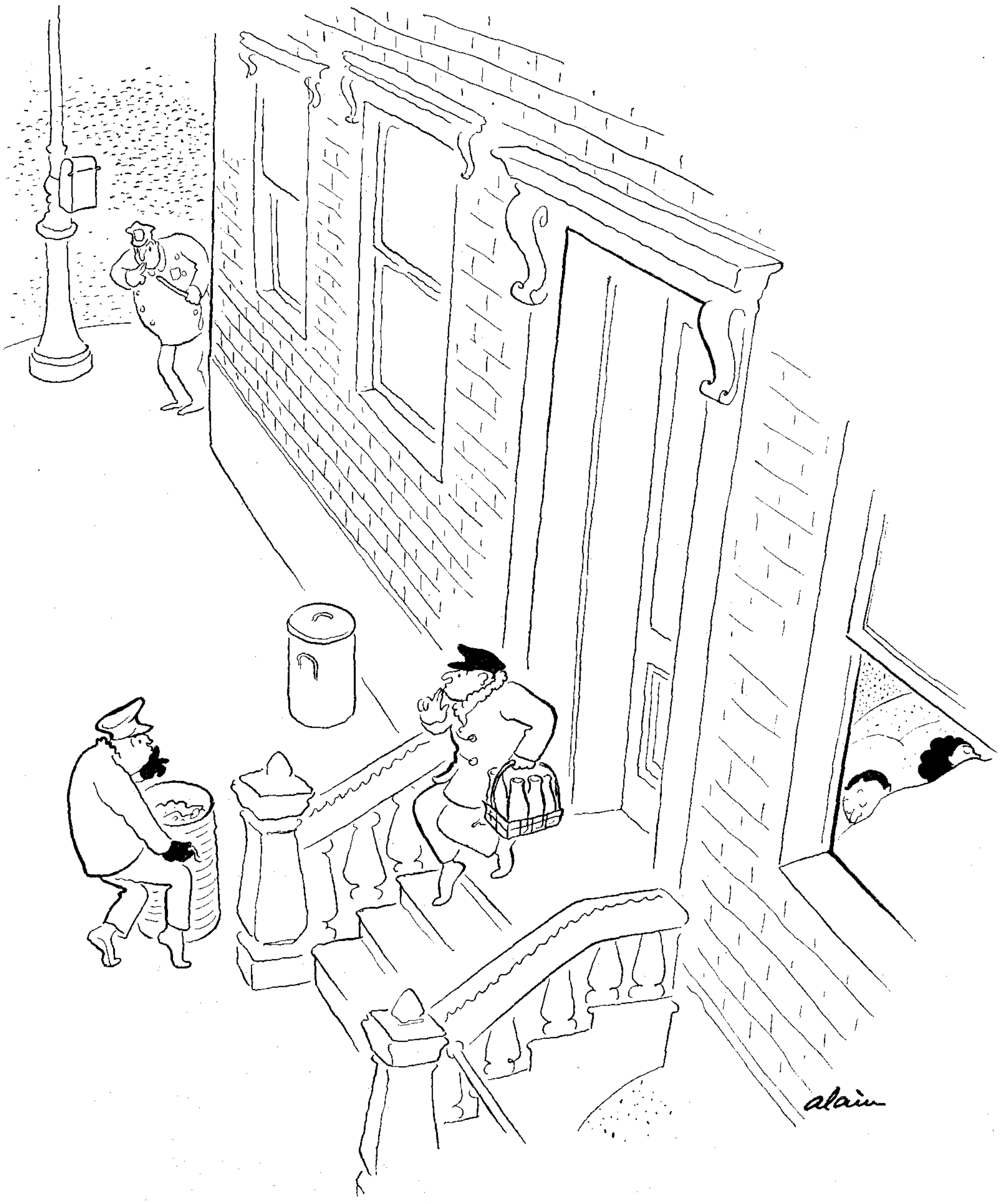
"Now, children," she said. "Let's *all* sing."

We all sang. At first we were uncertain, puzzled by the unfamiliar words.

"Do I hear some little mice squeaking?" said the first lady, cupping her



"They say he reads 'Esquire.'"



hand gaily at her ear. "Oh, come, children, let's have some really truly singing. Now, louder . . ."

We sang louder, and presently, getting into the spirit of the thing, we were yelling our heads off. The ladies must have been new at pre-adolescent research, because, having asked for really truly singing, they seemed a little agitated when they got it.

"That's fine," the first one said hastily. "Now we'll let each child see what he can do all by his lonesome. We'll start down at this end. What's your name, little man?"

"Thomas," said Thomas, "but I don't sing."

"Why, Thomas!" said the second lady. "You don't want to hurt Miss Edgerton's feelings, do you? Now, 'Do' . . ."

"No," said Thomas firmly, but the ladies were too tough for him, and in the end he executed an embarrassed scale.

They moved down the line with varying results. Some of the children sang loud and clear, without self-consciousness, and were disappointed when the ladies moved on. Others were shy, and their singing was unhappy and almost inaudible. The ladies carefully noted these facts in their little notebooks.

I was not at all nervous when they came to me. They had said they wanted volume, and I was confident that I could sing as loud as anybody.

"And what is *our* name?" asked the first lady, who couldn't possibly have had any idea of what she was in for.

I told her and then, as she tossed her head musically, I sang a hearty scale. Both ladies looked incredulous.

"Perhaps we'd better try again," said the second one, after a moment.

It seemed clear that I had been a disappointment to her, although I couldn't see why, because I was sure I had sung as loud as anybody else. I drew a deep breath and tried again. The ladies looked at one another.

"No," said the first, "I'm afraid we don't *quite* understand. The little notes go *up*. Like this."

She sang me a sample scale, with gestures that went up.

"Try to think of eight little men climbing a flight of stairs," she said. "Now . . ."

I sang again. The eight little men seemed to have no especial bearing on what I was doing, but I thought of them.

"It's amazing," said the second lady, though clearly this was not praise. "The child just stays on the same note."

"Com*plete*ly tone-deaf," said the other one, and wrote briskly in her book.

They were reluctant to give me up, and produced many ingenious and graphic illustrations of the fact that the diatonic scale goes up as it goes along. I did my best, too, getting quite damp and breathless in my attempts to sing the way they wanted me to. My wool pants were itching like hell at the end, but I was still singing the same note, and the ladies were licked.

Later in life being tone-deaf had its disadvantages, but at Horace Mann it gave me a peculiar and grisly distinction. The children were not exactly sure what was the matter with me, but whatever it was it had been sinister enough to alarm the investigators, and my playmates were impressed. For the rest of the year my singing had a fascination for them second only to the manual-training teacher's thumb which had been bitten off by a turtle he'd been annoying.

—Wolcott Gibbs

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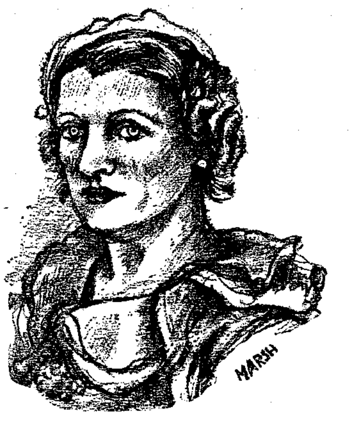
Sea life on the American Mail Liners isn't all deck exercise and day-dreaming in the lounge. To outfit the gay parties on board, an average order of toy balloons runs to 3 gross; toy horns, 2 gross; snappers, 2 gross; serpentine, 1000 rolls; and birthday candles, 1 gross—an indication of the fun to be expected on a trip to the Orient via the Short Route from Seattle.—*Adv. in the Herald Tribune.*

Say, two gross of snappers wouldn't last us to the Aleutian Islands.

PROFILES

LADY IN CRÊPE—II



Anna Lonergan

ANNA LONERGAN was rather proud of the long homicidal record of Wild Bill Lovett, her first husband. After Bill was killed in the Brooklyn dock war in 1923, a newspaper reporter asked her how she ever came to marry a man who, during his career, had been officially accused of seven murders. Anna bristled so fiercely that the journalist shrank. "The papers only gave Bill credit for seven," Anna said bitterly. "He killed nearer twenty-seven in Brooklyn." In her indignation, Anna went on to say that Bill never got credit, either, for the half-dozen murders he added to his list during the two years that he was hiding out in Chicago after he had killed Dinny Meehan, the dock leader. The Chicago murders were strictly amateur, though, she says now, and perhaps deserve only a footnote in his record. He did the Chicago jobs as a favor to friends who gave him shelter.

Another thing that to this day will stir Anna to anger is a newspaper reference to her as "gun moll." She has never fired a revolver or automatic, and is a little afraid of them. It isn't that she's a softy. She has taken loaded weapons from many a truculent drunk, and she often had to pick guns up during housecleanings at home. But she has never really used one in her life.

Anna doesn't consider herself tough. As a young girl, she shied away from the more raucous neighborhood elements because the he-men of the Irishtown section along the Brooklyn waterfront didn't conform to her ideals of what true gentlemen should be. She has been arrested only once. When she was fourteen years old, she was shopping one night with some older Irishtown girls when an Italian storekeeper, as she puts it, "made passes at us with his eyes." All Italians—called "ginzoes" by the 'Towners—were poison to an Irish girl like Anna. She fished a slab of liver off the street counter of a butcher shop next door and smacked the shopkeeper's face with it. It splashed his shirt with red stains and he thought he had been stabbed. His screams brought the police, and Anna and her friends were taken to the Poplar Street police station. She might have gone free because she was a minor, but a sort of grim loyalty is one of her virtues, and she gave her age as eighteen. She and her friends were released next day after a night in jail.

After that the only fighting Anna did was in behalf of Peg-Leg, her brother, who was red-haired and pugnacious like her father. Anna loves to recall how Peg-Leg held on to the groceries and change the night he lost his left leg under a Smith Street trolley car. The accident happened when he was stealing a ride on the way back from the store, she remembers, and he was carried into Conley's saloon. He wouldn't get into the ambulance until he had handed the package over to his mother. Anna likes to tell the story because it illustrates what stuff the Lonergans were made of. Papa Lonergan gave the boys free rein as they grew up, but was strict with the girls. Until she was eighteen, Anna had to be in bed every night before the Navy Yard bells bonged at nine o'clock, or feel her father's horny hand. Later, when she was in show business, the curfew didn't apply. The family needed the money. Even Mrs. Lonergan worked, scrubbing offices in the Borough Hall district, to keep the family going.

While Anna was light-footing it on Broadway, Peg-Leg was helping his father run his bicycle shop. They had the Telephone Company trade. In those days, the repair men rode bicycles instead of Fords. Peg-Leg had a lot of interests outside of the shop, too. Despite his wooden leg he managed to get around, and became pretty handy with an automatic. He was a good man in a speakeasy brawl, and got an early start on his long string of homicides. He never went to prison for any of them, but neither did Anna's husband, Bill Lovett, or any other Irishtown trigger men. That seems to puzzle most people when they hear about it, but it's quite simple, as Anna explains it. Most of the killings were done when there were no witnesses around. Even when there were witnesses the cops couldn't get anything out of them. The neighborhood code forbade squealing, and in Irishtown an informer was rated twenty degrees lower than an Italian policeman.

By the time he was twenty, Peg-Leg was a holy terror along the docks and in the Irishtown speakeasies, but Anna will not admit that. She will concede that he killed a lot of men, but will insist that he was good at heart. He took up homicide, she contends, not from choice but by accident. It seems that when Peg-Leg was seventeen, Giuseppe Bonanzio, a Navy Street drug peddler, tried to get him to handle narcotics in the bicycle shop as a sort of sideline. Peg-Leg refused and Bonanzio pulled a gun. Peg-Leg grabbed the weapon, according to Anna, and it went off. Bonanzio dropped with a bullet in the heart. The killing made Peg-Leg a neighborhood big shot, and pretty soon he was taking on killing jobs for his friends on the docks. "He wasn't a professional killer," Anna says. "He'd just do these jobs to help his friends out."

Peg-Leg figured in so many shootings that the magistrates got sick of seeing his face in court. His official record shows three arrests for assault and three for homicide, but Anna says the records don't begin to reflect his activities. "You can't go by the police records," Anna says.

AFTER Bill died, Peg-Leg teamed up with Matty Martin, who was to be Anna's second husband. Matty was what might be called the co-leader of the Irishtown stevedores. With his partner, Charlie ("Cute Charlie") Donnelly, and a gang of supporters, he dominated the docks and exacted tribute from all the dockworkers. Peg-Leg would meet Matty on the docks every day and help him with this work. Then the two of them would go to Anna's house for dinner and relaxation.

It wasn't long before these evenings took on a romantic tinge. Like Bill, Matty went in for mute courtship. Anna has found that rather a common trait among men who do a lot of shooting. They're hardboiled and fearless among men, but practically tongue-tied around women. "It used to be real pitiful to watch Matty trying to get out a word, every now and then," she remembers. It took every bit of courage he had. Matty was taller than Bill, but, like Bill, he was a heavy drinker. He could hold even more than Bill could, though, and no one could ever tell when he was drunk. Bill had liked publicity, but Matty hated it. When Matty finally proposed to Anna, he persuaded her to get married at Saugerties, New York, so the newspapers wouldn't make a fuss about it. They were married in February, 1924, three months after Bill had been killed and buried. Right after the wedding they returned to Brooklyn to live with Anna's mother in the Bushwick district, which is a long way from the waterfront.

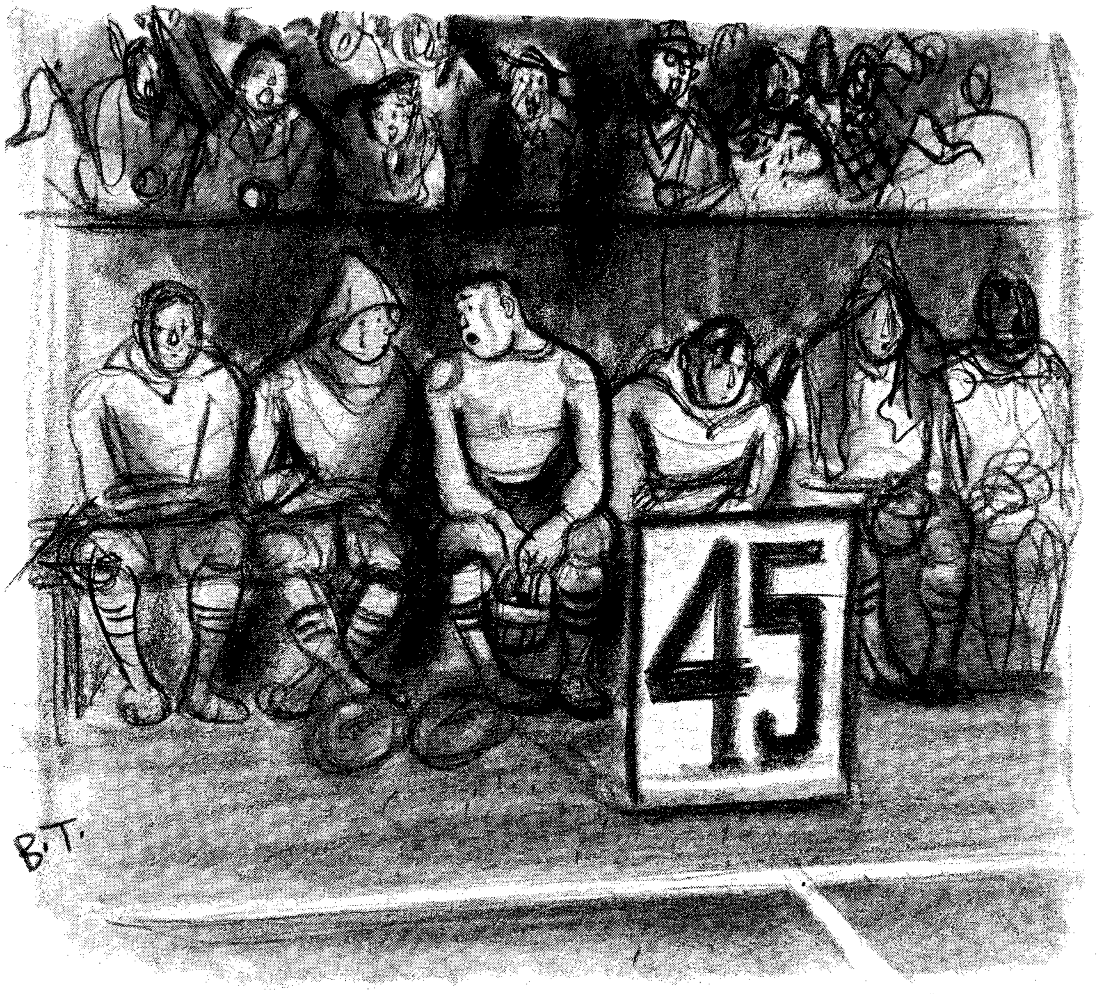
It was Anna's idea that the family should move out of Irishtown. She thought people were getting to know too much of the family affairs, what with the publicity that came with every fresh shooting. Besides, she hoped Bushwick would be a safer place for Matty. They moved, but it didn't turn out that way. Two weeks after the wedding, when she was walking down the street with Matty, not far from the house, one of the aspirants for the stevedore crown on the Irishtown docks stepped out of a doorway with a revolver and aimed at Matty. Anna jumped for him, caught his shooting hand, and tried to pull the weapon away from him. One shot went off, and the powder burned Anna's right temple. It left no scar, for which she is grateful. She thinks that if the burn had left a mark people *would* think she was a gunwoman. She never tells the name of the man who tried to shoot Matty, which may be taken as indication that he is still alive.

Anna found that Matty didn't care much for food. He lived on booze most of the time. The only thing he really cared for in the way of solids was home-baked bread. His poor appetite didn't bother her, however. Bill hadn't been much of an eater, either. Matty was more easily domesticated, on the whole, than Bill had been. He preferred tinkering with radios to going out and he bought every new gadget for eliminating static or getting more distance. At one time, he owned and tinkered with five radio sets. None of them worked very well.

The chief reason for Matty's radio tinkering late at night was insomnia. Sometimes, when he did get to sleep, he would wake up screaming. It wasn't conscience, Anna says; Matty's mother said he used to do it even when he was a baby. Besides being an insomniac, Matty was a somnambulist. One hot night, when the Lonergans were asleep on mattresses on the parlor floor, he got up and walked to the rear window. Anna, who happened to be awake, was amazed at the ease with which he stepped between the sleepers in the dark. On another of his walks in his sleep Matty went downstairs, ate everything in the icebox, and took up the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* that lay on the table. An hour later Anna went down with her mother to look for him. When Mrs. Lonergan became convinced that Matty wasn't shamming, that he was actually reading in his sleep, she told Anna to get him out of the house. "Take him away," she ordered, terrified. "He gives me the horrors."

Anna and Matty then took up housekeeping in a one-family frame house in the Bushwick district. Anna never liked apartment houses, because she has found apartment-house dwellers nosy. Another advantage of the one-family house was the flower garden. Anna had always been fond of flowers, and she found Matty was, too. He had a "green thumb"—a way with plants—as well as a supple trigger finger. He was tender with guppys, too, and in sentimental moods played the zither well.

PEG-LEG, while Anna and Matty were living the quiet life in Bushwick, didn't find enough activity or competition on the docks to satisfy his craving for target practice, so he ventured into the Gowanus area for frequent ginzo-baiting expeditions. He focussed his attention on the Adonis Social Club, an Italian cabaret in Twentieth Street where Al Capone, as



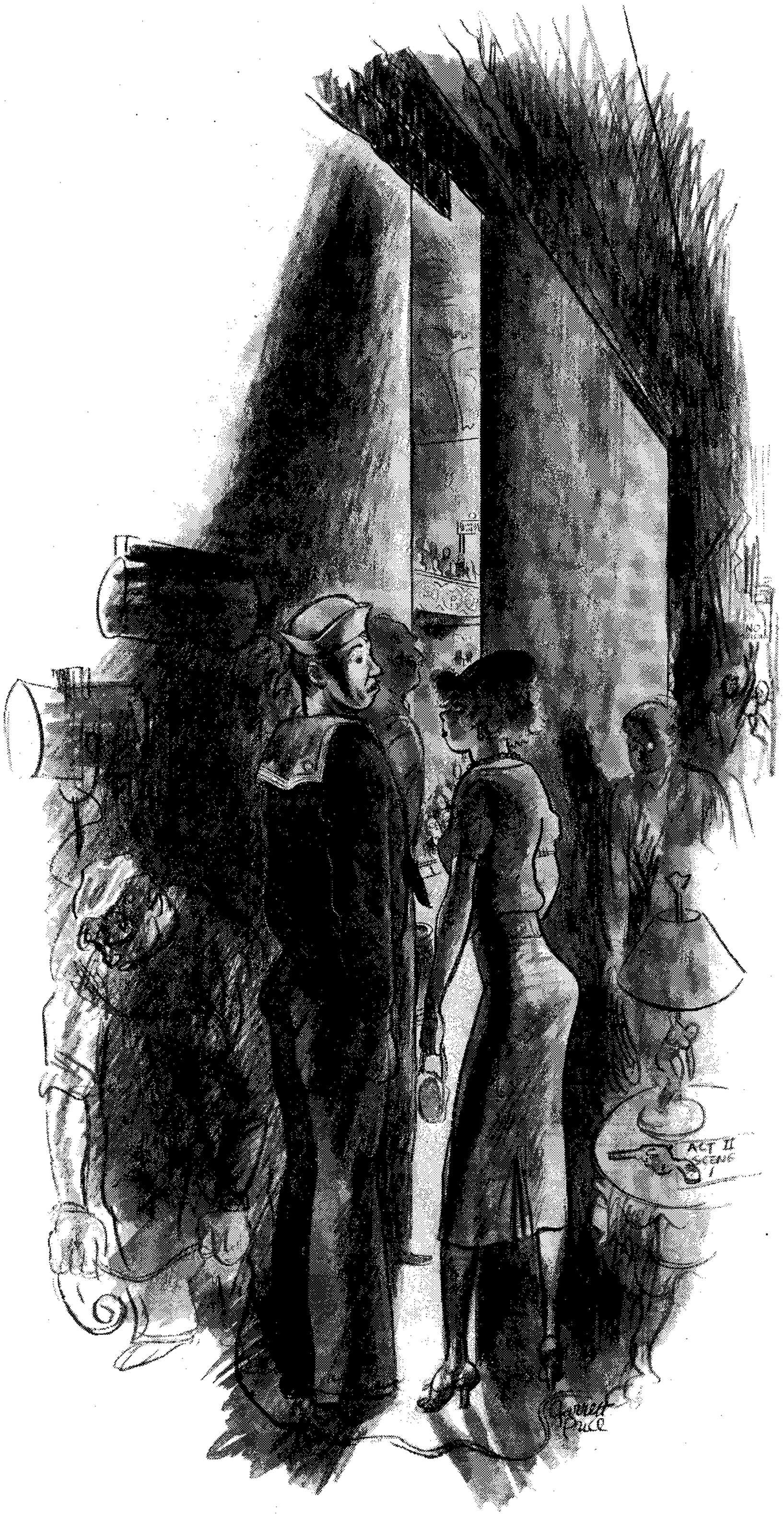
"How can I listen to signals when my head is buzzing with Brahms and Beethoven?"

an unknown dance-hall bouncer, had perfected his marksmanship by shooting necks off beer bottles when there was nothing else to do. Peg-Leg and two of his stooges, Needles Ferry and Aaron Harms, swilled and guzzled liberally in the cabaret the night before Christmas, 1925, sneered at Jack ("Stickem") Stabile, the bartender, and insulted Italian patrons individually and in groups. They chased all the Irish girls out, just as they used to do in Fort Greene Park, and told them to "come back with white men." Then Peg-Leg and his friends went on drinking.

On Christmas morning, Anna made another excursion to Kings County Morgue and identified Peg-Leg, Ferry, and Harms. All three had been shot through the back of the head as they stood at the Adonis bar. Detectives made twenty arrests in the case, but ran into the customary thing—none of the men or women who were in the club when the shooting started knew who had fired the shots, and no amount of persuasion by the police, physical or oral, could convince them that they did. Among the twenty prisoners was Capone, and he was turned loose along with the others. Anna says she knows who did the job in the Adonis Club and that she knows who killed Matty and who killed Bill, but she says she won't tell.

Anna arranged Peg-Leg's burial. She was in the habit of taking charge of all family burials. She has always been the family spokesman, too, whenever any member of her family figured in a shooting. She never tells the police much. "The way I look at it," she says, "is this: those who live by the gun, they die by the gun. It's in the hands of God." Anna is extremely religious, and always has been. Through all the shooting and the frequent murders in which her husbands and brother figured, she never missed a Mass. Her mother, who is still living, is just as steady in church attendance. Anna makes special novenas to pray for her mother's health. Her favorite saint is St. Teresa, the Little Flower, to whom she pleads for safe guidance for her brothers and sisters. "I always pray they'll have good company and not go bad," she says.

Things stayed quiet for Anna a long time after her brother Peg-Leg was buried. Matty was arrested at Peg-Leg's wake for carrying a loaded revolver and did six months on the charge. After he finished his prison term, he went back to the docks, and resumed his co-leadership. He would come home from the docks every night around six o'clock and fiddle with his rheostats and verniers, and his life seemed secure and relatively peaceful. He gave Anna all she needed to run the house and a liberal clothing allowance besides. He even took her to the movies once a month, much as he disliked the cinema. But by the end of 1929 Matty's share of the money extorted from the stevedores and truckmen on the waterfront had dropped from an average of two hundred dollars a week to around fifty. The depression had hit shipping hard. Anna noticed, however, that Cute Charlie Donnelly, who shared the leadership of the stevedores with Matty, was still able to keep



"I got a hunch Percy Hammond is going to call it a brave and tender play."

his wife in good clothes and seemed to have as much money as ever. She must have mentioned it to Matty. On the morning of January 29th, 1930, Matty had a business conference in the loaders' shack on Dock Street and flatly accused Donnelly of double-crossing him. After the conference, Donnelly was found dead on the floor of the shack. No witnesses. Anna felt sorry for Mrs. Donnelly. She identified the body at the Morgue and helped with the funeral plans.

After the Donnelly killing, for which Matty had to make the customary trip before the magistrate to get his usual dismissal, Anna kept hearing rumors that Matty was marked for the next "out." The night of December 13th she had a bad dream, and with it her first and only premonition that death was in the offing. She explains it now as "a funny kind of feeling" and clutches in the general vicinity of her heart when she tells about it. She awakened Matty and told him about the dream, but he wasn't impressed. He didn't come home to dinner the next night, though. A police car called instead, and took Anna to Cumberland Hospital. Matty had been wounded in a De Kalb Avenue speakeasy. He lived two days. When the cops asked him who had shot him, he wouldn't discuss it. They had three men in custody, they told him—were they the ones? "Turn them guys loose," said Matty, and died.

THERE is every reason to believe that Matty told Anna who had shot him before he died.

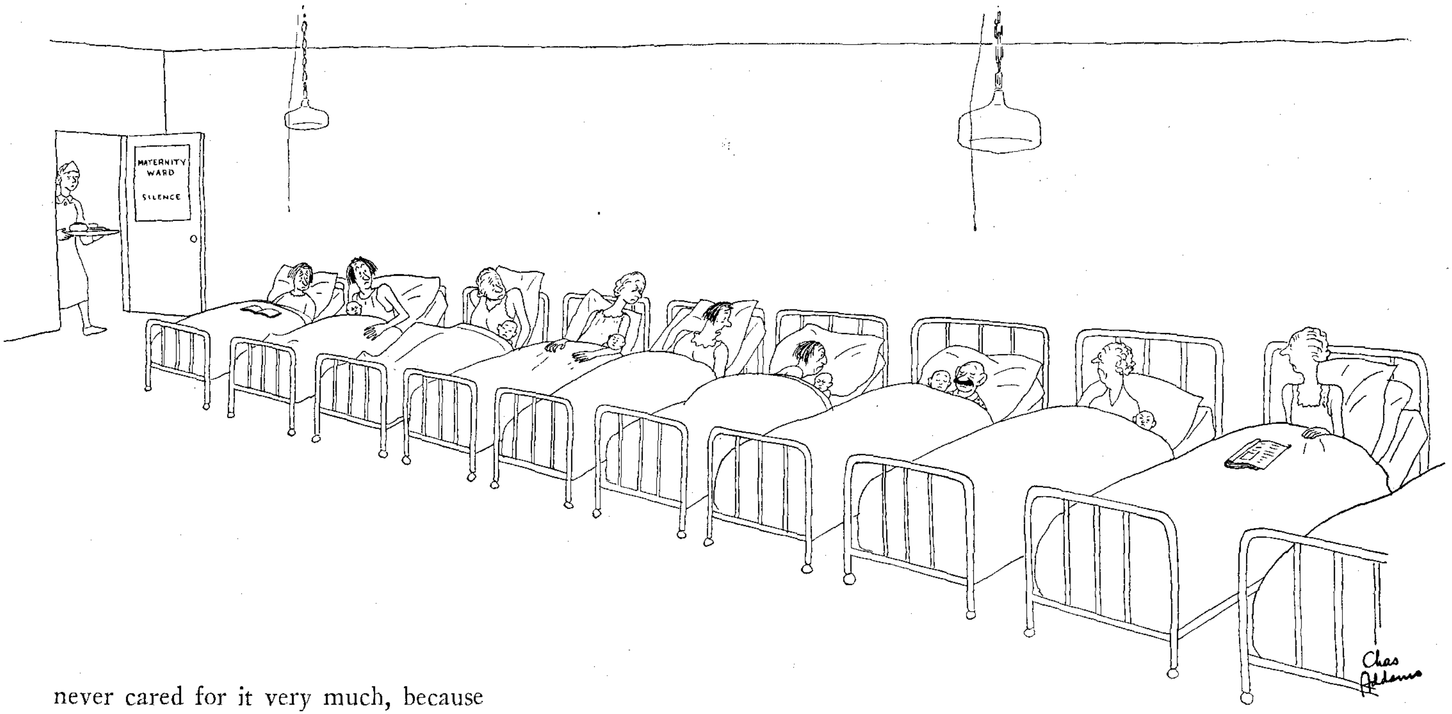
Anna is especially proud of the confidence reposed in her by her husbands and their friends in all matters pertaining to homicide. Whenever there was a fresh killing, the men would tell her about it immediately. That wasn't true in the homes of other warring dockloaders. Few women could be trusted as Anna was. She did not, however, get all her information about the murders from her immediate family. The underworld has a system all its own, called "the kite," which brings murder bulletins to those who can be trusted with them. Anna used to get them long before the police or newspapers did. Sometimes they would come by telephone, sometimes by messenger. Even today, with the waterfront peaceful and quiet, she gets an occasional tip on a new Brooklyn murder. "It's like a magazine subscription," she says. "You don't ask for it, but it keeps right on coming." Anna has an idea that she is cut in on the kite line because occasional newspaper articles and a mention, now and then, in some book (there's a whole chapter about her, for instance, in "Not Guilty," the book about Sam Leibowitz) keep her name fresh in the minds of people along the waterfront who are close to the warring stevedore gangs and who get murder news while it's hot.

Anna is quite proud, too, of her popularity at Sing Sing. She has made several trips to the death house to console friends, and all the boys up there seem to like her. The late Leonard Scarnici, bank robber and murderer, was, in spite of being an Italian, one of her friends. After he was put to death in the electric chair, she felt pretty bad about it. "Maybe he buried a man alive up in Connecticut, like they say he did," she said recently, "and maybe he did all the killings they gave him credit for, but I knew him and I still think he had a heart of gold."

Anna lives alone, now, in a little one-family house in the Bushwick section. She devotes a lot of time to keeping the place neat. She is fussy about little details; it makes her uncomfortable if a guest so much as nudges an antimacassar out of place. She keeps about two hundred books in the house, most of them slightly out-of-date. She has read all of Victoria Cross, and her favorite novel is "One Night of Temptation," by that author. There is a copy of Herbert Asbury's "Gangs of New York" in her collection, but she keeps it only out of sentiment for Matty, who liked it. Anna

SINGER SEWING MACHI
STOCK ROOM
SINGER SEWING MACHINES

"Funny what turns up when you take inventory."



never cared for it very much, because it's about tough people. At least that's what she says. In the next breath, though, she's apt to point out that both Bill and Peg-Leg are mentioned in it, as well as her Uncle Yake Brady, who was a noted brawler on Cherry Hill.

Anna doesn't think she will ever marry again, although she has had some attractive offers. She says she may, of course, change her mind any day. There was a report, about three years ago, that she intended to marry Edward (Red) Patterson, a South Brooklyn holdup man who had done time in Sing Sing Prison, but that was not true. Anyway, Patterson is dead now. He was killed in a brawl by Jim Cahill, an ex-cop.

Anna has been on work relief for some months, but keeps hoping for better times. She has an idea she may find a future in politics, and to get started in the right direction has joined a Democratic club in her neighborhood. She thinks she might be co-leader some day. She learned how to smoke at the club, and picked up a passing knowledge of bridge there. She hasn't been near the docks much in the past year, since one of the lads stabbed her in the left arm because she demanded a cut on the meagre, present-day graft. For a time after Matty's death the boys who inherited the waterfront leadership saw to it that she got thirty dollars a week, but they have now cut that off completely. "There's only a few of the old crowd left down there, anyways," she says, "and they're a bunch of heels."

—MEYER BERGER

(*This is the second of two articles on Anna Lonergan.*)

OF ALL THINGS

THE President's announcement that the United States will keep out of the war was applauded by all. Ringside seats are plenty close enough for us.

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The Italians must have some respect for American public opinion. They started their invasion on the opening day of the World Series, when it would not be noticed much.

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Mussolini complains of the indignities Ethiopia has inflicted on Italy. It reminds us of the brutal way Baer pounded Joe Louis's gloves with his face.

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Roosevelt was greeted by large and cordial crowds in California, but the G.O.P. boys can easily laugh that off. The people have nothing else to do with their afternoons.

•

W. R. Hearst has endorsed Landon of Kansas for President. The Governor can console himself with the thought that his chances were never very bright anyhow.

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Foodstuffs are higher, but the cost of reading is coming down. "Anthony Adverse" now sells for two dollars, a new low per acre.

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The potato-control act has stirred up so much opposition that Secretary Wallace will make no effort to enforce it. Congressmen made a little error in judgment there; they should have picked on spinach.

•

The League for Less Noise would do well to reward its friends as well as punish its enemies. A medal for conspicuous silence should be pinned upon King Victor Emmanuel.

•

Despite the improvement in business, unemployment has declined only 3.2 per cent in the last year. Maybe after all we should have let Hoover abolish poverty that time he offered to.

•

The Soviet army has adopted military titles like those of the rest of the world. In time, no doubt, the privates will learn to love their lieutenants just as much as privates do under capitalism.

•

William Allen White says that the Republicans must not abolish the N.D. but fix it up and make it work. Then put up a sign: "Used Deal, Better than New."

•

Connecticut manufacturers at the Tercentenary show in Hartford report a boom in industry and denounce the New Deal. All of us who hate to work understand how they feel.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

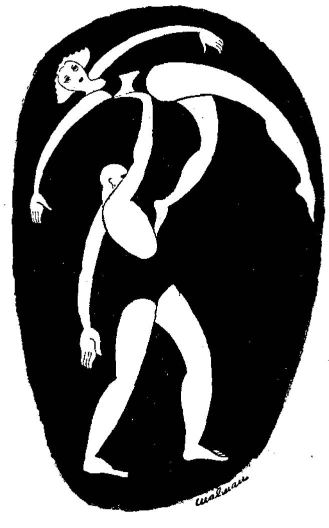
THE THEATRE

(LAUGHTER)

WHATEVER it was that the Theatre Guild and the Lunts intended to do to "The Taming of the Shrew," they certainly did it. They stopped just short of playing it in blackface. As Mr. Arthur Hopkins was heard to remark, somewhat enviously, on the opening night, "Well, they beat Billy Rose into town."

Nobody is complaining, mind you. If anyone can make "The Taming of the Shrew" funny, it is so much velvet in entertainment circles. And there can be no doubt that Mr. Lunt made it funny. He made it so funny that you forgot that it was "The Taming of the Shrew," which is top in anodynes.

Presumably the intellectual justification for all these goings-on (and the Guild has to tell its subscribers something when it goes giddy) is that the thing is being done as it was done in Shakespeare's time. I wouldn't know about that. All that I know is that the way they are doing it is my favorite way. I have a hunch that Shakespeare would have liked it, too, and would have presented Mr. Lunt with a gold-headed cane at the end of the run.



The spirit of the production may have been Elizabethan in its humors, but the technique is the technique of the twentieth-century two-a-day. Mr. Harry Wagstaff Gribble, the director, knows all the gags, and uses them all. Calling Petruchio from upstage left and having him enter downstage right (much to everybody's surprise but the audience's); using the rapier in the manner of Mr. Lou Holtz with his bamboo cane, with the accompanying "Whoops;" asking a question and answering it with the next breath in roaring unison with the stooge, à la Phil Baker—all these, together with the palpable offstage "glass-crash" and the sure-fire two-man horse, are items of comic technique which have more or less reached their full flower in modern times. The spirit may be the spirit of the Mermaid Tavern, but the routines are those of Dave's Blue Room.

Miss Fontanne did not seem to be quite as perfect a mate for Mr. Lunt as she usually is, possibly because of an injury to her knee, of which we were forewarned, but I think rather because of some vocal inadequacy which prevented her from being completely menacing. Most of the time her Katherine seemed slightly too bewildered for a shrew in good standing, though well she might have been bewildered at the way in which Mr. Lunt was carrying on. However, as long as Miss Fontanne looks as she does, I am restless when she is offstage.

Richard Whorf grew in grace as his bun wore off, and his work in the box was as expert as that of George Jessel's mother in the old days. Christopher Sly should be a character in all Shakespearean comedies, just to tide over the waits, and Mr. Whorf should play him.

To me the scenery didn't get anywhere in particular, but maybe it wasn't supposed to. One never can tell what scenery is supposed to do these days.

THE plots of "Squaring the Circle" and "Most of the Game" are strangely alike in their essentials, but that is probably because they are strangely like the plots of three thousand other little comedies. Two young couples become emotionally scrambled, hold off for an act because they have "cricket" trouble, and then find out that it would have been O.K. if they had gone through with it in the first place.

In a rather senile way, I was blandly amused by both of them. Mr. van Druten's "Most of the Game" was almost over before I realized that it was nothing at all. Then it was too late, for I had already enjoyed it in fairly obvious fashion. I liked Mr. James Bell as the *confidant* who was silent as the grave except when he had had a few drinks. I liked especially the way in which he tried to lick a baggage label with a hang-over tongue. Miss Dorothy Hyson seemed to be a distinct "find" for producers who are looking for very young ladies who can act as well as they look. Mr. Robert Douglas, her husband, was, with Mr. van Druten's assistance, the first stage author who might possibly have been a literary lion in real life, and Mr. Robert Wallsten made himself sufficiently obnoxious as a Hollywood star to make one believe that he is a good actor. I also thought that the "regular dinner" devised by Mr. van Druten for the hotel guests was a masterpiece of observation.

The title "Most of the Game" is, unfortunately, impossible to remember, and I am afraid that a lot of very sound critics among the public (where sound criticism lies) are going to feel that the play is unexciting. I can't help that. I had a good time at it.

WHEN I heard that "Squaring the Circle" had been convulsing Soviet Russia for several years, I winced. Convulsing Russia at any period of its history seems to have been a matter of lung power and red greasepaint.

It probably was more out of relief than anything else that I warmed to "Squaring the Circle." In the first place, there was the surprise element in hearing Soviet Russia kidding its own dialectics. In this respect, it is the best propaganda that Russia has smuggled into this country since the Revolution. Mr. Hearst shall hear of this.

In the second place, its very naïveté is disarming (someone, to whom I would give credit if I remembered his name, called it "Boxsky and Coxsky") and the cast, which includes David Morris, Beatrice De Neergaard, Fraye Gilbert, Eric Dressler, Albert Van Dekker, and Aristides de Leoni (when the last-named came on, I thought "How these Russians can act!" and then read that he was born in the Argentine and educated in Vienna), makes it impossible to be very cross about the obvious flaws in the thing as adult entertainment. It is excessively repetitious and, at times, puerile to the point of kindergarten entertainment, but it has a nice air about it. The author, Valentine Katayev, is a literary hero in his own land, and well he might be, for he is (aside from Mr. Litvinoff) the first Soviet representative in this country to smile when he says it.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

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WORLD-CRUISE NOTES

TRAVELLERS attending boxing matches in Siam for the first time are invariably interested in observing how, prior to every combat, each contestant retires to his corner, kneels, and then prays to his own particular god for victory in the ensuing contest.

At all railway stations in India, there are two faucets, one labelled "Drinking Water for Mohammedans" and the other "Drinking Water for Hindus."

On the floors of some Japanese theatres there are boxes seating five or six people. In each box there is a small charcoal stove brought by the spectators so that they can cook their dinner of rice, fish, meat, tea, and heat their *sake* while they watch the performance.

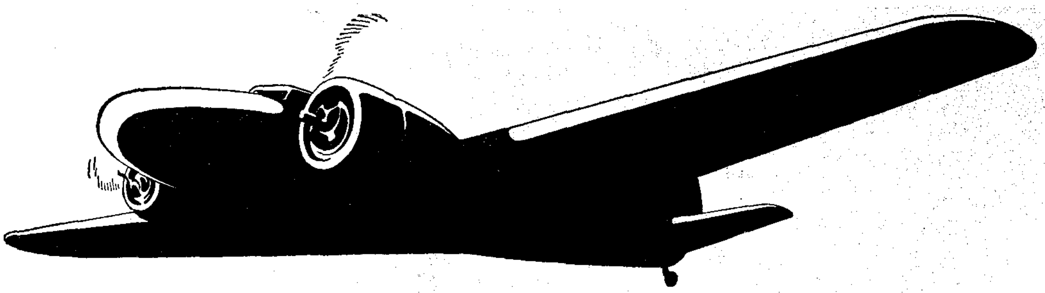
On a side street in Peiping, China, there is a small restaurant on whose front is a sign which reads: "American Chop Suey."

Not any of New York's numerous bars can boast of an attraction quite so unique as that of the little bar in the Steinbok Hotel in NanYuki, Kenya Colony, where the patron is offered, very casually, a seat on the Equator. This phenomenon is explained by the fact that exactly through the centre of the Steinbok bar runs the Equator. Consequently, it is no unusual sight, upon entering the barroom, to see a handful of guests, with their whiskey sodas or assandis, seated upon that august, hypothetical line. Incidentally, an assandi is made by mixing equal parts of beer and lemon soda, and so is just ordinary shandygaff everywhere else in the world.

Because crows are sacred in Ceylon and no one is permitted to interfere with them, a traveller having tea on the terrace of the Galle Face Hotel is often treated to the unusual experience of seeing a crow alight on the teatable, steal a bit of cake, and fly off with it in his beak.

The greatest risk incurred in a descent into a gold mine in South Africa lies not in the possible caving-in of a tunnel but in the danger of contracting pneumonia upon again reaching the surface. For this reason travellers, after an excursion into one of the mines, are rushed to locker-rooms and advised to take warm showers and drink hot tea, both of which are provided by the company.

In Darjeeling, in northeastern India,



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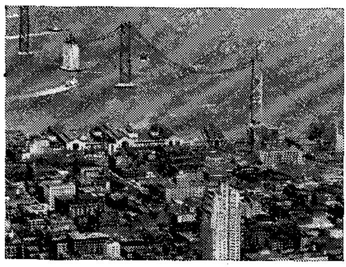

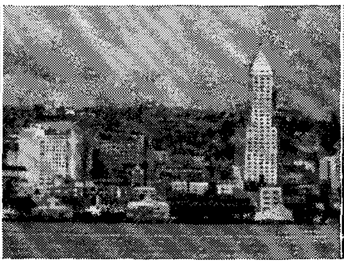

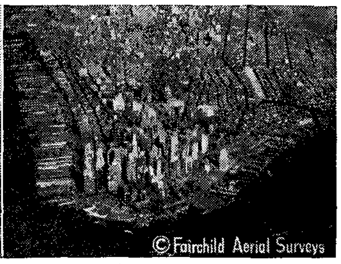

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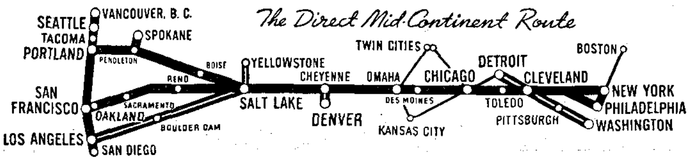

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KANSAS CITY
TWIN CITIES
CHICAGO
DETROIT
TOLEDO
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it is surprising to find not men but women porters meeting the trains and carrying travellers' trunks and boxes on their heads up the steep stairs that lead to the Mount Everest Hotel.

Visitors boarding the Dollar Line round-the-world boats at such distant ports as Hong Kong and Bombay are always amazed and delighted when they are served excellent American fresh-fruit ice creams that are made in California and carried round the world in the ships' refrigerators. On the other hand, travellers in the Dutch East Indies are often confused when they are served boiled eggs whose shells are stamped: "Fresh from Nova Scotia."

The famous white elephants belonging to the King of Siam are not really white, but a smoky gray. The story is told in Siam that, in the not far distant past, when a Siamese ruler wished to ruin a powerful nobleman, he would present him with several white elephants. The proper upkeep of these animals is so expensive that the recipient usually soon found himself in financial difficulties. Hence the expression "to have a white elephant on your hands."

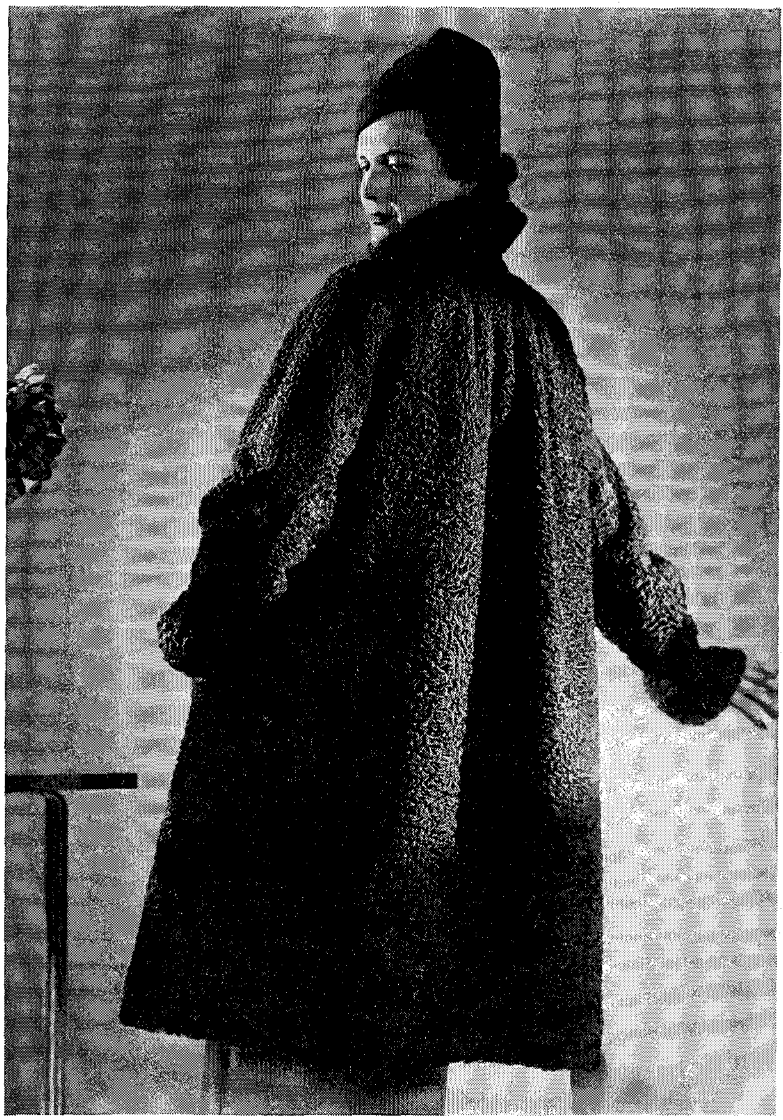
During the cold winter months in Shanghai, when a sing-song girl is engaged to entertain at a Chinese dinner in the native part of the city, she usually arrives carrying a pint-size hot-water bottle, wrapped in a silk handkerchief, to keep her warm during the evening.

It is not a rare experience on trains in China for a traveller holding a first-class ticket entitling him to an upper berth, to find that berth to be nothing more than a lightly upholstered, long wooden platform which, suspended from the ceiling by chains, swings him gently all through the night.

Because malaria is so prevalent in British East Africa, quinine, which is a recognized preventive, is on sale at all post and railway offices. In addition, at the better hotels and restaurants, it is served with a sundowner cocktail much as potato chips or peanuts are served here.

At Armenonville, one of Buenos Aires' smartest night clubs, a respectable woman never appears without wearing a hat, whether or not she is in dinner clothes, because the Argentines seem to feel that this wearing of a hat is the only positive way to differentiate between the guests and the "hostesses," or dancing partners, who are provided by the restaurant for the amusement of its male guests.

—Ann Gordon



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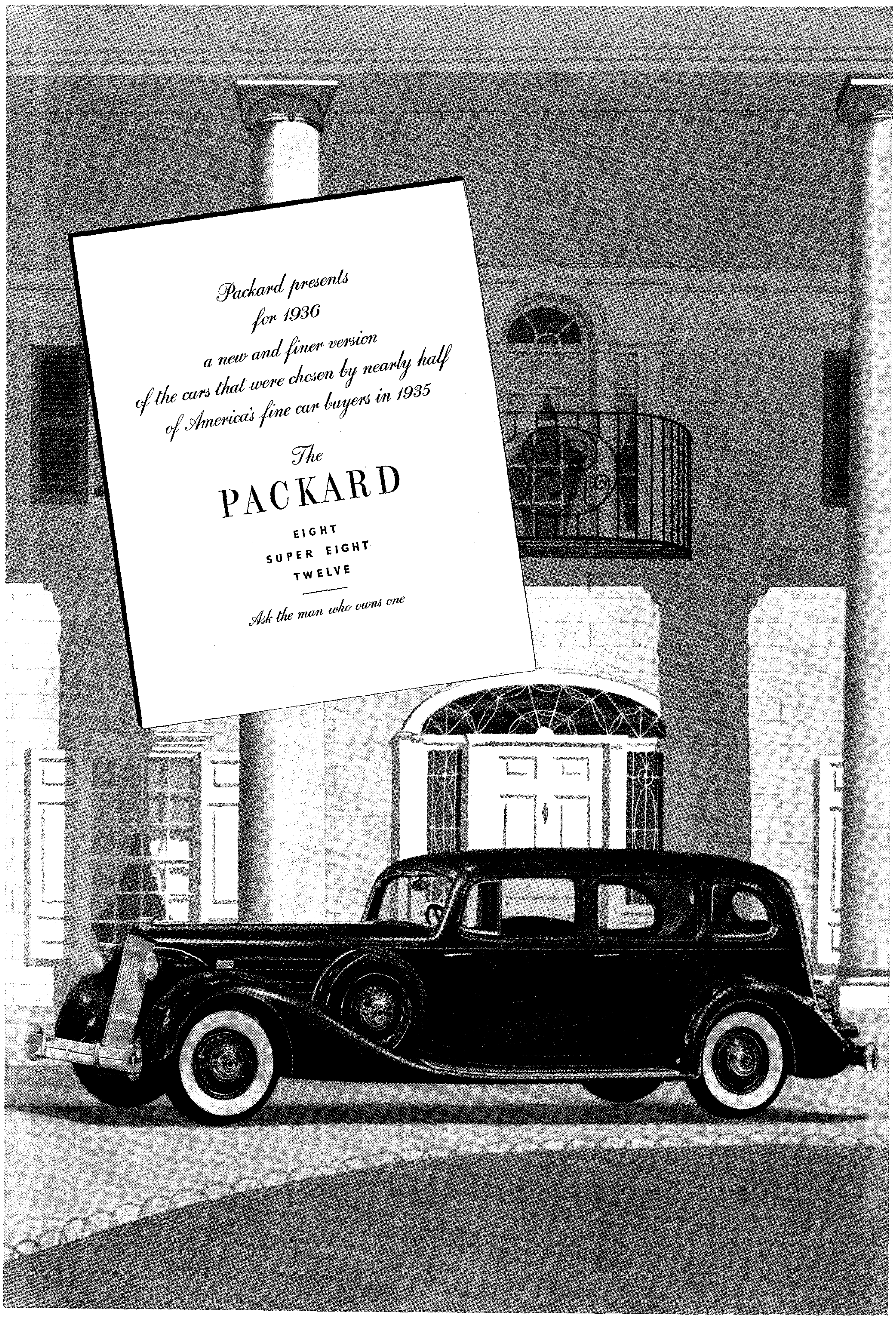

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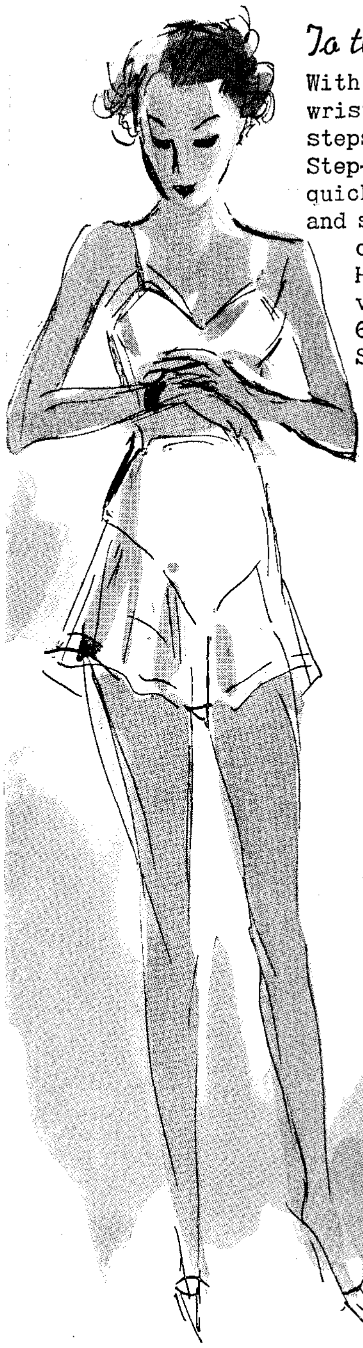

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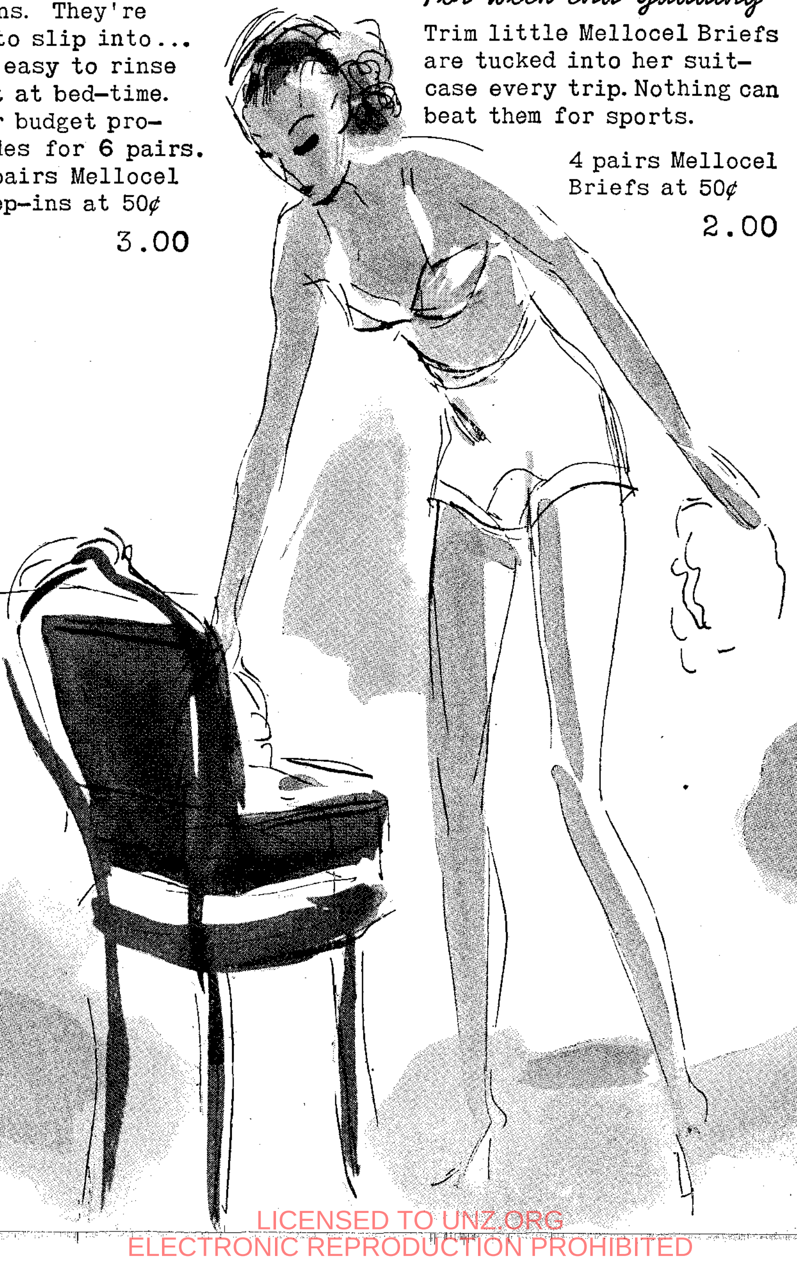

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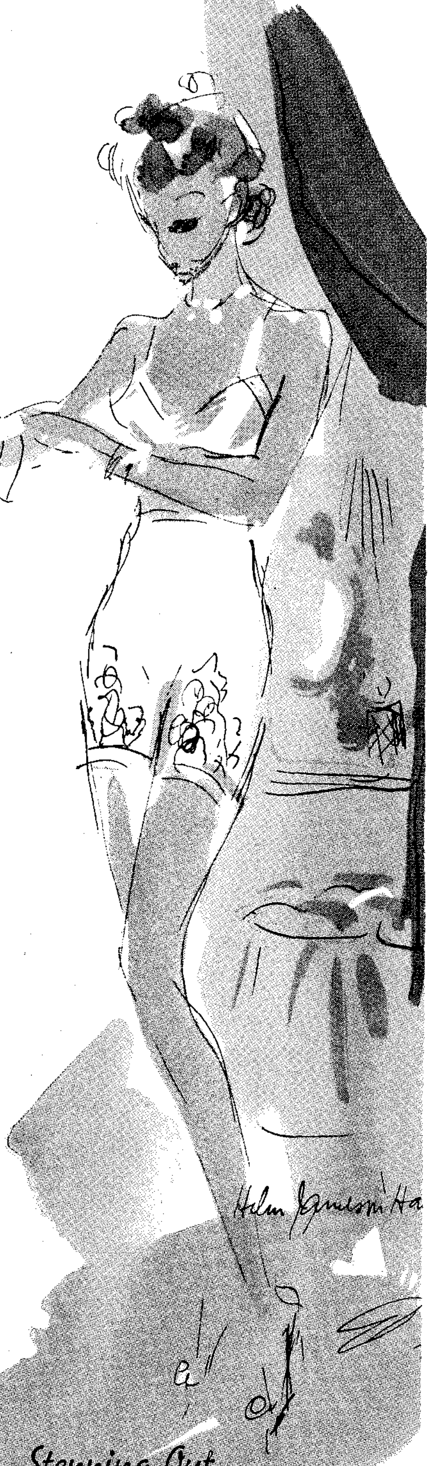

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

ROOMS, WITH OR WITHOUT SOCIAL LIFE

YEARS ago, when an unattended female visited New York, or for some reason had to live in the city alone, it was thought both unsafe and unsuitable for her to stay at a regular hotel, unless she were rich enough to have a maid or companion stay there with her. There were, however, several special establishments devoted exclusively to women. There were about these places a kind of general mustiness, perfect respectability, and swarms of old ladies. The old ladies walked around in lavender or black knitted sweater-like things called hug-me-tights, wrapped closely around them. They wore fringed bangs. There were always several pairs of them sitting in the lobby with their knitting, which merely occupied their hands while their gimlet eyes sized up every person who passed through.

Women can now live unaccompanied at regular hotels if they wish, but these are too expensive for the great majority of women who need some place to live in New York. The old, rather dingy, and modest little places for women only have given way to spruce and elaborate structures; but the old ladies are still there, well dressed now and brisk, but still able to appraise with a glance of those same gimlet eyes the probable wealth and social position of all newcomers.

The word "hotel" is in the discard now; the new name is "club." They have hostesses and are quite elaborately run, with entertainments, classes, lectures, poetry-reading, and parties of one sort or another going on all the time. Someone works very hard at the head of all this—someone who feels that here at last is the complete life for the "lone woman." The circulars read that there is something for everyone. They reproduce a few pictures of elderly women in classes, but for the most part the pictures show young women drinking tea, young women lounging or swimming. From the pictures, one might think that the young women never want to go anywhere else. If they see men, according to the pictures, it is in fascinating groups in the lounges.

What really happens is that two kinds of women live there, so distinct that they might be of different races. The first is little in evidence in the official life. This kind comes in from work in a rush, slips on evening clothes, and dashes out again. Their men cause a certain amount of interest as they wait in the lobby, looking at first as though they were pretending to be somewhere else, and then, as they are kept waiting, just plain cross. The girl at last streaks out of the elevator, the man rises, and they both hurry to the door, exchanging their greetings as they go. A rather painful envy flashes into the faces of all those left behind.

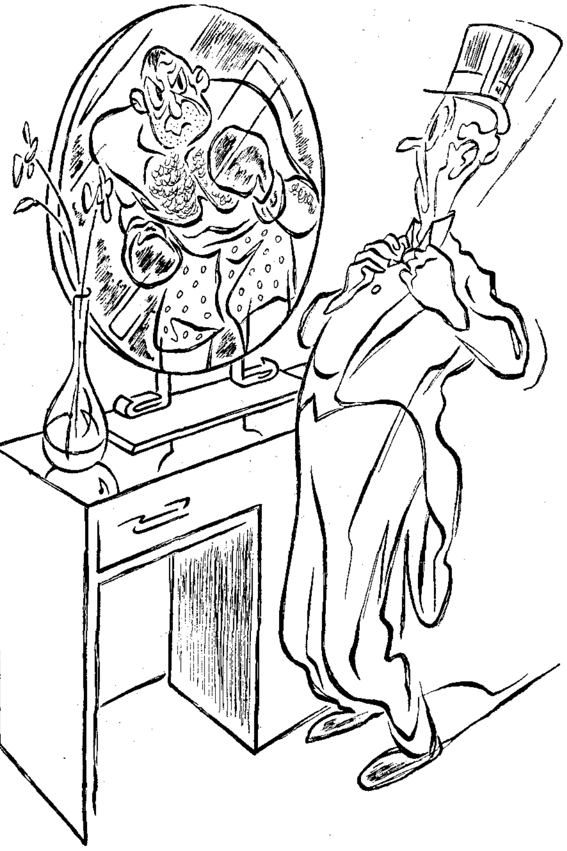
The other kind may be found in great numbers later in the evening at the groups for discussion, or poetry, or the "informal evening." When the management looks in at these, it finds them sparsely attended and with gray hair too heavily predominant. It can't seem to understand where the girls are who were in the pictures. The next day it calls in the hostesses and tells them heavy truths about their drawing powers.

THESE hostesses lead an arduous life. Besides all their clerical or administrative duties, they have to be agreeable to all the prunes, and they have to go to all the entertainments. Even when off duty, they have to be friendly with the lonely. A hostess will go to her room to rest and then spend most of the time she is in it being sympathetic to uninvited callers who come and tap on her door. If they are just plain lonely, it is not so bad. It is the cranks who are the worst. A crank isn't hard to recognize—the compressed mouth, the liverish skin, the peevish look about the eyes, and the general air of dissatisfaction. Some complain about everything: how their beds are made, the lack of speed with which the attendants wait on them at the desk, the food, the elevators, the noise made by the young girls on their floors. Some want to talk about their pets. One woman had a cat that she let die for some reason or other. She would stand and weep at the desk about it. Some of the cranks have mild delusions. They complain of certain elevator boys or girls, or waiters. One hostess I know of has a little memo in her room which reads:

> See that Miss S. has her room inspected 9:30 P.M. N.B. especially under the bed. So she can sleep.
>
> Have watchman knock on Miss C's door at 12 and 3 and say "All's well."
>
> Don't let anyone put up yellow draperies in Miss D's room.
>
> Don't put a smoker next to Miss E.

Other cranks keep changing their rooms. They do it through a series of complaints: the color scheme, the view, the noise, the light, the draft, the lack of draft. Sometimes it gets so bad that the management helps the hostess out and takes a firm stand. One woman changed five times in three days. She was told that this was the last room that she could have. She then had hysterics and got around the management by going back to one of the rooms that she had had before.

There are always plenty of old ladies in the elevators; you see them get out, flit down the corridors, and mysteriously disappear into their rooms. The strange thing is that they never seem to emerge from their rooms. On the other hand, the doors of the young ones are al-



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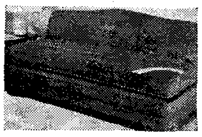

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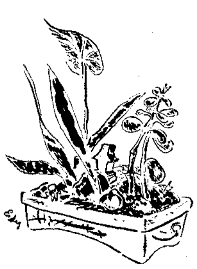
ways bursting open. No hostess has introduced them, but somehow they know one another and there is a kind of reversion to boarding school about the half-dressed scurrying from room to room in the hurried hour before dinner. Passersby in the hall hear muffled laughter, and the hall is strong with the scent of makeup, bath salts, astringents, and perfume.

Sometimes the hurrying figure that runs from the steaming shower, showing bare young legs, leaves her door open. She is surrounded by dresses, underclothing, shoes, hats, furs. They are on chairs and tables. They hang on hangers from curtain rods and door hinges. A couple of girls enter casually as though it were a public dressing-room. Before throwing themselves on the bed, one of them picks up the telephone and says, "Anyone calling Miss Hale, I'm in 1017. And 1132 is here, too. Thanks." This is an invariable custom, because it would never do to miss a call. They never stay in if there is a chance to go out.

This visiting begins the moment the girls return from work. They stop at the desk and check up to see if anyone has called them. They hurry to their rooms with their mail and telephone memoranda. If the telephone calls are pleasing, they are the first thing attended to—even before hats and coats are removed. The big telephone book is balanced somehow on the knees while the free hand rummages the pages for the number. Strange to say, this same eagerness is as noticeable when the call is from a woman as when it is from a man.

After the outside telephone calls are disposed of, then come the interhouse communications. These are accomplished in several ways. The telephone is used some, but most of the time the girls signal to one another by means of a series of whistles or calls. When two girls who were friends lived with only one room intervening it seemed too much trouble to go around and tap on one another's door. So the people in surrounding houses and offices were edified by the sight of a pretty girl, her dress off, and her hair tied up in a fancy new contraption, leaning out, her bare shoulders exposed. She would peer around at the next window but one, whistle sharply, and then call, "Hi, Nancy!" Out of that window a head would then appear, also done up in a colored net. Hanging out this way, they would converse for a moment or two. If it developed that there was anything interesting to be said on either side, then one of them called, "I'm coming to see you," and the heads ducked in. The visiting girl would usually take her nail and complexion things along with her.

There is never enough time in that hour or hour and a half before dinner to attend to all the small details that go to keep up the feminine wardrobe. Therefore on Sundays, and nights when there are no engagements, there are frightful orgies of mending, pressing, washing, extra attention to the hair and face, tearing up papers, answering letters. Unless they can find someone to come and sit with them while this is being done, the accumulation of disorder seems very dreary. In the middle of the task, they suddenly wonder who is in and what So-and-So is doing to-night and whether or not there will be anyone to eat dinner with. If it looks as if they will have to eat dinner alone, they just don't bother to eat. Then around eleven or so they get very hungry and depressed. About that time some returning girl taps on a stay-at-home's door to talk over the night's date, and is then persuaded to go out again to the all-night restaurant on the corner while the stay-at-home feeds herself. The tired returning girl rarely wants to go along, but she generally does.



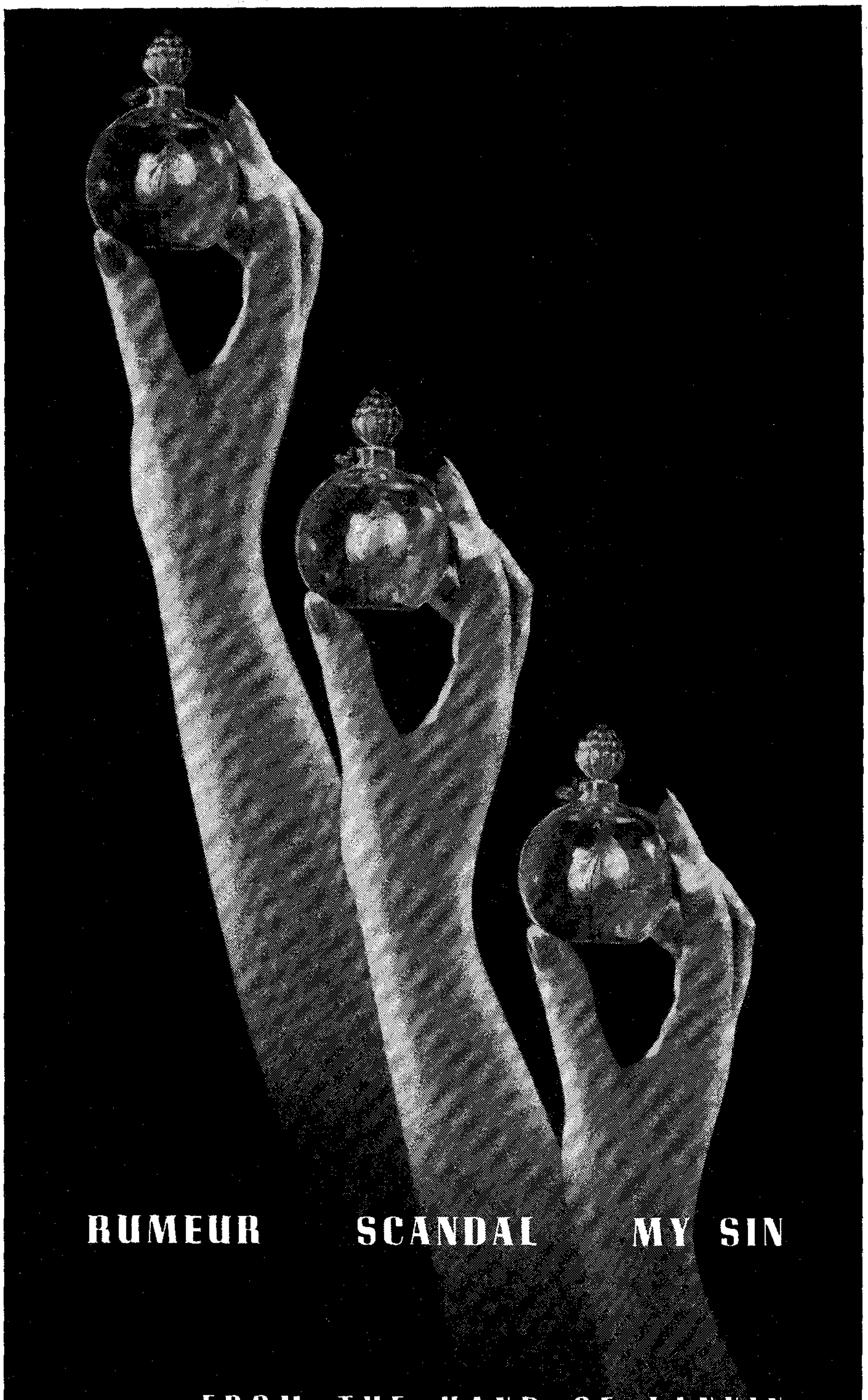
NOW, the older women may have things to do about their wardrobes, but if so they do it secretly. One never sees their rooms festooned with washing, one never sees them through a half-opened door, standing before an ironing board attired in a pair of pants and a brassière. Their rooms are always tidy. They get out of them in good time, or allow the chambermaid to come in and go about her work. Just the same, it is a subject of bitter complaint with these old ladies that their rooms are sometimes slighted while the chambermaid washes out stockings, folds up dresses left on chairs or the floor, and generally tidies up the rooms of these noisy and not-to-be-approved-of young ones—young ones who come in at all hours of the night. And who, when they are in, are never in their clothes, but fly around in pretty but revealing negligee. This sort of thing seems to the old ladies especially indecent when it goes on all day Sunday. These older women are dressed early in the morning on Sundays, but not quite so early on weekdays as the young ones.

What the hostesses call "the social life" of the club begins to get under way after dinner, when all the hurried dressing and visiting upstairs is over. The plainer-dressed, more purposeful middle-aged ladies go to the classrooms, where they busily set out lesson books on tables, or turn to their neighbors and say fussily, "Do you think that he explained that subjunctive clearly enough last Tuesday?" There is none of that chair-tipping, laughing, and gossiping of college classrooms, nor is there any of that frantic, desperate last-minute boning-up on irregular verbs; you see no lips moving fast and stiff, trying to memorize rules, and then changing to blank innocence the moment the professor appears. These women make an orderly array of their books and papers. Some have done the lesson and some have not, but all have a conscious glow of spending an evening well; they feel that they are right just because they are there.

Another group, generally made up of rather old ladies, drifts into the parlors. They have been having a Dutch Treat, or Get-Together, dinner. All through dinner they have conversed politely among themselves. Now they divide up, each seeking the most likely-looking person, the one who most nearly resembles the people of her own social sphere or the sphere she hopes to enter. They settle down in twos and threes to an orgy of talk, or move singly about the room, staring questioningly, looking for more likely prospects.

Other nights there will be a great gala affair. A well-known lecturer gives a travelogue, or a well-known musician gives a concert in the big hall. The price of admission is quite modest. The hotel is crowded on those nights, and there is a fair sprinkling of men there, yet over all the crowd is a kind of pall of gentility. This in no way impairs the enjoyment the old ladies are feeling. They have on their best garments and have taken this opportunity to invite some friend in who will find the affair equally interesting.

Another type of woman sits in the lounges, and a special type of man calls on her there. These men are a breed by themselves. No ordinary man has the courage just to go and call on somebody at one of these "club" hotels. If the ordinary man has only a few moments, he takes his girl for a walk around the block, or to a restaurant for a cup of coffee. But neither he nor his


RUMEUR SCANDAL MY SIN

....FROM THE HAND OF LANVIN THREE EXQUISITE FRAGRANCES....THE SUBTLETY OF RUMEUR....THE ROMANCE OF SCANDAL....THE MYSTERY OF MY SIN

LANVIN
PARIS

girl would dream of sitting down there in the lounge and having a quiet talk. Once in a while a girl tries it, if she wants to get rid of a man. She tells him she is not feeling well enough to go out, and sits him down in a rather conspicuous place. She knows that she will not be seen by any of her own kind, that he will become more and more uncomfortable as the minutes pass, and that pretty soon he will go away.

But these other men, the extraordinary ones, are a hardy bunch despite their frail-looking physiques. They even seem to enjoy themselves. They talk earnestly and sometimes stay a couple of hours. Their women sit with them, tell them "good night" at the elevator, and go along to bed around ten-thirty.

THERE are a few male servants in women's hotels, men who clean the halls or take down the trunks. They are treated to strange sights. One forgets that they are about. A cleaning man protests that he is unable to clean a certain hall because No. 417 is packing her trunk in the hall with nothing on but a pair of silk pants. When remonstrated with, No. 417 replies, "Let him clean, I'm not stopping him." But most of the time the men dodge around and get their work done. They learn that No. 1222, for instance, has regular hours. She has decided that she is invisible and stalks naked to her bath each day. When she is spoken to about that, she replies that she has left so many things in the showers and lost so many nightgowns in the past that she feels it simpler to take only her soap, sponge, and towel with her. The male servants avoid her as best they can and in the meantime develop a detachment which must be something like that of obstetricians.

Once in a long while a man who isn't an employee has to come upstairs. An old lady in the most up-to-date hotels can have, say, her son or her brother upstairs, provided a card has been issued to him. He has to show the card on demand. The real excitement occurs, though, when one of the girls has to have a doctor. Under the rules, she mustn't just telephone out and ask one

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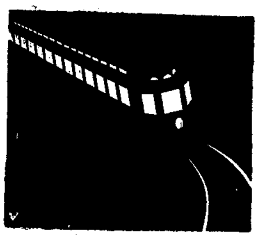


to come in. The desk must be notified, the manager must know, and even the elevator operators must be in on it. Then the doctor arrives. He goes confidently to the desk and asks for the room of Miss Smith. He is then told gently to wait, while they see if all the proper ceremonies have been gone through with beforehand. If the girl has not notified the management but just sent for the doctor on her own, there begins a frantic telephoning—to the lady manager, to the maid on the corridor, to the sick girl. The doctor is quizzed suspiciously. In either case, he waits below until the manager comes and conducts him to the girl. The manager firmly stays in the room unless the doctor is unusually strong-minded. If not in the room, she is right outside in the corridor. The brief visit over, he is conducted out, word is passed along the line that Miss Smith's doctor has come and gone, and bit by bit the house settles down to its normal routine.

THE atmosphere of all these places remains almost as virginal as the old women's hotel that was full of elderly ladies in hug-me-tights. There still is a chill. The girls are convinced, as always, that the telephone operators listen to their conversations and report everything to the management. There is an air of bustle and of things going on; and the beautiful, marcelled, seductive girls go out, and the middle-aged and old women go into the dining-room and chatter a little acidly while they eat that universally chaste and uninteresting food that one seems always to find in places run for women.

—SERENA CONCORD

•

Sant Margherita, Italy—Marconi announces imminent perfection of experiments to halt airplanes, warships, and autos with ultra short wages.—*Pittsburgh Press.*

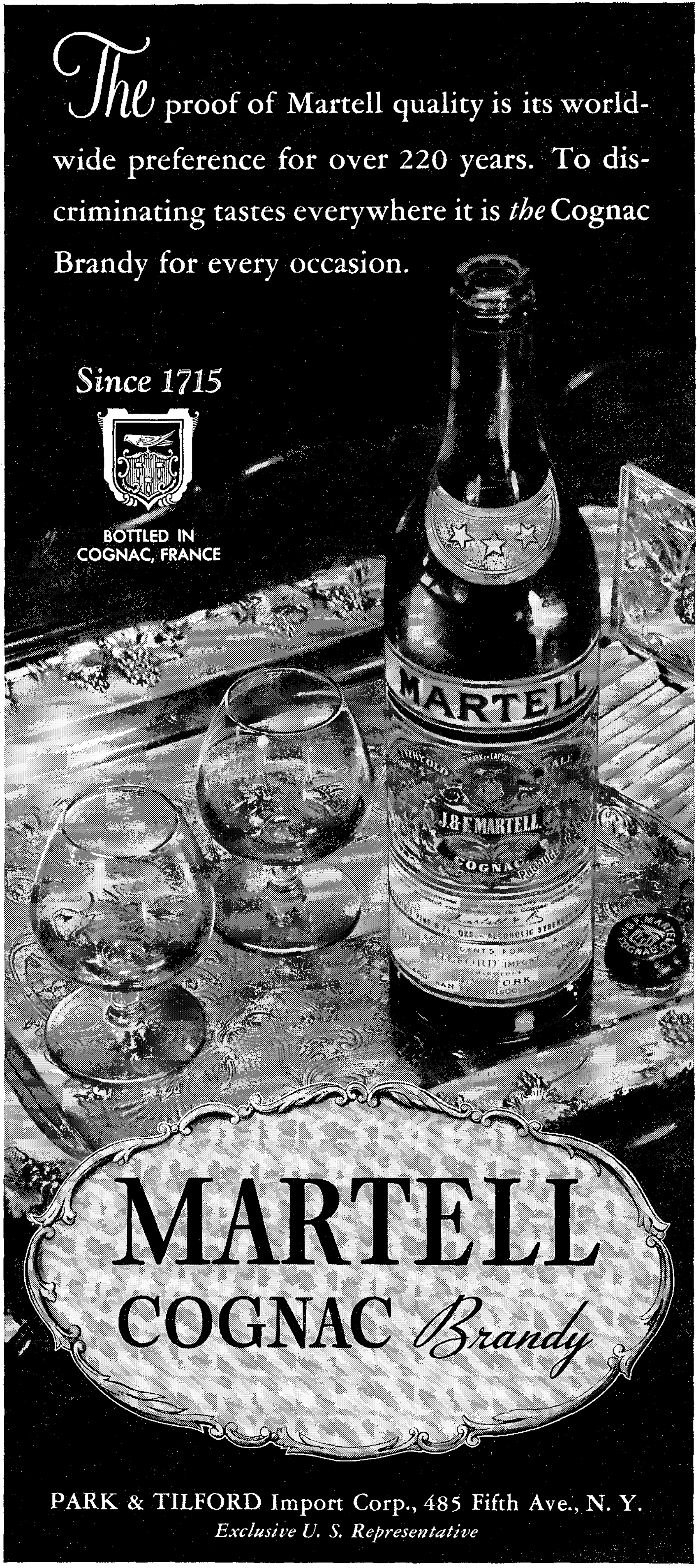
Sounds like the powerful N R ray.

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

They say if this were so, and the coal heaver were fed milk, his daily requirements would be ten quarts, which is enough to make even a rubber-skinned man explode with a loud majority report.—*"For Authors Only," by Kenneth Roberts, page 46.*

Within a year I would be unable to button my vest, and in three years' time I would explode with a loud majority report.—*"For Authors Only," by Kenneth Roberts, page 106.*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AN AUTHOR STANDS CORRECTED

To the Editors of *The New Yorker*,
SIRS:

WHEN I opened an envelope postmarked Holyoke, Mass., the other day, and addressed to me in the pretty handwriting of a lady named Constance O'Neill, there fell from it a page torn from an article of mine in the issue of your magazine for September 21st. I have learned from long experience that when a page torn from an article of mine drops from an envelope when I open it, the page invariably contains, written on it or clipped to it, proof that some statement or other that I made in the article is not true. In this particular instance there was a paragraph from the Holyoke, Mass., *Transcript* attached to a copy of a piece I had written for *The New Yorker* in which I challenged the ideas and arguments of Miss Mary Pickford about life after death. In that piece, ringed with ink by Miss O'Neill, this statement of mine stood boldly forth: "The records contain no single instance of a homing pigeon that failed to find its way back to its master or, at any rate, to its cote." The newspaper clipping enclosed by Miss O'Neill read, in full, as follows:

> HOMING PIGEON
> REFUSES TO RETURN
> TO OWN DOMICILE
>
> Will the owner of homing pigeon No. S264191F kindly call at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Maternowski, 53 Pine Street, and reclaim the bird?
>
> The pigeon flew in the Maternowski's kitchen window two weeks ago and lit on a chair. Although released every afternoon since at 3 p.m., the bird has always returned at 6 p.m., after flying around near Holy Cross church. The above number is on a band around one of the pigeon's legs. The Maternowski children have enjoyed feeding the visitor and he has had a whole vacant room to himself.

It certainly looks as if my apologies should be offered both to Miss Pickford and Miss O'Neill, and also to the Maternowskis, who may have been lulled into a false sense of security by my article; who, in fact, may have been living in a fool's paradise as the result of my article. I can just see Mr. Maternowski, as he locked up for the night, after reading my article, saying to Mrs. Maternowski, "Well, dear, it says here that no homing pigeon ever failed to go back home, so I guess we needn't worry about a homing pigeon dropping in on us, anyway." And then one did.

I could have saved my face if I had said "very few instances," but I said

★

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50 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
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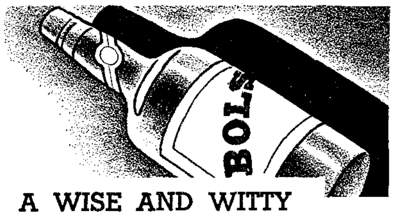

A WISE AND WITTY CURTAIN SPEECH FOR AN INCOMPARABLE DINNER

Specify

BOLS APRICOT

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A rare brandy liqueur whose flavor is the result of 360 years of improvement. Nine other liqueurs by BOLS, available at the better stores.
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"no single instance," which did not leave me the legendary loophole of the exception that proves the rule. I still believe, of course, that I am right about homing pigeons, never having been swayed in an argument in my life, even by facts. It is quite possible that some monkey business, chicanery, or deception has been practiced on me, the Maternowskis, and the pigeon. I know at least three people who would go out of their way to prove me wrong about anything, even if they had to go so far as to trap an ordinary Public Library pigeon, put a numbered band on its leg, and introduce it into the Maternowski home by throwing it through the kitchen window. That may seem a little far-fetched and extravagant, but then you don't know the three people I have in mind. Of course, it does seem odd that anyone putting up a game on me about the pigeon would take it all the way to the Maternowski home in Holyoke, Mass. However, there may be some simple reason for that which evades me for the moment.

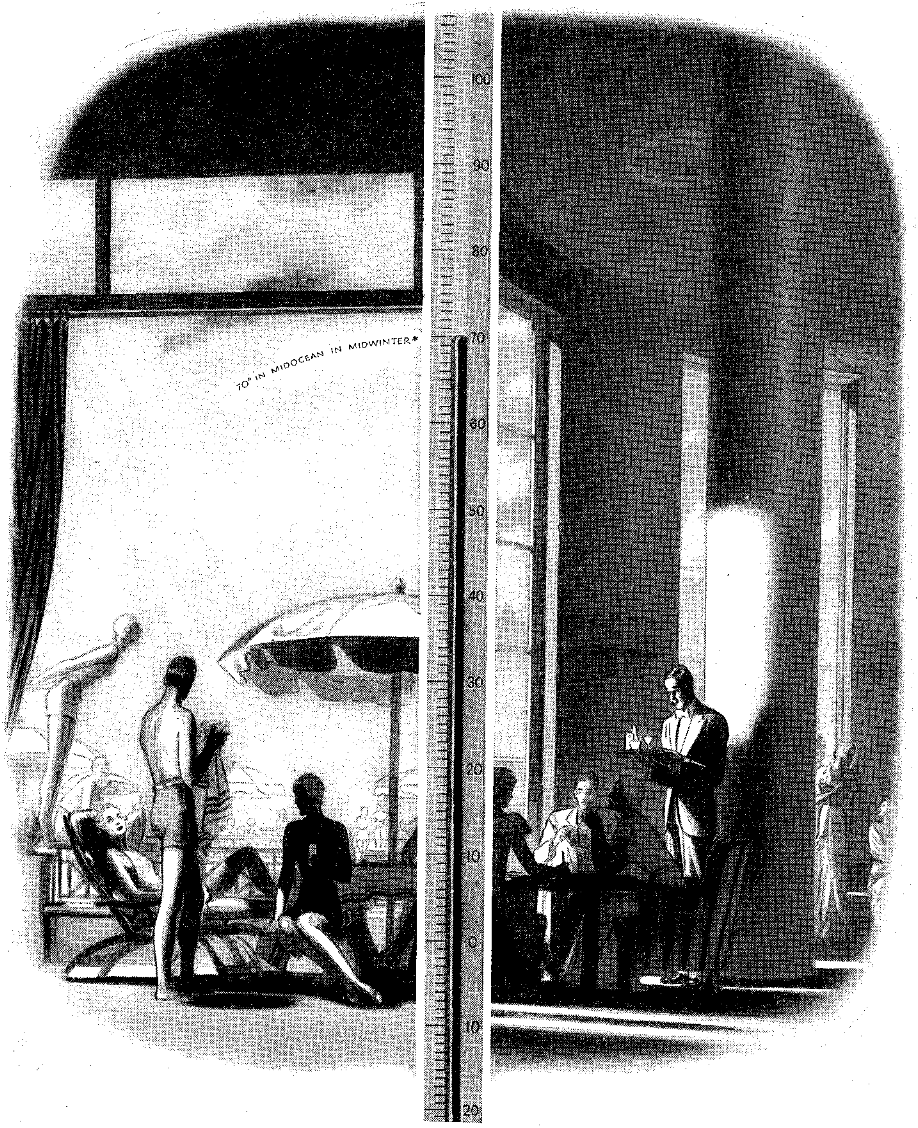
There will be an out for me, to be sure, if the pigeon finally returns home, for I didn't say that homing pigeons returned immediately to their masters and their cotes, but the fact that the pigeon has stayed with the Maternowskis for two weeks inclines me to the reluctant belief that it intends to live and die with the Maternowskis. Naturally, I blame the Maternowski children for feeding the pigeon and for giving it a whole vacant room of its own. Very likely the bird enjoyed no such treatment in its own home. It may have had a miserable home life. Who knows but that its master said to it, when he set it free some weeks ago, "Take this message to St. Louis and after that I don't care what you do, only never darken this cote-step again." Homing pigeons are very sensitive and intelligent and understand almost everything you say.

I don't quite get this business about flying around the Holy Cross church for three hours every day. That sounds very much like a mania to me. I suppose there are pigeons in the steeple of the Holy Cross church, but there must have been pigeons in the steeples of lots of other churches that S264191F flew over. The supposition that there is one particular pigeon in the Holy Cross steeple that our homing pigeon fell in love with at first sight is purely sentimental and implies a romantic emotion in homing pigeons which homing pigeons do not have. Homing pigeons always put their work above everything

OUTDOOR "LIDO" LIFE . .
INDOOR SPLENDOR

ONLY ON THE SOUTHERN ROUTE CAN YOU ENJOY BOTH

ALL YEAR ROUND . . . THE THERMOMETER TELLS WHY



*Actual readings at noon on Dec. 11, 1934 show . . . 68° on the Conte di Savoia (1 day from New York) . . . 15° in New York at same time. Ask for booklet of other amazing statistics.

IT goes on *right through the winter!* Lido life *combined* with ship-splendor. Warm, sun-flooded decks—together with the sumptuous interiors of great ships that rank with the most modern and magnificent afloat! • Only on the Southern Route is the combination possible—the thermometer proves it. Last winter when New York lay in the clutch of zero temperatures, Italian Line ships were sailing in warm mid-ocean sunshine—with the thermometer at 70° and passengers actually swimming in the great outdoor pools! • You enjoy sun-travel at its best aboard the brilliant superliners—Rex and Conte di Savoia. Likewise, more leisurely, aboard the original Lido-ship Roma, or the Vulcania or Saturnia, each with a whole deck of private verandah-suites. On your winter trip abroad—choose the route the sun shines on!

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SO YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT MY "FRESH MOUTH" STORY?
Spud
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THAT'S TWENTY YOU'VE SMOKED. TELL ANY DIFFERENCE?
YOU WIN, YOUNG FELLOW! MY MOUTH'S STILL FRESH AS A SPRING MORNING!
GOOD!! DON'T FORGET THEY'RE ONLY 15¢ A PACK, CORK TIP OR PLAIN!

It isn't just their coolness. It's Spuds' secret process that removes taste-spoiling irritants from glorious tobacco.

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else, or always have until the defection of S264191F.

I do *not* intend to retract my statement that there is no single instance on record of a homing pigeon failing to return home. Not, at any rate, until I go up to Holyoke and investigate the case myself. I can spot a Library pigeon or a Gertrude Stein pigeon or a church pigeon at a glance. If S264191F does turn out to be an authentic homing pigeon, I shall hand him a small pearl-handled revolver and ask the Maternowskis to leave him alone for a while in that big vacant room. JAMES THURBER

•

GREAT OCCASION

An old and feeble Cosmic Ray
Was dodging cops and cars,
With Dr. Finley, through the Park
Past Mr. Moses' bars,
In haste to dedicate a hall
Of artificial stars.

The Cosmic Ray was pale and thin
And hadn't any face.
Its age was simply past belief,
Its home was far in space.
It envied Dr. Finley's air
Of suavity and grace.

The hall the stars were huddled in
Was very large and grand.
An orbit for each heavenly orb
Had been securely planned.
The planets spun, the comets swung
To music by a band.

The Doctor made a useful speech,
He shouted with a will,
Describing how a star once danced
Upon his windowsill,
And how they sang together there . . .
The Cosmic Ray was still.

And all the vast, majestic orbs
Assembled on the dome
Were silent too, and skipped about
And tried to feel at home
When Dr. Barton pulled a crank
And showed them where to roam.

The audience that sat below
Those imitation skies,
Preoccupied with corns and cares
And love affairs and flies,
Stared raptly up, with wonder in
Their astigmatic eyes.

And Time obligingly stood still—
Or flew extremely fast.
He hustled back and forth between
The future and the past.
And everyone was much impressed,
And God was quite outclassed.

—CLARENCE DAY

HANDLE WITH CARE
WHISKEY
★★★
VERY OLD
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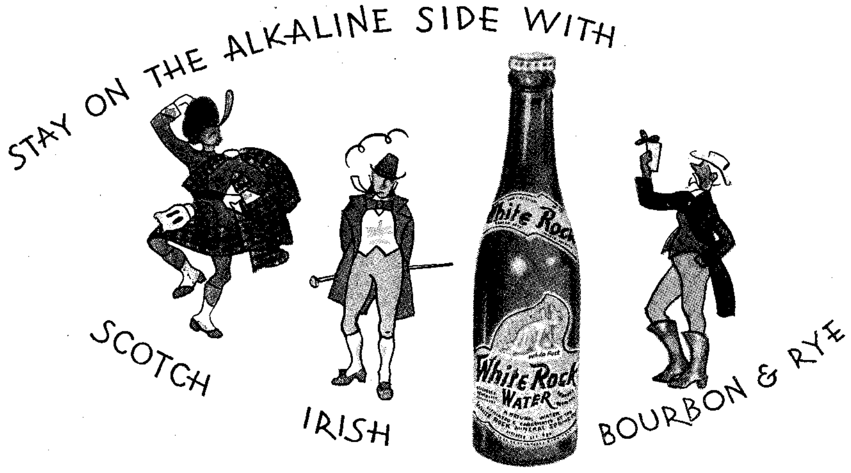
White Rock does!

Fine old flavors are delicate . . . Treat them gently — protect them — point up their good points by mingling them over on the alkaline side . . . Do justice to time-mellowed flavors with pure mineral water — White Rock. Nature gave it the keen and tangy character that *brings out* the natural flavors of Scotch, Rye, Bourbon, Irish.


STAY ON THE ALKALINE SIDE WITH
SCOTCH
IRISH
White Rock
White Rock
WATER
BOURBON & RYE

Natural Lipstick
Natural, Rose and
Mauve Nail Polish

Coral Lipstick
Coral Nail Polish

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Ruby Lipstick
Ruby Nail Polish

The New "Must"

MATCHING LIPS AND FINGER TIPS

● **MRS. FRANCIS L. ROBBINS, JR.,** wearing Cutex Ruby Nail Polish and matching Cutex Ruby Lipstick. Mrs. Robbins is a beautiful and popular member of Long Island and New York society.

Lips and finger tips *must match*—that's the latest rule for make-up! And you had better follow it because you'll look pretty scrambled if you don't.

It sounds like more work, but it isn't. You can be all matched up today without wrinkling a brow or lifting a finger. Because Cutex has brought out a complete range of harmonizing lipsticks and nail polishes.

6 smart harmonizing shades

Just pick the smart shade of Cutex Liquid Polish that will best accent your costume—you can choose from Natural, Rose, Mauve, Coral, Cardinal and Ruby.

Cutex is a polish that flows on evenly, leaving no rim or streaking of color. It won't chip or peel off. Cutex finger tips—and toe tips, too, if you want to be *very* smart—will stay marvelously smooth and gleaming.

Now, you simply complete the color ensemble with the Cutex Lipstick that matches or tones in with your nail polish. Natural Lipstick goes with Natural, Rose and Mauve Polish. Coral, Cardinal and Ruby Lipsticks match Coral, Cardinal and Ruby Polish.

And remember—the new Cutex Lipstick shares the famous Cutex quality. It's creamy and smooth—never greasy. It goes on with the greatest ease and stays on. And it positively won't dry your pretty lips.

Cutex Liquid Polish . . . Crème or Clear, with patented metal-shaft brush that holds the bristles in tight, is 35¢ a bottle at your favorite store. Cutex matching Lipstick is only 50¢ a stick!

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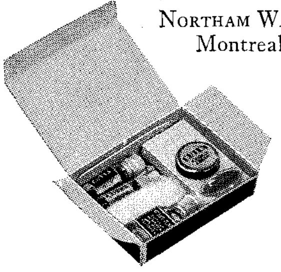
Montreal London Paris



Your favorite shade of *Cutex Liquid Polish* and sample of matching *Cutex Lipstick,* together with 3 other manicure essentials, *for 14¢* . . .

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I enclose 14¢ for Cutex Set with one shade of polish, and sample of matching lipstick, as checked below.

Natural ☐ Coral ☐ Cardinal ☐ Ruby ☐

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Just suppose

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$1800 a year rent...

Does it include:

- Furniture
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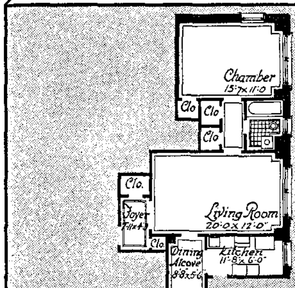
Mayfair House

EDWARD H. CRANDALL

PARK AVENUE AT SIXTY-FIFTH STREET, N. Y.

CHARMING



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SEMI-READY
GIRDLES . . . . $10-$15
ALL-IN-ONES . . $20-$25
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TABLES FOR TWO

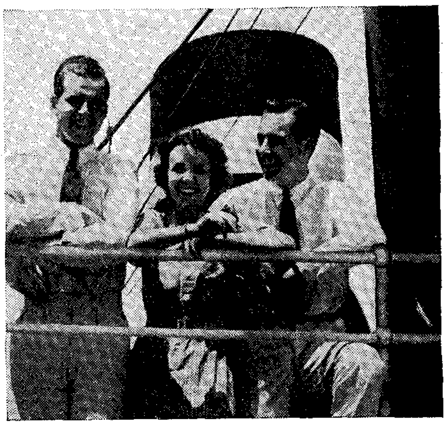
Reflecting a Shiny Era

SPECIAL DISPATCH from the Front: New York, N. Y., October 7. Utter confusion is still the order in New York's night clubs. . . . Kindly proprietor, speaking tenderly of his rival down the block, was heard to mutter, "Sixty-six per cent of them will be out of business in a month, but which ones?" . . . Indefatigability is Dictator among semi-celeb first-nighters . . . Typical lunchtime greeting (and fighting words in any league): "Darling, you look too marvellous, but a little tired." . . . New York night places, saying ta-ta to tradition, glitter till you jitter. It's a decorator's world, *pro tem.*

WHEN you first walk into the Place de l'Opéra, at 151 East Fifty-seventh Street (that's the Embassy Club of yesteryear), you think it is the most beautiful place you ever saw in your life. On the left is the bar, all black mirrors and black patent leather, with a plaster leopard above it ready to spring on any bartender who is recalcitrant. This part wears well enough. The huge main room is all copper-pink mirrors, white leather banquettes, white curtains, mirrored pillars, chromium, and roseate lights. Looks like the powder-room of a movie star enlarged a thousand times, but maybe you like the idea. The advantages of having good air and Guy Lombardo's orchestra are offset, to my mind, by the fact that the prices have made the Colony Restaurant hang its head in shame and think of forming an alliance with Foltis-Fischer. Seventy cents for an order of peas, indeed!

The much-vaunted opening of the King Cole Room at the St. Regis revealed modernism in the popular many-tiered version. The painting, over which so many of your nearest and dearest menfolk wax sentimental, runs along one wall, with a handsome and masculine bar in front of it. And what did they do but give the high walls a gray-green color edged with copper strips, stark and cold! There is a balcony, containing the bar, on one side of the dance floor, where Old King Coleman plays at the head of his or-

"California HERE WE COME"
(and at the low pre-season rates)



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FIRST CLASS from $185
Tourist Cabin from $120
25% reduction on Round Trip

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You can be sure of a grand time on this fascinating out-door trip. There will be lots of people you will enjoy knowing (Panama Pacific Liners attract people who know how to travel) or you may be as aloof as you please on a ship large enough to let you get away by yourself.

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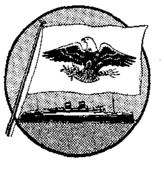

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chestra. You may have heard that I think he is marvellous; in addition, the acoustics are sensationally good. Rich, mellow, and lively, all sounds come to your ears without clatter—even the genial crash of a falling plate leaves your nerves unruffled. To add to your feeling of warmth, Medrano and Donna spring forth at midnight to prove, once and for all, that perfection can be improved upon. You've never seen Latin dancing in your frustrated life until you have seen these two.

To retrace our faltering steps, it is a novelty to have the bar in the main room, overlooking the dance floor. Outside is a semi-lounge sort of affair, where marble pillars and other traditional decorations surround you. And to prevent chiselling, sitting down anywhere costs you couvert.

ANYTHING so strange and eccentric as a night club sixty-five floors above the street makes the true New Yorker dread being taken for a tourist. Therefore Rockefeller Center's Rainbow Room is recommended for hostesses with guests who think they have seen everything. It's a small and charming place, all dark glitter inside, all darts of light from the city below outside. The present attractions are: (a) Ray Noble's orchestra, an all-round beauty; (b) Frances Maddux, who sings "sophisticated" songs which hint naïvely that nice people pull their skirts away from divorcées; and (c) Ramon and Renita. I was fascinated by Renita because, though she is a tall girl, she wears a 1½ A shoe and doesn't teeter; because she has chic, and because she has rhythm. If these ingredients don't indicate a great dancer in the making, I've been staying up for nothing.

ONE thing about New York remains eternally constant. Either you insist that everybody should go to El Morocco or you don't like it and still find yourself there. It's infuriating. As I have often pointed out before, this is the after-theatre hangout of the polished playboys and their flames of the moment, and if you want to feel inty with these, El Morocco is your dish. For those who have no such high aspirations, there is an additional inducement in the Ernie Holst orchestra—as dancy, merrie, and gala a lot of boys as you will find in many a long day.

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enter from Fifth Avenue. The many-tiered technique in decoration has been used here, too, for there are raised, railed-in platforms for dowagers in tiaras, snooky corners for lovebirds, and an out-in-the-open dance floor for nighter-outers. Navy-and-white and modern, it also has something like nine changes of lights to vary the effect of your costume. Dwight Fiske, equipped with his usual leer, his wit that transcends Stamford Yacht Club *mores*, and five new songs to make the sophisticates gasp, entertains at midnight, and Rosita and Fontana (whom I missed; remind me) dance. It will all be extremely extremely.

In complete defiance of howling modern decorators, Barney Gallant's place looms as a sort of haven. It's at 161 East Fifty-fourth Street, and consists of a pair of comfortable square rooms that are rooms and nothing else, for heaven's sake. The front one has a he-man, mahogany bar; the one beyond has Arthur Warren's dance music, which is nice indeed. In either one, you feel at home. It's cosy to drop in there during the evening, seeing as how I am up nights anyway.

NOTES: Lunchers in search of that Continental feeling might take a look at the reconstructed Bijou, at 2 East Fifty-sixth Street. The two rooms have been done over into one, with a bar in the front and a nice, easy feeling about everything. . . . L'Apéritif, at 5 East Fifty-fifth Street, is another place that doesn't throw its decorating in your eye, and is intimate though brisk. . . . When you have that wan, out-all-night look and dread the sight of sunlight as you lunch with businesslike pals, try the Stork Club, 3 East Fifty-third Street. You may have left it only a few hours before, and it will cover you up. Drawn curtains, artificial light, that becoming navy-and-sapphire background—in this setting, your own mother would be happy about your clean life.

In case you still haven't anything to do after three o'clock, note that Tillie has moved herself and her recipe for fried chicken south from Harlem to 106 West Fifty-second Street. (You jaded New Yorkers must be fed up with the hilarity between Fifth and Sixth by this time, and must want to move westward.) The chicken is the same at all hours, but the impromptu colored talent begins to extend itself from three o'clock onward. My poor children, what do you think you're going to look like when you get as old as I am?

—LIPSTICK

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THE RACE TRACK

Futurity Fancies—Odds and Evens—The Year's Best Jockey

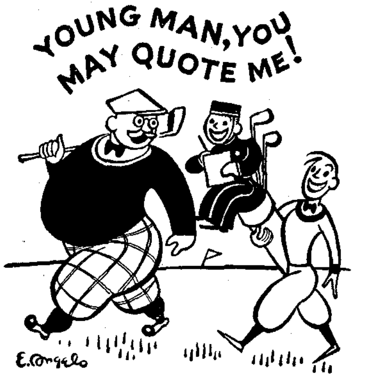
I OUGHT to be bubbling over with ideas about The Futurity at Belmont Park this weekend, but I'm not. I know someone will ask me, "What will win?" Everyone always asks everyone else that; it's a ritual greeting rather than a question. And I shall answer apologetically, "Red Rain." Then they'll say, "Don't you think Snark ought to win if he runs as well as he did in the Champagne Stakes?," or "Hasn't Tintagel a chance?," or "A trainer just gave me Sun Teddy," or "What about Jean Bart, and Grand Slam?," or "Don't you know that Red Rain wears bar plates on three feet, and pulled up lame yesterday? And can he carry 130 pounds anyhow?," or "Don't you think Granville will be third?"

Sorry, but I have a one-horse mind. I believe Red Rain will win The Futurity for Sonny Whitney, bar plates (orthopedic shoes) and all. I saw him gallop just before the races last Saturday, and I liked him more than ever. Of course he'll be at a disadvantage because he isn't quick at the start, but the broad, straight Widener Course will neutralize that. As for the others—well, it's hard enough to pick the winner.

Perhaps it's just as well that Brevity isn't in The Futurity. He would have been the most definite danger to Red Rain. While Brevity was being saddled for the Champagne Stakes, Joe Widener remarked that he'd be greatly disappointed if his colt didn't win. He was spared that emotion. Although Brevity was headed a furlong from home, he came on again, and, pegging back Snark, won with a bit to spare. I've said before that Brevity was the handsomest two-year-old out this season. He's also a good colt, and a rare game one.

EVERYBODY seemed pleased with the change in dates for Belmont Park. The weather was delightful all last week, and (whisper) six favorites won on the opening day. Let's

INTIMATE INTERVIEWS NO. 16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forget some of the other winners: Abenaki, at 60–1 (you probably could have found 100–1 somewhere in the betting ring); Good Harvest, at 25–1; Emir, at 15–1; and Fluton, Tribunal, Beanie M., and Firethorn, at 10–1.

Sation never ran more gallantly than in the Fall Highweight Handicap, for he was under the whip most of the way to beat Whopper, a positively gigantic three-year-old. Sation carried 140 pounds, and George Widener said after the race that the next time Sation started he'd ask Dev Milburn to ride the big chestnut. Then on Saturday Sation popped down to Laurel and won the Capitol Handicap, under 136 pounds, which was no trick at all. What a horse he'd have been had his legs been sound! Still, he'll have things pretty much his own way in the sprints, for King Saxon has been retired for the year. Pat Knebelkamp says that King Saxon has done enough and deserves a rest.

HAVE you ever tried to reduce the comparative ability of jockeys to pounds or lengths? If so, what's the difference between Meade and Horn? Beanie M., ridden by Horn, was down the course behind Tony's Wife in the Wistful Purse, but it was the other way round in the Matron Stakes three days later, for Meade, in the saddle again after a ten-day suspension, led all the way with Beanie M.

One afternoon, while Meade was watching the races from the ground, someone asked him who he thought was the best jockey of other years that he'd seen. "L. Fator," he said. "He's a horseman." So the next, and utterly obvious, question was who he thought was the best this season. Meade didn't hesitate for a split second. "That Wright's a good rider," he said, "and Gilbert's a good rider, and—oh, I guess they're all good, but Meade's the best race rider."

Curious, isn't it, how quickly a stable goes off form, and out of luck? I'm thinking of the Milky Way Farms. The Fighter and Sangreal looked positively jaded last week; and as for Forever Yours, who so many assured me at Saratoga was better than any colt, she ran abominably in the Matron Stakes.

WELL, after all the to-do about getting him into the race, Count Arthur was beaten by Firethorn in the Lawrence Realization Stakes. As you recall, he won the Saratoga Cup, at a mile and six furlongs, and seemed

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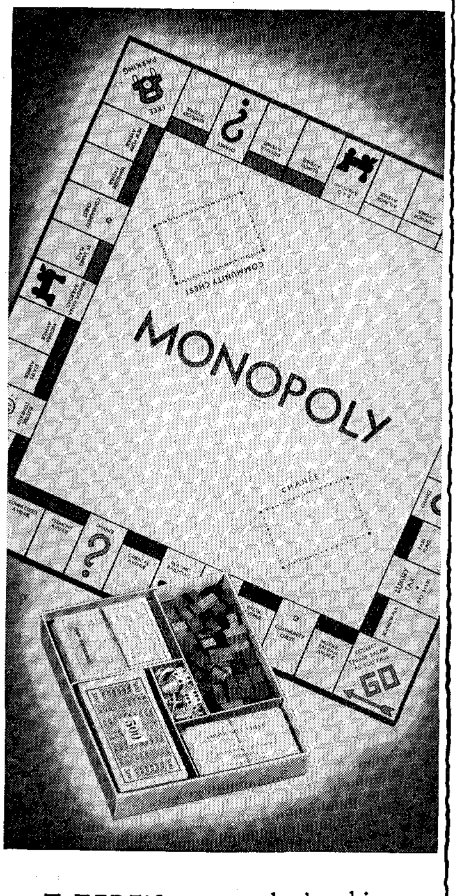

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to be the only three-year-old up to going the distance of the Realization, so there was consternation in Mrs. John Hertz's stable when it was discovered he wasn't eligible for the classic. The Westchester Racing Association regretted that Count Arthur hadn't been nominated for the race. His owner was equally positive that Count Arthur had been named for it two years ago, and his trainer produced all sorts of affidavits and receipts—everything except a letter from his pastor. Finally, after a series of conferences, the horse was permitted to run.

It was quite the best Realization since Gallant Fox fought it out with Questionnaire five years ago. St. Bernard led for nearly a mile. Then Count Arthur and Firethorn, who hadn't run so well in months, moved up, and Count Arthur weakened in the last furlong.

COLONEL TANTIVY MARTINGALE, that glum old spoilsport, may be too critical in suggesting a steeplechase to end all steeplechases. Still, only two horses came out for the Broadhollow Handicap, and only two finished in the more historic Brook Handicap. Joe Widener's Arc Light, who's eleven years old and still going strong, won the Brook. I fancy he'd have won even if Wargrave hadn't broken down and fallen at the last fence.

TELEVISION NOTE: Alfred Vanderbilt started horses at four tracks last weekend, and won one race. Discovery had the next thing to a walkover in the Hawthorne Gold Cup, at Hawthorne, Chicago; Purple Knight was third in the Realization at Belmont Park; Good Gamble was third in the Bostonian Handicap at Suffolk Downs, Boston; and Speed to Spare and Speed were unplaced in the Richard Johnson Stakes at Laurel, Maryland.

NOTES ON AN OLD RACE CARD: Thomas Hitchcock in the paddock again. . . . Ed Bradley patting Beanie M. . . . Workman betting Louie Beard three hats to one hat that he'd ride three winners. . . . A rabbit crossing the path of Sation. . . . The outsidemen in overcoats. . . . The crowd around Psychic Bid—and he's still Physic Bid in the betting ring.—AUDAX MINOR

•

Women, although much smaller, are in their way as wonderful as the redwood trees.—*Arthur Brisbane in the American.*

If slightly more deciduous.

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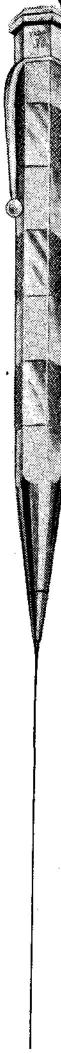

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MUSICAL EVENTS

An Orchestra, a Guitar, and an Operatic Film

FEW novelties disturbed the well-poised opening concert of the Philharmonic-Symphony. Mr. Klemperer, somewhat slimmer and a trifle more ascetic in his gestures, seemed to be continuing where he left off last season, and the orchestra, with a few personnel changes, attended to its music in its familiar fashion. Even the audience behaved as if it had been going to concerts all season, and staged no demonstrations unworthy of a respectable occasion.

The innovations of the evening consisted of such matters as a new stage, new paint, a modification in the seating of the orchestra, which now plays on one level instead of being tiered, and a little podium for Mr. Klemperer, who used to operate from the floor.

One of Mr. Klemperer's offerings for the resumption of orchestral activities in Carnegie Hall was Shostakovich's first symphony, which seems to have become a conductors' pet. Way back in 1928, this symphony may have sounded like a turn to the Left, but now it can follow Beethoven's "Egmont" overture without upsetting an audience. It was written before Shostakovich tried to improve his music with political implications—which, by the way, I've never heard in his later scores, although the composer insists that they are audible—and it contains several attractive and obvious tunes. Mr. Klemperer let it sing, and this work of a Soviet musician often became as canorous as Tschaikowsky.

Possibly John Corigliano, the new assistant concertmaster of the Philharmonic-Symphony, might be set down as a novelty, but his excellent fiddle-playing is no news. He had a few solo stretches in the first movement of the symphony, and even these brief moments impressed the clientele.

THE open season for solo instrumentalists began with a Town Hall recital by Julio Martinez Oyanguren, a guitarist from Uruguay. Like Mr. Segovia, Mr. Oyanguren does more than strum a light guitar. He plays excerpts from Bach, unfamiliar eighteenth-century music, contempo-

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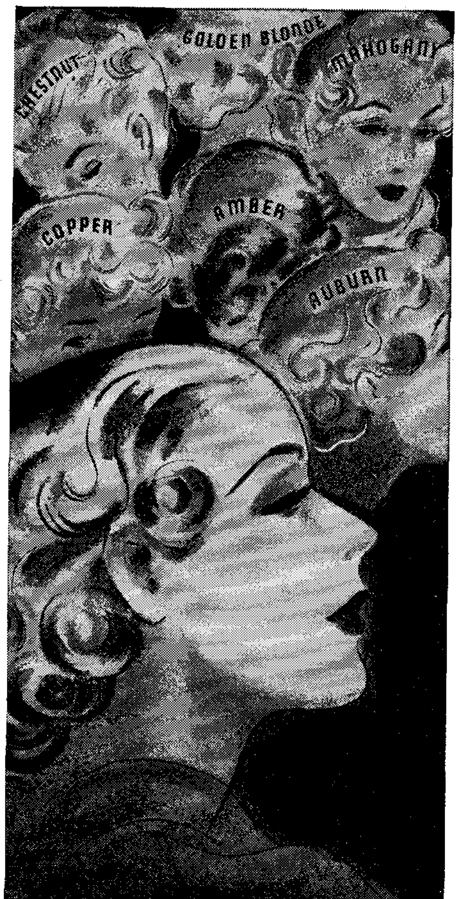

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rary Spanish compositions, and items from the catalogues of Latin musicians who achieve performance only when there's a guitar recital under way.

Mr. Oyangüren, obviously a serious musician, doesn't try to convert his guitar into a piano or an orchestra. When he takes up virtuoso business like the Sor variations on a Mozart melody, he demonstrates how much a guitar can do, not how much a guitar can sound like something else. The results are always musical, and if they aren't always exciting, neither is a guitar.

MOST of the singers in town were on view in the first mezzanine of the Center Theatre when that institution was reopened with "Here's to Romance," in which the Metropolitan tenor, Nino Martini, impersonates a Metropolitan tenor named Nino. They smiled cordially at Mr. Martini's doings with popular ditties, and when he finally went into action with segments of "Manon," "Pagliacci," and "Tosca," they applauded as loudly as regulation moviegoers, which, for all I know, they may be.

However this picture may affect you as screen entertainment, you'll enjoy the excellent singing of Mr. Martini, and when you hear him take hold of "Vesti la giubba," you may be surprised to discover that this lyric tenor can, for film purposes, hold his own with any regularly accredited exponent of a dramatic tenor's music. The recording apparatus amplifies his voice to *robusto* volume, although there's no distortion of its exceptional quality, and his expressive singing isn't exaggerated.

This electrical feat may encourage the adventurous fellows who have speculated from time to time on the possibility of using amplification in operatic production. It isn't likely that Miss Pons, for example, will be invited to depart from her coloratura repertoire and, with a little help from a microphone, assume the duties of Isolde, although I heard an almost similar experiment tried at the Hippodrome. It may be, however, that now and then a singer or an ensemble will be assisted in riding orchestral storms by the tactful employment of an amplifier.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

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VICTOR RECORDS

RCA Victor Division, RCA Mfg. Co., Inc., Camden, N. J.

ture that begins Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker" suite. The "Fidelio" overture (Victor 11809), played by the British Broadcasting Company symphony orchestra under the guidance of Bruno Walter, is a dramatic disc, demonstrating Mr. Walter's especial talent for opera. He makes the music the prelude to a story, and he doesn't attempt to smear the melodramatic touches in the score with a coating of Nobility. The British Broadcasters perform expertly, and the recording is almost too good, because you'll have to play this disc on a first-class machine to hear it at its best.

Sir Hamilton Harty, that reliable recorder, adds to his long list Schubert's "Rosamunde" overture (Columbia 68322-D), the instrumentalists being those of the Hallé Orchestra. There are two Schubert overtures which sometimes are identified as the one to "Rosamunde." This one isn't the music usually performed hereabouts as the "Rosamunde" overture. If you want a recording of the "Zauberharfe" overture—the prelude generally played as part of a "Rosamunde" suite—there's a good one conducted by Mr. Furtwaengler on Brunswick 90147. Sir Hamilton's "Rosamunde" isn't so familiar, but it's a striking, Beethovenish effort, and the production by the Hallé group is clean and effective.

AN overture that tempts people to arrange it for three pianists at a single keyboard and for other unusual novelties is that to Rossini's "Tancredi," which now appears as an outburst for a band in a transcription by W. J. Duthoit (Columbia 7328-M). The B.B.C. Band pumps it out vigorously under the energetic auspices of B. Walton O'Donnell, and it ought to please anyone who enjoys a resounding earful. A modern overture is Eric Coates' "The Merrymakers," facile stuff, cleverly scored, which the composer directs skillfully on Victor 36170. The London Symphony is the orchestra, and it also helps out with "Evening in Town," a waltz in French and Viennese moods, which Mr. Coates has composed and conducted.

The latest issue of the little overture to the "Nutcracker" suite—and of the entire suite—is one by Oskar Fried and the Berlin State Opera Orchestra (Brunswick 90416-8). It's the latest issue, but probably not the latest recording, for this set presumably was made several years ago. Mr. Fried, who once was guest maestro for the New York Symphony, turns in a sound,

The sun never sets on
MARTINI & ROSSI
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Martini & Rossi literally covers the globe. Its list of branch offices and warehouses reads like an atlas—begins with Adi Cajeh, ends with Yokohama. It has become the world's standard vermouth simply because its secret formula has been perfected for *blending*. In fact, it blends so much better that you'll be doing yourself a favor if you specify it when ordering cocktails.

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PRODUCT OF ITALY

These citizens of Cairo, Egypt are drinking "Mixed Vermouth"—½ Martini & Rossi Italy, ½ Martini & Rossi Dry.

Right—The chauffeur of Camel **27o١٢٧٠** (pardon our Arabic) likes his Martini & Rossi straight.

Drinking "Vermouth Cassis" in a well-known Chicago hotel (⅔ Martini & Rossi Dry Vermouth, ⅓ Creme de Cassis, ice and seltzer to taste.)

If you have these two bottles, that's all the vermouth you need.

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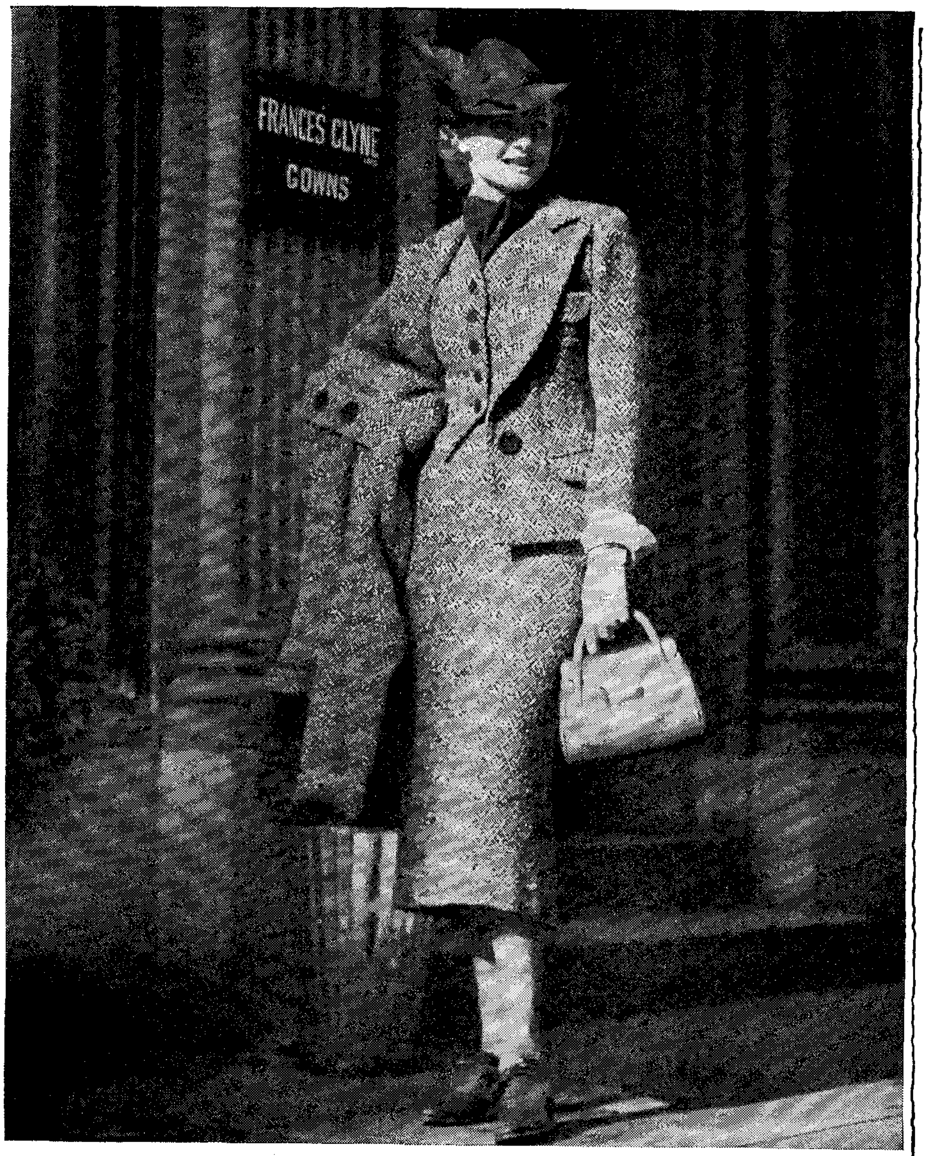

FRANCES CLYNE

announces the opening of an additional salon for English town and country clothes accompanied by their correct accessories.

For immediate wear . . . Suits made of English, Irish and Scotch tweeds—$65. Imported knitted suits in a wide range of colors—$55. Sweaters from $16.

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DEREK PATMORE

England's internationally famous colourist and designer personally supervised the decoration of many of our two-room suites. You are cordially invited to inspect these charming town residences . . . available for immediate occupancy at very moderate rentals.

HOTEL DOVER

56th-57th Sts. East, at 687 Lexington

One Memento that's not Welcome!

Guests *will* leave hair oil stains on upholstered furniture. And the clever hostess knows that **Renofab** takes them out! In fact, all spots and grime simply vanish. **Renofab** offers the only specialized upholstery dry cleaning service in New York. Draperies, too! *Investigate!* Call REgent 4-3280 . . .

Renofab process 305 East 63rd St.

conventional exhibition. He also has a well-modelled version of Stravinsky's "Fire Bird" suite (Brunswick 90419-20), in which the orchestra is the Berlin Philharmonic.

COLUMBIA has released two excerpts from Sibelius's early "Karelia" suite (68333-D), an intermezzo and a march, both directed by the late Dr. Kajanus. The march is "popular" Sibelius, for it foreshadows "Finlandia." This disc is made up of a coupling of the spare sides from the albums of the first and second Sibelius symphonies, and provides an excellent easy introduction to Sibelius's music. In the current excerpt list there also is a timely issue of "Mars, the Bringer of War," from Holst's suite "The Planets" (Victor 11808). Albert Coates and the London Symphony Orchestra make it seem important, but it's mostly bright noise, brilliantly recorded.

THE Boston "Pops" Orchestra, which has been exploring American music, now emerges with Mr. Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" (Victor 11822-3), done up for symphony orchestra, with the eminent pianist, Jésus Maria Sanroma, playing the piano solo. Like the previous recorded adventures of the "Pops" ensemble, this is almost "straight" playing, in which the usual vagaries of tempo and dynamics are omitted, although Mr. Sanroma has a few individual touches in his dealings with the solo. The "Rhapsody" wears well, even when it's played without the virtuoso highlights which smaller bands than the "Pops" orchestra have given to it, and the recording is massive. The balance between the piano and the orchestra is better than usual, for the engineers have seen to it that the soloist isn't drowned in orchestral volume. Since the "Rhapsody" takes up only three sides, there is "Strike Up the Band" as a sort of exit march. —R. A. S.

•

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 10—(U.P.)—George Miliszewski told the court he bought a pint of unstamped whiskey from his third cousin, Bill Zenda.

"And then bill and I and six other or 11 times until it was empty—al- or 11 times until it was emty—almost. Then we went out and met another man, my fourth cousin. He had some friends with him and we passed the pint around two or three times more. And—"

—*Stevens Point (Wis.) Journal.*

And then along came your *fifth* cousin.

After the Battle of Waterloo

The guns have just ceased firing. Napoleon is in flight. Detachments of the enemy snap at the heels of his shattered army as they ride, run and stumble through Belgium. The victors rest, count their losses and care for their wounds.

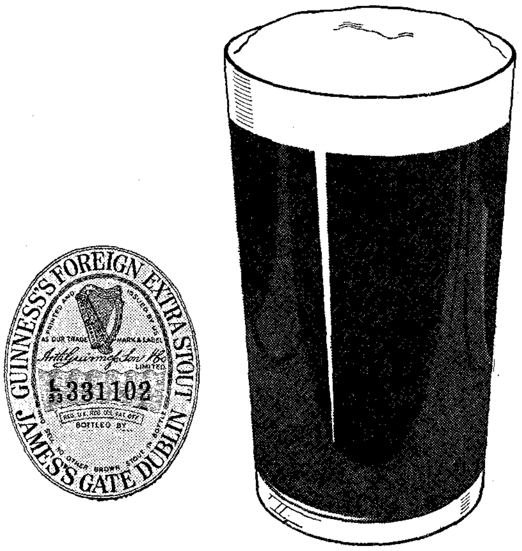
Here is part of a letter from one of them:

> " *When I was sufficiently recovered to be permitted to take some nourishment, I felt the most extraordinary desire for a glass of Guinness, which I knew could be obtained without difficulty. I shall never forget how much I enjoyed it. I am confident that it contributed more than anything else to the renewal of my strength . . .*"

The writer goes on with other words of praise about Guinness. But never mind that now. After all, how many other things remain that were at Waterloo?

The Guinness at your corner shop today is the same brew which that soldier drank in 1815. Made the same way—naturally—of the same materials, and aged to the cream of condition. No short cut has ever been found that will lead you to a drink like this.

And by the way, you needn't wait for a Waterloo to enjoy one. The battle of life is quite enough.



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GU 65

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, OCT. 7

PARIS MILLINERS NEED NO COMMITTEE OF FIVE TO DISAGREE ABOUT EVERYTHING EXCEPT THAT BIG HATS LOOK OLD. EVEN THE GREAT REBOUX COVERS ONLY HALF YOUR HEAD WITH HER TURBANS, THOUGH THE FABRIC MAY JUT UP IN THE AIR A FEW INCHES. SHE LIKES HATS WORN WAY OVER YOUR NOSE, SOMETIMES WITH VISORS OF FEATHERS; HER MODEL BELLE ALLURE IS AN EXAMPLE. SUZY STICKS TO NO RULE AS LONG AS SHE CAN MAKE YOU A HAT SLIGHTLY CRAZY BUT BECOMING. HER PRESENT STARTLER LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE A BULLFIGHTER'S CAP. MARTHE GOES IN FOR LITTLE CAPS PULLED OVER ONE EYEBROW, WITH SMALL FUR FINS AT THE FRONT, LIKE A ROOSTER'S COMB. AT LOUISE BOURBON, THEY TELL YOU TO WEAR YOUR HAT STRAIGHT ACROSS YOUR FOREHEAD, BUT AT MARIE-ALPHONSINE THEY SAY YOU SHOULD WEAR IT WITH THE CROWN PULLED UP TO A PEAK AND JUTTING OFF AT A SLANT. OUR CURRENT FAVORITES ARE ALICE MARION'S CHOIRBOY CAPS, WHICH COVER THE CROWN OF YOUR HEAD ENTIRELY AND LEAVE YOUR FOREHEAD PURE. B. M.

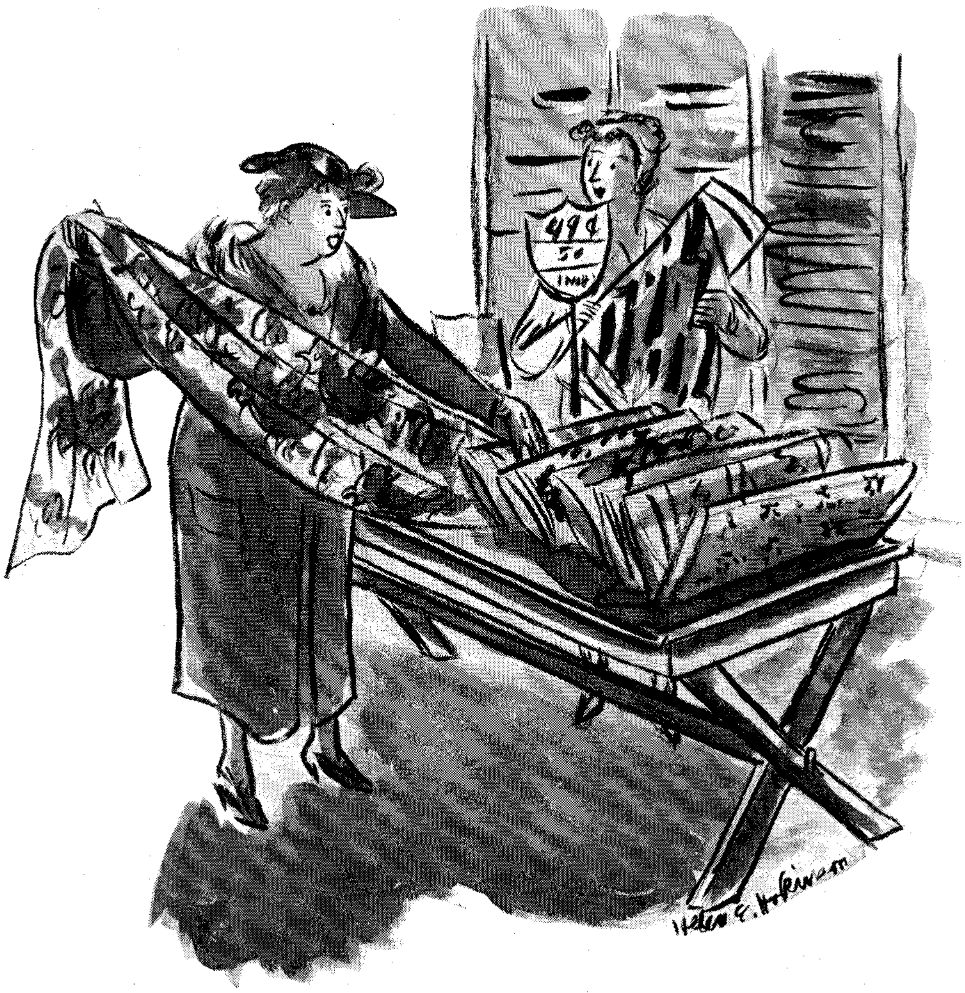
AND IN NEW YORK—

I REALLY thought I had seen them all. I thought the French output this season held no further surprises, but I was as smug as I was ill-informed. For there are small shops that cater almost exclusively to those smart young society matrons in whom the rotogravures take so much interest. They know their clients want to be the last word, but also insist that the clothes be wearable and eschew stunts. So I have seen many models that I hadn't seen before, and that perfectly suit the likes of them.

Walls of plaster drapery, still new in Paris and completely new here, decorate the new shop of Chez Ninon, at 9 East 55th Street. And you will never in your life see a more charming collection of clothes. Claire Any made a suit of cocoa-brown jersey that is sheer delight—the jumper is buttoned down the back and is all up-and-down shirring except for a plain panel in front, the skirt is plain, the box jacket has shirred pockets, and a shirred red jersey scarf matches the lining. Another triumph is from Boulanger. A fitted, flaring, seven-eighths-length jacket of navy-blue corduroy, a plain skirt, and a navy jersey blouse. Or you might prefer a simple black dress from Molyneux that seems to have harlequin tucks until you realize that it is all interlaced strips. A bright-yellow wool jacket, fitted and fastened with wood buttons, goes over it. Or Patou's suit, of a heavy homespunish wool. Threads pulled from the fabric make a braidlike and froglike embroidery on the one-button, fitted jacket. It's simple, it's unusual, it is utterly utter.

The most sensational of the evening dresses is Paquin's black velvet sheath, beltless and clinging tightly to the figure, that breaks into a whirl of curly ostrich feathers below the hips and has a pompon of ostrich at one corner of its triangular scarf. Another slim affair by Paquin is of navy velvet, with pink-lined folds low on the skirt at one side and other folds dripping over one shoulder. Piguet offers a black evening dress that is all fine accordion pleats, pulled out to make a ruffle at the edges; there is a straight-hanging, hip-length jacket, and a wide Lastex belt at an Empire waistline. Lots of draped dresses that definitely make the figure slim and alluring abound—by Jodelle, Maggy Rouff, Vionnet, and others. Everything here is custom-made, children.

GERVAIS, at 5 East 51st Street, is the personal "discovery" of more smart Long Island best-dressed women than you could shake a stick at. You'll never see a more tempting suit than the Schiaparelli made of gray flannel; gray Persian lamb makes a deep, square yoke on a fitted jacket with the buttons concealed by a fly front. There is a black Rochas day dress that, above a high waistline, is all pinked in like an old-fashioned sofa. In front, the gathered indentations are emphasized by little black velvet string bows to match the belt. The silver-fox scarf



"And now I want something restful—for a maid's room."

$500,000,000.00

Advertising Experience

— So What?

SINCE the day Lord & Thomas began business nearly seventy years ago, our clients have invested through us over $500,000,000 in advertising. More than one-third of that amount ($180,000,000) has been placed through us in the last five years of depression.

"So what?" one may properly ask. And to that question, here is our answer:

$500,000,000 buys a lot of advertising experience. And the period of seventy years spans four major economic cycles in this country — cycles that embrace every phase of growth, prosperity and depression.

Naturally, so much experience, acquired under such a wide variety of conditions, leads to a definite point of view. It leads to principles that make advertising ventures safer and more profitable. It leads to habits of alert and aggressive response to every crisis or change.

Such qualities distinguish both the history and the present practice of Lord & Thomas.

Money-Making Principles

Just thirty years ago, Lord & Thomas startled the business world by defining advertising for the first time as salesmanship-in-print. Which means: "give the consumer in an interesting way, the REASON-WHY it is in the consumer's interest to buy the wares you have for sale."

Time has richly fulfilled the meaning of those words. Today we know ways to search every advertising project for the winning reason-why. We have fully developed the technique to *recognize* the great selling idea — to power it with drama and exciting news — to drive it with lightning impact straight to the mark of consumer interest.

These things are not easy to do. And few are the men who can do them.

So it is that a Lord & Thomas advertising program usually starts with the *odds in its favor*. Creative ability, seasoned experience and *predetermined results* combine to insure maximum safety and profit.

The responsibilities of investing $500,000,000 for clients in advertising have taught us these exact methods of salesmanship-in-print. And the experience of 63 years proves that only when advertising *is* salesmanship-in-print can it hope for enduring success and continuous profits.

LORD & THOMAS · *advertising*

There are Lord & Thomas offices in New York; Chicago; Los Angeles; San Francisco; Toronto; Paris; London. Each office is a complete advertising agency, self-contained; collaborating with other offices to the client's interest.

over which Gervais crows most loudly is by Boulanger—a long, narrow stole that you throw across your throat in front. It crosses in back, and comes forward again over the elbows. You will see dozens of either ready-to-wear or custom-made models that are perfect for American women with impeccable taste. One is Schiaparelli's dinner dress of rough dull crêpe, shirred on cords down the front and having mirror-bead decoration on the short jacket and the headband. Hartnell's dinner dress of dark silver-gray lamé with a bright-silver crossbar of lamé may appeal to you; if not, Molyneux's evening dress of thin, dirty-green wool, draped up the front, certainly will. Chiffon addicts will like the Lelong affair in Dubonnet red, simple in front save for the drapery across the chest and upper arms, and having a full panel descending in back from a thick roll at the waistline. Clothes for an up-to-date dream princess are all around.

THE newest addition to the parade of smart ready-to-wear shops on Madison Avenue is Chez Arnoux, at No. 551 (55th). It is an intimate and attractive place with an exceptionally well-selected and varied stock. Here are models with youth and dash, many of them well adapted for young women who require large sizes. You will also find a good assortment of simple, luxurious dresses for women whose lives take them to formal teas, receptions, and other occasions of that sort. Prices for ready-made things range from $19.95 upward. They also do clothes to order if you like. For your address book.

BONWIT TELLER are sick and tired of the prevailing American idea about hand-knit country clothes. This is that they must be classic, even to the point of being undated and ordinary. European women fuss just as much about the smartness of a sweater as of an evening dress. Therefore, Bonwit will show you models from Kostio de War that are completely modern. They have that Schiaparelli look—the jackets are fitted and have swank padded shoulders. One has wool pompon fastenings to match the coxscomb on the knitted cap. Another gray knit suit has a bright-green pebbly vest and a jacket like a snugly fitted cardigan. My pet was a dark-green affair with bright red making a huge latticework upon it; the belted jacket has red fluffs of wool for buttons, and the pointed cap has a red-and-green spike pushed through it. *Their* pet was a brown knit with a two-button jacket having a fin sticking out below the belt in back, and slanting pockets at the hips and high on the chest. Curly yarn, like hair fresh from a permanent-wave machine, decorates the cuffs of the gloves and dangles from the peaked cap in a tassel. Even the mannequins took delight in wearing these clothes. All have to be ordered in Europe, they cost from $150 to $200, and they'll make you the Best One anywhere.

The department on the second floor teems with classic tweed suits from England, belted and buttoned and having topcoats to go with them. The handbag department has substantial bags in tweeds to match all these suits, trimmed with plain leather in all kinds of odd ways. And there are English riding hats in felts and wool, also classic, at $8.75 and thereabouts.

Bonwit Teller are particularly proud of the Débutante Department, too. They have a gold lamé evening dress, with a halter neck, tight and plain and revealing as it skims down the figure, with the top tying around the waistline. It is phenomenal at $35. (A representative evening-dress price, by the way, in case you want to adopt a débutante daughter.) Or your young may consider picture dresses, tight-waisted, square-necked, and very full in the skirt, made of cedar-rose moiré, even more exciting. At $29.75, there is a French-blue wool dress in a jersey type of weave with silver buttons where your shoulder meets your neck. Or they may like some evening gadgets on the first floor, too. Little capes of white marabou in three rows like white fox; little pleated velvet capes that Mother will borrow for evenings in chilly houses, and sequin jackets with attached hoods.

NICOLE DE PARIS, 7 East 55th Street, not content with her triumphs in completely sophisticated hats, is now showing dresses, too. They are designed here, but her inspiration is Paris, and notably M. Paquin, without whom, apparently, no really chic Parisienne could live. Huge, extravagant fur collars adorn simple black wool street coats, fitted to the figure, and evening coats, tight-waisted and full at the hem. Her black day dresses are a joy. There is one of sheer crêpe, pulled up on one hip to a glittering ornament in front and clinging to the figure in back. Another, in a peau-d'ange-finish crêpe, has a wide pleated panel down the back and is severe in front, save for the ornament on each shoulder. Or you may like a belted affair in ribbed wool, with a vestee and cuffs of fine handkerchief linen, and an embroidered, pleated ruffle. Or black velvet with a slim, three-tiered skirt. There are tunic dresses, slim and straight, to wear under fur coats—brown velvet skirts and white-and-gold tunics for your mink, for instance. Long, tight sleeves are plentiful, which is a relief. There are few models, but they all have that Paris feeling; the headache is that Nicole's prices start at $165, though her ardent customers don't mind in the least.

—L. L.

AS TO MEN

For the Tired Bridge-Player

WE'RE just a gadgeteer at heart. Instead of rushing all over the town for days to get the last word on trends and such, we've been looking at trivia. However, we haven't been disappointed; they were very interesting trivia.

Although we never were especially clumsy at shuffling cards, we rather coveted I-Deal (yes, that's its name), a contraption for shuffling and dealing bridge hands that we ran across at Abercrombie & Fitch, Dunhill, and similar shops. It looks like a toy cash register. To operate it, you put a pack of cards into a compartment at the top, turn a handle, and after all the cards have zipped into the innards of the thing, you open a little door in the front and remove the four hands from as many compartments; $17.50.

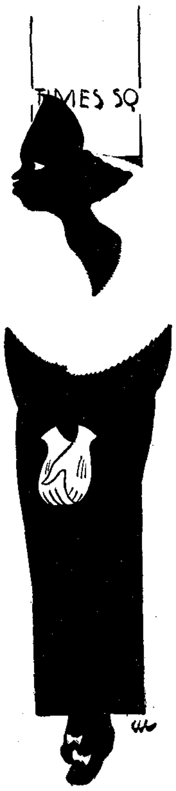
What fascinated us more than the machine was a brochure, "The Mathematics of Card Shuffling," by Professor L. F. Woodruff of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which goes with it. We learned from figures, formulas, and graphs that you can deal better bridge hands from mechanically shuffled cards, that there are 635,013,559,600 possible combinations of hands, and that the number of permutations of the thirteen cards that go into one hand is approximately 3,954 followed by eighteen zeros, and the chance of holding thirteen trumps is 159,000 to 1.

HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER, 145 East 57th Street, offer bachelors who live in cramped quarters a smoking stand with a top large enough to serve as an occasional table during a party. The ash-receiver, which looks capable of holding any number of cigarette stubs, is sunk in the centre, leaving plenty of room for plates and glasses. The stand is a modern affair of copper and ivory enamel on a chromium support, and looks quite decorative. With it you probably would want the elaborate lever corkscrew of which the shop is proud. It's equipped with a bottle-opener, and a device for loosening the screw caps distillers have become so fond of using, and it's made of phosphor bronze, so it never will rust or tarnish; $7.50.

We also were much taken by a combination shaving mirror and light which, by means of a system of indirect lighting far too scientific for us to try to explain, gives one's face what is said to be perfect illumination; and by the collection of tie and trouser racks and coat-hangers. One of the hangers was invented by Mr. Schlemmer himself.

Speaking of ashtrays, Fortnum & Mason, of 697 Madison Avenue (63rd), have sets made of heavy belt leather. They are stamped out into a dish shape, and cigarette ends won't burn them. They will color up beautifully, though. Sets of three are $6.50.

Which reminds us that you can now get the new Wales Rumidor in three sizes and six colors at most of the shops that sell things for smokers. We like the green one, and think the tin of rum- or brandy-flavored solidified alcohol that fits into the lid and keeps the tobacco in the jar at the proper moisture is better than the sponge or pad in the conventional humidor.



Vice-presidents and super-executives, who, naturally, have to initial a staggering number of memorandums and intra-office communications in the course of a year, should stop in at the MM Importing Company, 515 Madison Avenue (54th), and test the pocket pencils that have just arrived from England. They aren't abnormally large or long, but they somehow manage to contain thirty-six inches of lead refills packed neatly together—enough, according to statisticians, to last three years. This pencil is appropriately, and regrettably, called Yard-O-Led, and costs $5. You have your choice of a sterling-silver or rolled-gold finish; for plutocrats, there is a pencil in nine-carat gold at $28.

Alfred Dunhill has a briar pipe whose bowl has been turned on a lathe in such a way that if you hold it at eye-level you'll see the profile of President Roosevelt in silhouette. It's $35. If you don't care for Mr. Roosevelt on a pipe, you can have one made to order with your own or anybody's likeness for $50.

And we've just seen what we think is the almost perfect gadget, a cocktail-shaker that shakes by electricity. It's $85, and you can get it at Abercrombie & Fitch.

We hadn't intended to mention clothes in this department, but we suggest you look at Saks-Fifth Avenue's new linen raincoat. It is smart, well made, and costs $28.50. —E. K.

•

The new superintendent of Carmel Community Hospital has arrived in the person of Katherine G. Smits. Young and personable, Miss Smits' entire experience has been in administrative work. . . . Miss Smits is well pleased with what she finds at Community Hospital, including the fact that the hospital is now averaging about 20 patients daily bedded there. In sight is the day when the institution will operate at capacity at all times.—*Carmel (Calif.) Pine Cone.*

That'll be dandy, eh, Miss Smits?

•

PERISH THE THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*Item on a menu of a West Forty-third Street restaurant*]

Hearst of lettuce salad, Russian dressing.

"I shaved for a cent"

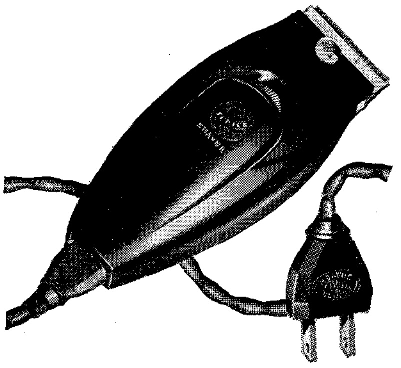
A customer says: "I've had 1510 daily or twice-daily shaves from my Schick. For 1500 shaves I shaved for a cent. From now on, I shave for nothing. And my Shaver's as good today as when I bought it more than three years ago."

There are no blades to buy or to sharpen in the Schick Shaver. You use no water, soap, brush nor lotions. So it pays for itself very quickly and shaving ceases to be an expense.

This two-way shaver gives you a quick, clean shave with no possibility of cutting or scraping the tenderest skin with the toughest beard.

GET A DEMONSTRATION. Any Schick dealer will show you the Shaver. If none is near you, send $15 to Dept. K.

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco. In Canada, Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores. (Canadian price, $16.50.)



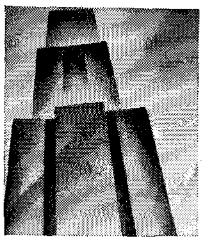
SCHICK SHAVER

Operates on AC or DC

SCHICK

THE SKY LINE

Menageries and Piers



BROOKLYN has all the luck. After Olmsted had designed Central Park, he packed a dozen years' experience into his portfolio, crossed the East River, and designed Prospect Park, just to show how the job should really be done. Much the same thing has happened in our day. This time it's the Zoo. After a first stab at planning the Central Park menagerie, more to occupy the unemployed hastily than to exhibit animals, Mr. Aymar Embury II has gone to Brooklyn and has done one of the handsomest small zoos that the country can boast—the best, as far as the buildings go, that I have seen anywhere.

In both cases, Brooklyn deserved its luck because it offered better conditions to the planners. There was enough free space in Prospect Park, to begin with, to permit the choice of a finer site for the Zoo and to keep the animals in their old quarters till new ones were ready. The new Zoo is on the edge of Flatbush Avenue, just across from the Botanical Gardens; the Museum, the Gardens, the Zoo, and the Lefferts Mansion form an architecturally related group.

From the stairs that lead down to the Zoo, one can take in the plan at a glance. It is simple, logical, consistent, elegant—in a word, all the things that the plan of the Central Park Zoo, unfortunately, is not. The main group of buildings forms a low semicircle whose flat roofs are dominated by the ventilating stacks and dome of the elephant house on the axis that cuts through the entrance. The core of the semicircle is the seal pool, in the middle of a large plaza. Circulation through the buildings is on the inside arc of the semicircle, while the open-air cages, radiating from the buildings in long, narrow runs, serve the more rangy animals, like the deer and the elk, and provide a maximum space for observation and circulation in the open air. This is formal planning at its best, for the symmetry and regularity tell their story quickly and meet all the functional requirements.

Even the minor buildings are admirably placed and planned. Two large administration booths flank the stairs at the top. Going down, on the left there is a cafeteria building opening on a terrace set with tables; on the right, there is a public comfort station of the same general outlines, likewise provided with a terrace and benches. Equally admirable are the terrace and the benches.

In the treatment of his materials, Mr. Embury has surpassed what was indeed the strongest element in the Central Park design. He has used red brick throughout, with no limestone diapers or other patterns, and he has played the red off against the white rim of limestone, scarcely to be called a cornice, that cuts the building off at the top, and against the blue tiles which form a scalloped fret for the balustrade of the terraces and the clerestory of the houses. There are no indecisive gestures and small prettifications in the design. The mincing, conventional ventilator tops of the Central Park Zoo have given way to units with strong, clean, horizontal flanges; and this is only one instance of the general fact that Mr. Embury has left most of the whimsical tags of picture-book architecture behind him in these new buildings. As for sculpture, it is concentrated in a few great plaques of limestone, with representations of hunts, in low relief, over the entrances; the decoration not merely makes sense by itself but says, "Enter here!"

To look for flaws in a design so handsome is black ingratitude, for in all its important aspects the Zoo is a very distinguished success. Nevertheless it still seems to me that the use of arched windows above the open-air cages is a mistake. Here a horizontal bank would strengthen the positive note of the rest of the design and would permit more direct sunlight to enter the inside of the cages—important in the winter for the animals. And while most of the formal elements in the plan have the grace to be useful, I think Mr. Embury overplayed his hand in monumentalizing the central feature—the great stacks and the blue-tiled dome of the elephant house. Cut off the dome, reduce the size of the stacks, and the elephant house would still remain an imposing central mass, but the proportions between this house and the subordinate wings would be better, and all the buildings would sink—as they should sink—into this natural amphitheatre. These are more serious faults than the use of naturalistic rocks, in the fashion of the Buttes-Chaumont and the Hamburg zoo, for the bear dens. In such a formal composition the gneiss itself might have been handled a little more formally, I think. The bears would not have known the difference.

But let me end on a sweeter note, for there are no end of things to praise. Item: I like the moat of water at the bottom of the deer runs, the curve in the elephants' open-air cages, and the absence of bars wherever possible. Best of all, I like the fine French touch, probably unconscious, in the treatment of the ladies' rest-room. From the outside, through a tall window, one may behold a dozen human females making up their faces. Somehow it reminds one of Théophile Gautier's suggestion that a pair of naked human animals should be installed at the Jardin des Plantes. At all events, that glass cage is in the best spirit of the Zoo, part of its animation, charm, frank animality. I trust my calling attention to it will not result in a pane of frosted glass.

TO turn from the work of the Parks Department to the most recent structures put up by the Docks Department is to turn from a benefaction to a blight, and from a mood of civic pride to one of simmering rage. I am referring to the new pier for the Normandie at Forty-eighth Street and the North River, to say nothing of two other piers, prospectively as hideous, that are almost finished beside it. The east end of this monumental structure would give a stiff fight for first place in architectural ineptitude to anything that has been put up in our generation. It is not merely bad, but bad in the worst possible way, with a mediocre badness that lacks the vulgar energy and exultation that structures like the Chrysler Tower have.

The style of this fine municipal monument is Funeral Parlor Modernique. The dominating motif is a great upended casket of black tile over the motor entrance; the façade is of light-buff brick and limestone, worked into imbecile patterns, with minor mourning borders around the side entrances. All the mistakes that have been made in the decoration of third-rate loft buildings, cheap Broadway shops, and nondescript provincial department stores attempting metropolitan glitter have been concentrated in this façade. The lettering is in awful and exact harmony with the decoration; the words "City of New York Dep't [*sic*] of Docks" could not have been spaced worse if they had been put into the hands of the Gashouse Gang and thrown at the building. In short, the new dock is a howler; and there are two more howlers to come. Lack of time is no excuse for this disgrace; it took someone many valuable hours to achieve so many mistakes and to work up all the ludicrous details. If the Department of Docks could not lay its hands on the right architect for this job at short notice, it could at least have copied line by line the older piers. They are not the last word in architecture, but they are infinitely better than this bastard Modernique. If the city has a grain of self-respect left, it will tear down the present fronts and do the whole job over. That would be a genuine sign of a revival of art and civic spirit; and I should like to be there to handle the first crowbar and to pry off the lunchroom-tile picture of a steamship that alone proclaims the purpose of this structure.

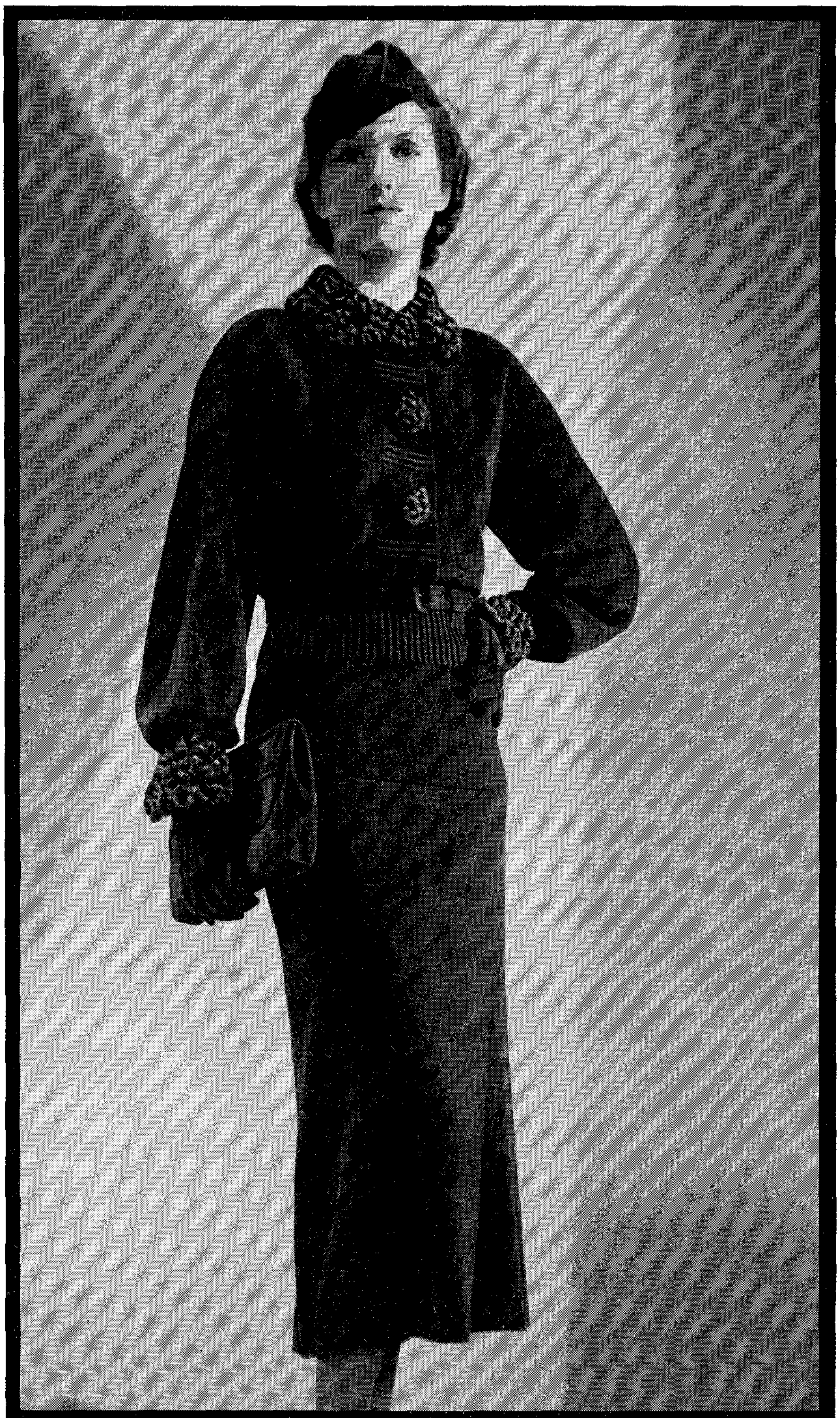
AT last I have found something to admire in Rockefeller Center, and I hasten to express my feelings before any changes are made. This is the great entrance to the new unit on Fifth Avenue. When I first saw that high, narrow opening, with its austere columns, I wondered what plans might be afoot to mar its noble lines. (Did I not remember my original delight at beholding the great stone fountain in the Plaza, and did I not remember the sick feeling in the pit of the belly when the figure that symbolizes knee-action and floating power was hoisted into place?) Fortunately, the entrance is still unsmudged by ornament and decoration. And the interior is just as good, with its metal cascade of moving stairs, its great slabs of green polished marble, and its high, narrow marble-covered columns in oblong cross-section. One has only to see this luxurious but simple interior to know that it is the correct solution for a modern skyscraper—first used, I believe, in the white-marble halls of the Equitable Building. Whereas, all the stew about murals and sculptural decoration had no more point or sincerity than the hanging gardens; such things were not architectural features but newspaper features, the last ironic note in paper architecture.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

◆

> That skeet shooting develops a manual dexterity in the handling of a shotgun is admitted. It also teaches a man swing and lead. But there the little joker bobs up that most of the brothers seem and lead at clay targets over skeet to overlook. It only teaches swing and lead at clay targets over skeet ranges, and skeet ranges and skeet leads aren't duck ranges and duck leads by quite a few yards, or haven't you found that out yet?
> —*The World-Telegram.*

We haven't found *anything* out yet.



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PARIS LETTER

PARIS, OCT. 2

THE only humorous thing about the tragic Italy-Abyssinia-France-England-League-of-Nations rainy-season discussion in Switzerland has been Professor Gaston Jèze of the Sorbonne, Ethiopia's spokesman. Jèze's Geneva jocularities have been witty enough for Laval, who thinks war is serious, to refuse to speak to him any more. They also poked enough fun, at Italy's expense, for the Italian delegation to refuse to listen to him any more.

Jèze is an odd Parisian figure, hitherto known more for his eccentricities than for his *esprit*. Today in his middle sixties, he has been for years Professor of Financial Law at the Paris Faculté de Droit, where he is noted for his doctrinal belief in flunking his classes for the good of their souls, and for his unbelief in inflation or loans as a financial benefit to any nation. He has thus been unpopular with his young students, and even with older fellows like Caillaux and Poincaré, who were both far from being learners in the international-loan game.

The most ironic side to Jèze's Geneva job lies, however, not in what he said in defending the Ethiopian King of Kings against the Italian Duce in Switzerland, but in what Parisian lawyers said about his having defended anybody anywhere. They claim that, as a state-appointed professor of law, he should not commercially practice law in any court, let alone in that of an international diplomatic corporation like the Société des Nations. They also claim that, as a Frenchman, he should not have represented a foreigner over whose case the French government was sitting in arbitration. Furthermore, they insist that, as a reputed quasi-anarchist, he had no business, and should not have found pleasure, in japing around the serious, peace-loving League of Nations halls. And lastly, what the lawyers most criticize is that Jèze, for his anti-Mussolini services, is reported to have been given by the Negus a check for one million francs, the fattest fee Paris barristers have seen slip past their fingers for many years. Obviously here their case rests.

At any rate, Jèze cannot be criticized for whatever may be the final outcome of Ethiopia's protests at Geneva, since Laval no longer officially receives him, even though he is an official. The last of Jèze's delicate data on this world-contorting affair have been carried to Laval's desk by M. Hawariate, the Negus's black native representative, while the Frenchman waited outside the closed door. *"Le Nègre, c'est moi, maintenant,"* as Jèze put it.

The Prefecture of Police has distributed notices urging householders to put a supply of sand in their attics to check conflagration, to make provision for having water in case the mains are cut off, to keep covers in the basement to shade lighted gratings, to prepare posts to brace up the cellar ceiling, and, at the moment when the aërial attack comes, for heaven's sake to remember to turn off the gas. No one has paid any attention to the notices, has bought any posts, or borrowed any sand, since no one here can believe trouble is really coming—at least not from the south. Three or four times in the last three or four years the people of Paris have been sure there was going to be a European war, and have been wrong. Everyone is now praying that this time the Parisians will be right, for once.

IN the meantime, the city's calendric activities continue. The wintry Parisian rainy season and its theatre farces are settling into place as the dry season and the melodrama of war take shape in deserts far away. Undoubtedly the sensational first night will be the opening of Édouard Bourdet's "Margot," a historical play with a cast of thirty-five, and a correspondingly broad theme. Having in his last four plays, beginning with "The Captive," dealt with Lesbians, the Ritz, pederasts, and degenerate bourgeois, Bourdet will now deal with incest between brother and sister, about the only old horror left him except "Œdipus" or "East Lynne." "Margot" was originally written as a piece dealing with modern manners, has since been written around Marguerite of Navarre and Henry III; was originally to have starred Lucienne Bogaert, will now star Yvonne Printemps; was originally to have opened at the Ambassadeurs, and will now open heaven knows where. At no matter what theatre, it will have a packed reception.

The other immediate theatrical news is that Paris has gone vaudeville-crazy. Neighborhood cinema theatres in the Ternes, Belleville, and other popular quarters have discarded movies and are now putting on what they call *spectacles accélérés*, or fast turns, with trained poodles, lion-tamers, jugglers, lariat-throwers, and xylophone *soli* getting a break they haven't known in years. Even the circuses, both the Médrano and the Cirque de Paris, have interspersed sketches and ballets among their flying-trapeze acts. And the Alhambra has come out flat-footed with vaudeville done in the grand manner. Its star the first week was Lucienne Boyer, now getting a little dim here. She has always been criticized by *caf'-conc'* purists for her bad diction, for her too-circumflexed "e"s, for her over-ecstasy and under-simplicity. Also for her lack of good new songs. For several years Parisians have felt that if she sang "Parlez-moi d'Amour" once more, they would do the opposite. However, she's got one sweet new song this year, called "Attends; ta Main," and her gowns have gone Pre-Raphaelite.

Maurice Chevalier has opened the straw-hat-and-nudes winter season in a new revue at the Casino de Paris, where he will be for only three months, after which he goes filming in London. His Casino spot will be taken over by his old pal Mistinguett, who will spend her first three winter months in an operetta at the Théâtre de la Porte Saint-Martin called "La Bonne Aubaine," which deals with a tough-little-fresh-flower-shop girl who wins the million-franc lottery ticket and is never the same ever after, especially since all the time she's been Mistinguett, who hasn't seen a flower not made of ostrich feathers, rhinestones, or bird-of-paradise plumes for the last thirty years.

FRANCE'S new budget balances, at least on paper, Paris's automobiles are forbidden to honk after 10 P.M., and the Trocadéro, against which certain Parisians have loudly complained ever since its construction in 1878, is being torn down. So the coming winter should be a quiet one. It has long been *chic* to vilify the Trocadéro. Yet many Parisians will miss the swell of its maudlin minarets against the sunset behind the Seine, and miss its monstrous great bronze animals, all busy trampling smaller animals underfoot. The old Trocadéro was built for the Exposition of '78, and was mistakenly Oriental in style. The new Trocadéro, which will rise on its ruins, will be built for the Exposition of '37, and will probably be mistakenly modern in style. In beauty there won't be much difference—except that some of us will miss the victorious Cadiz towers in the still-peaceful Parisian sky line. —GENÊT

FOOTBALL

First Blood

THE Princeton-Pennsylvania game was easily the first smash hit of this season, even though the producers chose to tack a conventional ending onto as good an afternoon of football as we expect to see this year. Princeton won, as we rather thought it would (who doesn't like to see the old favorites come from behind at the last moment to win by a single point?), but it had to outlast a more agile and alert squad to do it. Pennsylvania, looking like the fall's most improved team, was in top form—we can already hear the annual argument that the Big Three limitation on early practice must be done away with—and Murray, the quarterback, didn't make a mistake of judgment. The Palmer Stadium second-guessers are bitter about their failure to spot a flaw in his work. Most of them, by the way, admit they wish John Kadlic was still calling signals for Princeton, no matter what they said last year.

The home team committed enough blunders to lose two games, but, since it hadn't really exerted itself for three-quarters of the afternoon, had enough wind to put on a strong finish when Jack White replaced Garry LeVan. We rather liked White ourself last year. As it happened, no sophomore ever came in more handily in an emergency.

People who like to draw diagrams on tablecloths were disappointed. There wasn't anything to chart. Pennsylvania's deceptive, and legal, shift was used only a couple of times, but it so befuddled Lea, Ritter, and Montgomery that Pennsylvania had a first down at the Princeton three-yard line in what seemed like no time. Then Warwick, who is a good ten-second man in our book, galloped around MacMillan's end for an easy touchdown while both teams looked on admiringly. Princeton wasn't even that modern. Its best ground-gainer, aside from Jack White, was a variant of the old sleeper pass, a play whose chief advantage is that it's so obvious no one believes it's going to be tried. Can it be that Fritz Crisler has been cutting Sunday chapel in order to see the Chicago Bears use that same play? The lateral pass, about which we've all been rather hysterical, was used only a few times, and the one good try—Murray's quick-witted

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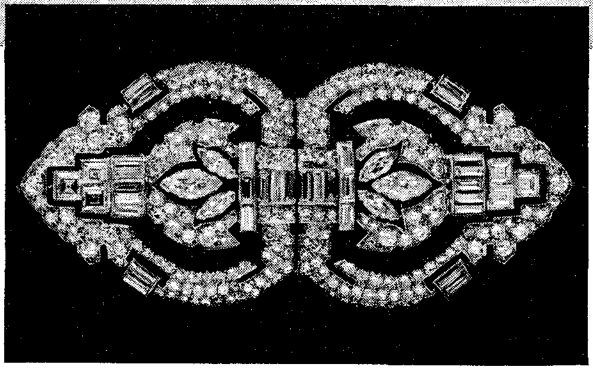

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toss to McCracken after a brilliant interception—ran into serious referee trouble.

Pennsylvania, though it has no soft spots in its schedule, should do well this year on what it has shown, and Princeton fortunately has until the day Navy comes to Palmer Stadium next month to learn to play winning football in the first three-quarters of the game.

LOCAL TALENT: Fordham seems the likeliest of the home crop, although last weekend the Boston College ends were in the wrong backfield a bit too often. N.Y.U., another of those slow starters, did well enough against Bates. It seems probable, however, that both Fordham and N.Y.U. will be beaten this Saturday. Columbia, our Morningside inside man insists, is really short of men this year; pulling an end, Schulze, into the backfield to punt is proof enough of that. The worst problem, our spy adds, is developing a pair of blocking backs who can break a path for Barabas.

OUR listening post at Yale Bowl thinks we would like Chuck Frank, one of Ducky Pond's new halfbacks. Frank ran very well against New Hampshire; he seems able to go by himself once he gets shaken loose. In fact, we're told, the whole Yale backfield is as good as ever, and if the line can match its ends, Kelley and Train, we can pick the team as this year's dark horse. We'll know more about that after Yale has played Pennsylvania in Philadelphia this Saturday. That is definitely a match to see.

And our Baltimore oriole says that Navy is playing possum, until the time comes, with a youngster from Lawrenceville who's better than Garry LeVan or Buzz Borries. We're going to look into that; we think we know a coach who'd like to order two of him for immediate delivery.

AT PALMER STADIUM: The six Princetonians who played through the game without being called Iron Men. . . . The sad news about the irreplaceable Peanut Man. . . . Stofko's streamlined noseguard. . . . The Pennsylvania line and the electric scoreboard clock tiring simultaneously. . . . Bill Halloran, the referee, spilling Sandbach, who had just caught a lateral, with the best bodycheck of the day. . . . The cautious gentleman who told his wife Princeton would have a better chance against Williams next week.

—J. W. L.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

One with Music and Four Without

ONE of the people out of all the vast horde that I saw this last week seemed to be having a good time. It's so astonishing to see anyone go through a rôle as though it were fun, just something that was to be done because it was entertaining to do, without any other thought on the matter at all, that the whole performance becomes outstanding. This particular person, who seems to have gone into the movies as a joke or as a spree, looking on it all the time as a new game, is no less than Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink. She passes in and out of "Here's to Romance," sings a German song once when she feels like it, and in general is delightful. I am glad to see someone who has found how to have a good time.

Of course, Madame Schumann-Heink can't be bothered with too much of "Here's to Romance." Aside from considerable plot about artists and their rich patrons, with comedy helped a lot by Genevieve Tobin, the film is largely concerned with introducing Nino Martini to the movie public. I imagine that the Signor will from now on be spending a good deal of his time west of the Rockies. His voice records well, and he cuts a respectable figure. He sings the usual bits from "Pagliacci," "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "Tosca," and much of your pleasure in the film will depend upon how often you feel your system should be exposed to just these operatic triumphs.

THE other offerings I have been seeing lately are on the lugubrious side of things, without a chance in them for anyone to be having a good time even if he felt inclined that way. The best of the woeful lot is good, sensible melodrama, an old model but terse and businesslike in its handling. "The Last Outpost" is a story of the War (of 1914-18), of the British Intelligence Service busy in the Near East and Africa, and of two men and one girl. Claude Rains has the leading rôle, and as a strange figure, a sort of cinema Lawrence, must be the hero who loses the girl at last. With a striking lack of nonsense, these three people experience the hazards of their preposterous pre-

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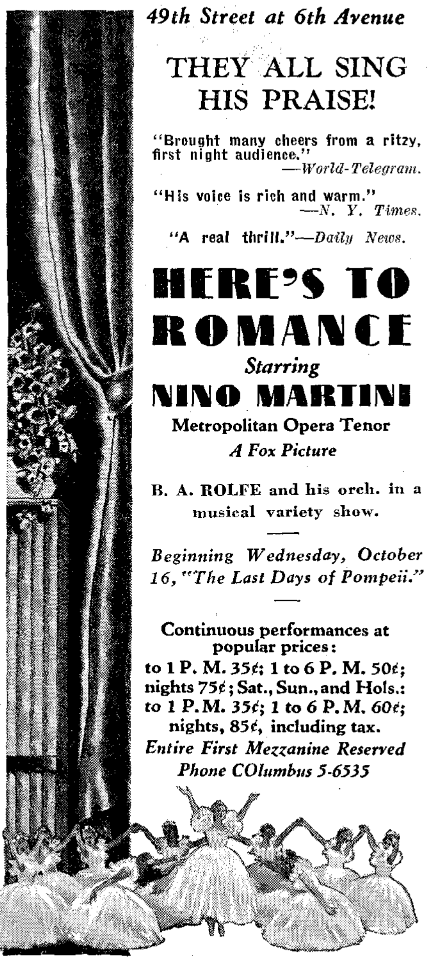

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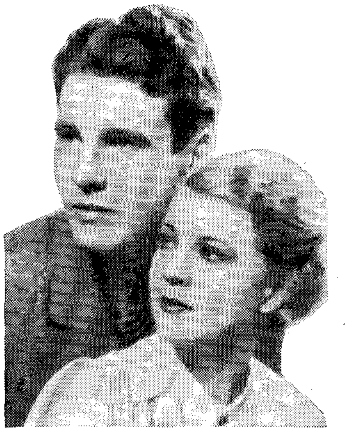

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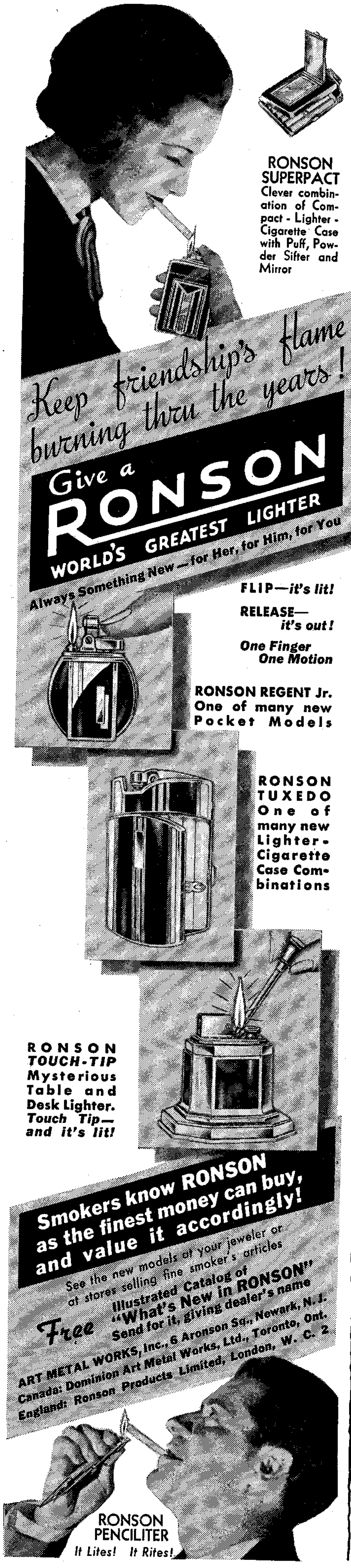

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dicaments in a way which makes the wildest adventures seem plausible.

I shouldn't have called "The Last Outpost" lugubrious, since it's just excitement and melodrama, but on the other hand the term is mild for either "O'Shaughnessy's Boy" or "The Return of Peter Grimm," respectively the cabriolets for Wallace Beery and Lionel Barrymore. Both actors play under what might seem dramatic handicaps, Beery being a one-armed lion-tamer and Barrymore a spirit, a spook, seen through a mist. Both the gentlemen, I assure you, thrive on their problems.

The spook theme of the Barrymore film is handled with a solemnity which might have pleased the late Belasco. For metaphysicians and scientists and skeptics, perhaps loose in the audience, an effort is made at making the return of a dead man somewhat likely. This attempt rather retards the actual progression of the story, but at last, snug in a fog, Peter Grimm manages to convey his messages to the household. The Barrymore gutturals come through to a little dying boy as from the Great Beyond, and by the dying boy are conveyed to the rest of the clan.

The circus background of "O'Shaughnessy's Boy" doesn't alleviate its sombre aspect. Poor Mr. Beery loses not only his arm early in the picture, but his wife and son as well. Off she bolts with her child because of an incomprehensible exasperation at the infantile caperings of her mate. It is the lion-tamer's effort to prove himself worthy of his child that is the body of the story; and the boy's hatred of him, encouraged by a bitter aunt (sharply played by Sarah Haden), has to be overcome before the lion-tamer may take his bows again. I thought the unhappy parent had a hard time of it. He had to enter the lions' cage as it was carried through the night on a train, and in that awkward spot assert his nerve, his mastery of the beasts, and his true devotion to his son. What more could a father do?

The Paul Muni "Dr. Socrates" is a tame gunmen thing. It has one big moment at the end, with gangsters being doped by a country doctor. He tells them they have been exposed to typhoid, and thus manages to get control of the situation. I don't imagine Mr. Muni enjoyed the drama, and I can't much blame him.

—John Mosher

•

Be sure that your First Fall Frock is a "Lanbry" from The Maternity Apparel Shop. 12.95.—*Adv. in the Times.*

That's rather short notice, isn't it?

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•
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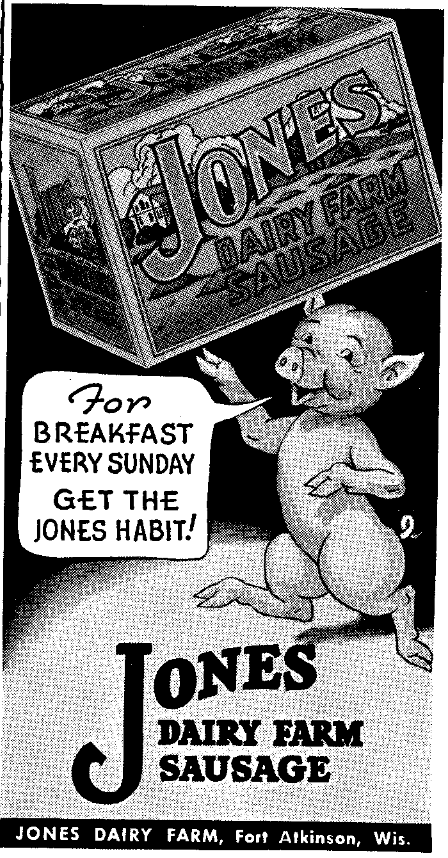

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THE BIRTHDAY

IT was cold, with the damp, inescapable cold peculiar to seaside hotels: an insinuating cold, clogged and enervated by the smell of coffee grounds, undried varnish, and dead clams. Alice, unwarmed by her walk, shiveringly inviting the anemic rays of the morning sun from a spavined rocker, heard with apprehension a brisk step on the clam-shelled drive, the creak of the mounted stairs, and the refined shriek of another rocker as it was dragged to her side of the piazza. No further escape would be possible; it was the other boarder.

There were, she had been given to understand, three other boarders, but the only one she had seen so far was the little round-faced man, Mr. Brown. The other members of the party were, she had heard, Mrs. Brown and her mother, but both of them lived upstairs and had Trays.

Every day she and Mr. Brown ate together in the echoing dining-room, a few discreet tables apart, he with the *Tribune* of the previous day propped against his saltcellar, she with the *Atlantic* of six months or so ago supported against her glass of water. Neither had previously taken any direct notice of the other, though for this Alice herself was largely to blame; she had often sensed Mr. Brown's gaze straying earnestly in her direction and had primly avoided it. There were two reasons for this prudishness: one was that Alice's natural shyness had been augmented by a recent attack of influenza; the other was that she knew that Mr. Brown had a story, and that she did not want to hear it.

But there was, she had found, an inevitable attraction in her for people whose stories she did not want to know, and she accepted the fact that Mr. Brown's failure in life and love must sooner or later augment her own. She turned, looked up at him, and smiled.

"How did you enjoy your walk?" she said.

Every morning, during the five relentless days that she had been at Sprayview, she had seen the knickerbockered little figure start off (exactly twenty minutes after breakfast), walk briskly down the cobbled beach, diminishing in size as it receded against the background of sea and sky, scramble over the rock jetty at the bend, and disappear, to pop up again as regular as the smell of onions from the kitchen at half past twelve, just in time to wash for lunch. This morning he had broken his schedule; it was not quite eleven o'clock.

"Very much," he said in answer to her question, "very much indeed, thank you. You see, I found this." He took from the pocket of his tweed jacket an oilskin pouch, from which he drew a limp piece of seaweed. "This, I think, is a rather unusual find on this coast," he continued, "and I thought I would take it to Mother. It's her birthday tomorrow, so we try to have a little celebration. We always come down here on her birthday, have for fifteen years; she loves it so, used to come here as a girl. Of course the hotel wasn't built in those days, she says. It used to be quite gay, even in October. Nice people then; you don't see that kind any more. Not," he added gravely, looking at Alice, "that I mean anything personal." He flushed a little. "*You* know what I mean."

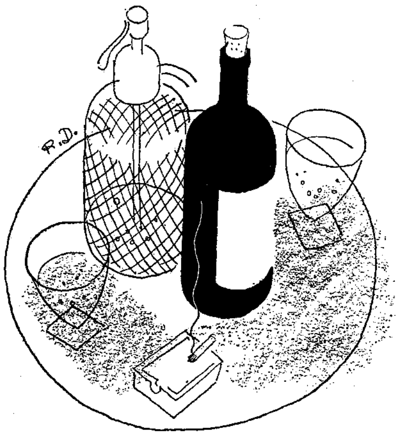
Alice indicated that she did.

"Not one's own kind," she amended.

He nodded gratefully. "They don't come like her any more, that's what Gracie says. My wife," he added in explanation. "And of course there aren't many daughters who appreciate their mothers as Gracie does. They're very lucky to have each other." He paused thoughtfully for a moment; then he turned to Alice and cleared his throat. He seemed about to make a confidence of significance. "She'll be ninety-four," he said in a hushed voice. "Ninety-four, and as pretty as she ever was."

Alice started, thinking, for a moment, that he meant his wife, then realized that this was impossible and checked her exclamation to "Indeed?"

"Yes, just as pretty," Mr. Brown went on. "You ought to see how Gracie'll fix her up tomorrow; her hair (she had beautiful hair) just the way she used to wear it and some flowers in it for the party. Gracie'll make the cake; she wouldn't let anybody but herself cook for Mother now. That's why we come here; she can cook for Mother. I always ask for my vacation this time of year, and we always come here for her birthday. I remember the first summer we were married . . ." His voice trailed off. Suddenly he looked at his watch and rose. "We've been married twenty-five years," he said abruptly. "Twenty-five years, and you'd never believe it to look at her."



Alice and he stared at each other blankly for a moment, and there was a pause. Then the warning lunch bell rang.

Mr. Brown bowed formally. "Thank you," he said, "for the delightful conversation. I hope we shall see more of you. I should like to have the pleasure of introducing my wife. *Au revoir.*" He opened the screen door into the hall. "*À bientôt,*" he added, closing it gently behind him.

Could she, Alice wondered, could she afford to have lunch that day in her room? No, there was no use; there was an extra charge for trays, and it would set a precedent that could not be maintained. Could she leave that afternoon? No, she had paid a week in advance, American plan, and could not afford to take the loss. And how ridiculous; why should she leave simply to avoid conversation with Mr. Brown, a gentle, kindly man, and Mrs. Brown, who would prove, no doubt, all that a devoted wife and daughter should be? It was childish to take that attitude.

She rose and went up to her room to tidy for lunch.

WHEN she entered the dining-room, a little late, she saw that Mr. Brown had already spoken to the waitress. The tables were now moved nearer together and the places were set to face each other. The places were still, of course, at separate tables, but there was an apologetic air of intimacy about the arrangement. Mr. Brown was already seated, but he rose when she came in and politely drew out her chair for her. He had not brought a newspaper.

"I don't wish to intrude," he said gently, as Alice sat down, "but I thought that this way we could converse if you liked to. Of course, if you'd rather read, I shall quite understand. I like to read myself, but this makes a change."

He seated himself, and they each unfolded their napkins and took a few sips of water.

The maid brought in the tomato soup.

"Gracie has had quite a disappointment today," Mr. Brown continued in his gentle, softly pitched voice. "I didn't

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mention our special plan to you this morning because I was afraid that it might not go through, and, sure enough, the letter came and poor Gracie is quite upset."

Alice looked inquiring and crumbled some small white crackers into her plate.

"You see," he went on, "we always try to have a little party for Mother, as I said. Gracie loves planning them so. And so we always try to have Aunt Emma, too; Mother's sister, that is. We can't very often manage to get them together because she lives in Greensport, and the journey is pretty expensive for us to manage and Gracie has to make it a gift. Annie—her cousin, you know; Aunt Emma's daughter—Annie doesn't treat her mother quite as well as Gracie does. I don't mean," he added hastily, "that everything isn't quite right and that Annie doesn't mean well, but of course she isn't even married and yet we think that she doesn't appreciate her mother as much as she should. After all, Aunt Emma is ninety-six, two years older than Mother, but between you and me, I think she's failing; she never had Mother's constitution. Gracie often says that she'll get Mother to the hundred mark yet. They're a wonderful family, the Williamses."

There was a pause while Alice and Mr. Brown adjusted themselves to the next course, a baked bluefish. The maid retired at last and the two searched for bones in silence.

Finally the gentle voice began again. "We worked it last year," he said, "but this year Aunt Emma isn't coming. It would have been too much to expect, I suppose. In a way I'm glad, though I hate to have Gracie disappointed. You know, a funny thing happened last time; Gracie couldn't get over it. You see, we'd rented those three rooms in the south wing where there's an upstairs porch; one was for Gracie and Mother, one for Aunt Emma and Annie, and one was a sort of sitting-room for them when they had their trays. I slept on the couch. Well, Gracie had everything arranged in the sitting-room for the party—a cake with candles; big ones for the tens, you know, little ones for the single years, and one to grow on. There were flowers, of course, and Gracie'd fixed Mother up so pretty you couldn't believe it, and waved her hair and powdered and maybe even rouged her a little, though she won't admit it, and there Mother was, sitting up in the armchair as natural as could be in her best dress, and then, when everything was fixed, Gracie opened the doors and said to Mother, 'Now I've got a surprise for your party. Who do you think is coming to see you? Sister Emma!' She had to speak quite loud because sometimes Mother doesn't understand things, and maybe she hadn't understood this time. You can never be sure. Anyway, just then Annie wheeled Aunt Emma in in her chair—remember, of course, they hadn't seen each other in a long time, and perhaps Annie doesn't fix her mother as nicely as Gracie does—and what do you think Mother said?"

Mr. Brown paused while he skillfully deposited a fish bone on his fork.

Alice felt she must speak. "What was it?" she said.

"We couldn't understand her at first," said Mr. Brown, "but finally Gracie made it out. She said—about her sister, you know—she said, 'Who is that ugly old woman? Take away that ugly old woman. I don't know her.' "

—A. K. PARKER

●

ESCALATOR

So suavely rising
From the floor

My mind transcends
The crowded store

And from a height
Serenely mocks

The souls intent
On bargain socks.

Thus borne along
My spirit sings

And sprouts a pair
Of seraph wings.

O waft me on
Past Evening Gowns

To Autumn Sale
Of Harps and Crowns.

—MILDRED WESTON

THE LOVELIEST TREAT

IT is the day of our regular fall expedition to town. After a harrowing session with the dentist and an orgy of shoe-buying, we cross the street to the crowded and expensive tearoom, which is, unfortunately, the most accessible. While I wheedle Peggy past the candy counter in the front, Emmy, who has an adventurous nature, wanders about, gets lost in the jungle of tables, becomes panic-stricken, and yells "Mummy!" at the top of her lungs. By the time we are finally established, conspicuously in the centre of the room, not a person in the place is unaware of our family group: Emmy, age seven, whose teeth, I have just been told, need straightening, but from whose enormous hazel eyes imagination shines; Peggy, age five, plump and earthy; and myself, thirtyish, the epitome of harassed suburban motherhood, in last year's coat, and shoes worn down at the back of the heels from driving a car.

Peggy, who always likes to make sure of her context, finds out at once, by the simple expedient of asking direct questions, that the name of our prim and antiquated waitress is Aggie and that she is not married. In the meanwhile I settle upon the order: lamb chop, baked potato, and spinach for the children ($1.50—the only possible choice in a list of things like broiled shad and shrimp patties), and for myself, oyster cocktail ($.60—something cold and bracing will go well.)

In response to a stage whisper from Peggy, I hustle her between the long rows of tables, whose female occupants seek to exchange smiles of maternal understanding with me. On the way back, I relax sufficiently to feel a glow of maternal pride in Peggy's curly brown hair, blue eyes, and engaging manner that make her a social success wherever she goes, even the ladies' room. Of the flattering comments now following in her wake, she is only too patently aware.

Emmy, who has straight, stringy hair and needs to gain weight, is wearing her grown-up expression as she sits, trying with one hand to achieve a curl, and with the other holding the menu card. "Mummy," she complains as we take our places, "why didn't you order lobster thermidor for me? You know I love lobster."

"Yes, and I love thermidor," says Peg, bitterly. To her, all foods except squash and calves' brains are equally delightful.

"Thermidor. I bet you don't even know what a thermidor is," says Emmy scornfully.

"I do so."

"You do not. You're too young."

"I'm *not* too young. Am I, Mummy?" Leaning over to me for sympathy, Peggy collides heavily with Aggie, who is about to set down the bread and butter.

"She *is* too young, isn't she, Mummy?" Emmy repeats in a loud whisper. Luckily, Peggy is too absorbed in the bread and butter to hear her.

"Emmy, dear," I say in my best Child Study manner, "let's eat some of this *delicious* raisin bread. My, it *is* good."

But Emmy is still immersed in the bill of fare. "Or why didn't you order escalloped crab flakes ow gratin or cold spiced beef with pickled onions? Lamb chops are so babyish."

"That's what I say, too," agrees Peg, emitting a spray of crumbs. "Some more bread."

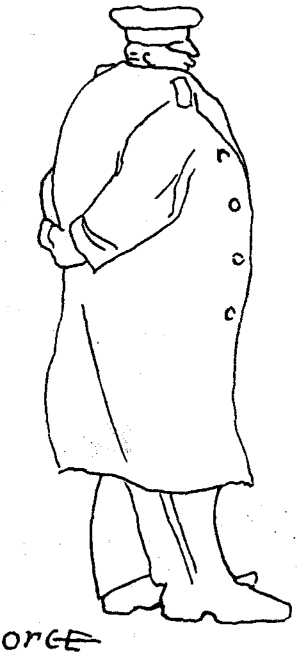
"*Please*," I say, hating myself. "And don't talk with your mouth full."

"Please," says Peg, trying to swallow the remaining crumbs and choking violently. She stops coughing only through the combined efforts of Aggie, the hostess, myself, and an elderly lady lunching across the aisle, who calls in genteel tones, "Pat her between the shoulder-blades."

"Stupid!" says Em, when the excitement has subsided. But Peg has started another piece of bread and can't be bothered.

"I tell you what, Em," I say brightly, having in mind the psychological axiom that the elder child should be treated like an adult, "when my oysters come, I'll let you have one, if you promise to hurry with the rest of your lunch."

"O.K.," says Em, her face blissful.



OUR luncheon is placed before us by Aggie. Peg lifts up the silver cover to get off to a flying start, burns her fingers, and drops it on the marble floor with a hideous clang. The hostess lopes to the spot like an anxious black satin gazelle. "Tch, tchk," cluck the neighboring ladies. And Aggie, who all along has been murmuring fatuously, "Such little dolls!," neutralizes the sentiment with one murderous glance. I sublimate my own filicidal feelings by cutting Peggy's chop with ferocious jabs of the knife.

Then I remember the oyster. "Here, Emmy," I say. "Now, don't forget your promise." She opens her mouth wide and closes it around the oyster on the tip of my fork. A surprised look overspreads her face. "Mmmmmmm," she utters, somewhat dubiously. I prepare her chop, mash up her baked potato with butter, and fall ravenously upon my oysters. All too soon I come to the last one, then pause, struggling with my better self, which triumphs at last. "How about another oyster, dear?" I ask, feeling both nastily sanctimonious and chagrined for begrudging her the oyster.

The answer is indescribably clogged. "I don't know what to do with this one." Her face is greenish.

I quickly retrieve the oyster in my napkin, pretending I do not see the shocked expressions from neighboring tables. "Come on, now, Em," I urge brightly, hoping by disregard of that sick look to avoid what it portends. "Only a little while until the marionette show."

Emmy smiles gamely, and takes one forkful of buttery potato. Words are unnecessary. Seizing her by the hand, I charge with her down the room. "Mummy," Peggy calls after us, "can I eat the potato skins?" Some minutes later, Emmy and I emerge, both of us shaky, and walk slowly back through the endless tables. No one gazes in admiration at the pale, skinny little girl. No one looks at me at all, save with distaste. "Mummy," Em remarks over her shoulder in that piercing voice of hers, "I don't think children like oysters." A nasty titter ripples and dies.

We find Peggy eating lumps of sugar. Aggie, severing all further social relations with our family, has turned her back. With a sigh, Emmy looks at the cold food on her plate. I pay no

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attention—another Child Study touch—and ask Aggie to bring the ice cream.

"Goody, ice cream!" says Peg.

"Do I *have* to eat it?" breathes Em, tragically.

"I'll eat it," Peg sings out, and gets the frill of her dress into her saucer. As I dip my napkin into my glass of water to remove the spot, the ladies at the next table depart with an icy stare in our direction.

At last we get ready to go. I leave too large a tip for Aggie, to compensate for our behavior, and stop to pay the check at the cashier's counter. Peg looks hungrily at the butterscotch kisses on display.

"What adorable kiddies," simpers the cashier, returning my change. I feel a surge of maternal love. They really *are* nice children. And when Emmy's teeth are straightened . . .

WE go outside. I turn to Emmy, who for some seconds has been tugging at my sleeve. "What is it, darling?" I say, tenderly. She is such a sensitive child, so aesthetic, so unworldly.

"You forgot this," she says, and presses into my palm Aggie's fifty cents.

It is the last straw. I hail a taxi for the two blocks to the theatre. Once inside the cab, I lean weakly against the leather seat and close my eyes. Emmy snuggles up close to me. "Isn't this the loveliest treat?" she says.

—MARJORIE MARKS

•

As my husband had the habit of always saying "Hello," when he came to the door, trying to fool me, he caused me an embarrassing moment.

One night a few minutes after he had stepped outside, someone hollowed "Hello" at the back door. Thinking it was my husband, I said, "Come in if your nose is clean." A second thought made me go to the door. I found it to be a boy wanting to know if we had his hogs.

My advice to anyone is always have a second thought.

MRS. EDNA REYNOLDS
Lexington, Texas

—Letter in Diversified Farming

Did the boy ever get his hogs?

•

A monetary lapse on the part of the quarterback can easily cost a touchdown and throw the entire machine out of gear. *—Raleigh (N.C.) News and Observer.*

A monetary lapse on the part of the alumni is what the machine dreads most.

BOOKS

Something New Out of Africa

A DECADE ago, when you opened a volume listed as a "thrilling, fascinating travel narrative," nine times out of ten the author turned out to be one of those hearty fellows whose brain went to sleep as soon as it was encased in a pith helmet. The intelligence stood still in dull safety while the body dashed into hair-raising adventures. Lately there has been a change, and the possession of a mind is no longer deemed shameful in the literary traveller. In a sense, our period's most interesting record of mental development, Vincent Sheean's "Personal History," is a book of adventure. Other literates, like André Gide, Egon Erwin Kisch, and Peter Fleming, have accustomed us to the idea that physical danger and local color need not be the staples of travel narratives.

Which brings us to Geoffrey Gorer's "Africa Dances" (337 pages, $3.50). Mr. Gorer is thirty, an Englishman, well educated, skeptical, pretty much on the order of Peter Fleming, except that he is not quite so proud of his wit and does not work overtime looking for absurdities. In 1934, accompanied by Féral Benga (an African dancer who had achieved a Paris reputation) and two other natives, he made an expedition into West Africa to record native dances. Part of the time he traversed the Seabrook country, but there is little else to connect the two travellers, as Mr. Gorer was far more interested in anthropology than anthropophagy.

His book is the best of its kind I have read in years. Mr. Gorer calmly describes the atrocities of French colonial rule. He analyzes with precise wit the jumbled Afro-European culture of Dakar, Senegal's chief port. He narrates, without false modesty or brag, the difficulties and occasional dangers of his seven-thousand-mile trip. He troubles the mind with an account, long and valuable, of West African fetishism, and notes without comment, because he cannot explain it, a series of "miracles," mainly in the domain of clairvoyance, which are apparently an accepted part of the equipment of African fetishers. And he describes, with an exactness that does not preclude a pure artistic enthusiasm, the native dances, most of which have never before been seen by white men.

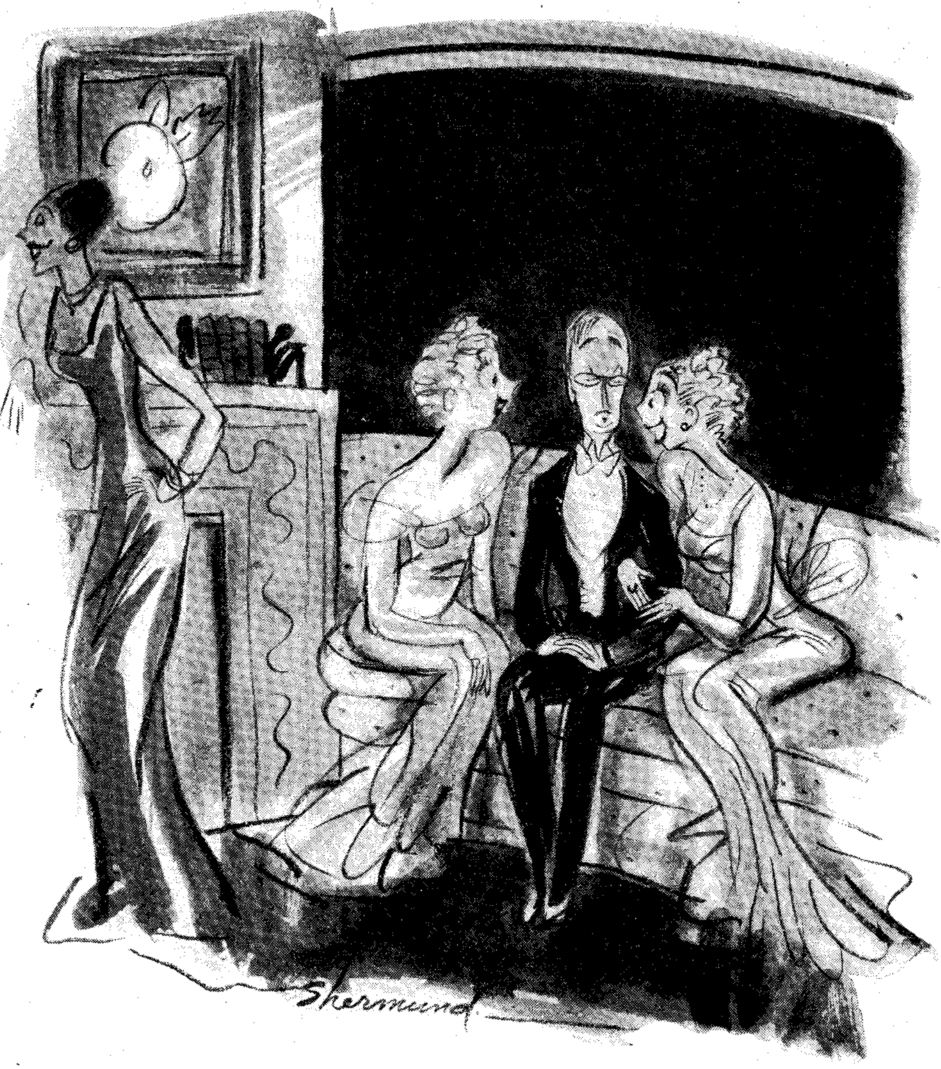
Mr. Gorer is neither a Negro-fancier nor an Empire-builder. Negroes are men—good, bad, indifferent. His book is frank when frankness is necessary. "Negroes," he says, "take their sex calmly and simply—the accounts of nameless orgies are chiefly due to the perfervid daydreams of sex-obsessed missionaries."

Don't imagine that this is a book full of weighty anthropological data. It isn't. It is written clearly and is full of a dry wit not unreminiscent of Hemingway. There are thrills, but they are not exploited. One feels that Mr. Gorer was not interested in "material," but in Negroes, their religion, dances, social customs, language, and the state of incredible subjection in which they are now held by that great civilizing agency, France.

Half a dozen more travel stories as good as this one, and the boy's-book tom-tom tradition will breathe its last. Readers are bound eventually to wake up to the fact that that abomination, the "yarn," is, quite appropriately, something almost always produced by a woolly mind.

The publishers have made a handsome volume of "Africa Dances," but the photographs (sixty-two of them) lack the definiteness and clarity of the text.

"TO be fifty years old," writes the author of "Pasteur," "seems to me very handsome—for a man of my age." From which you can see that Sacha Guitry is a minor inheritor of the famous Gallic light touch of Anatole France. Guitry's soufflé of recollections, "If Memory Serves" (312 pages, $3), is precisely what you would expect, being more Continental than cosmopolitan, more French than Continental, more Parisian than French,



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THE NEW YORKER,
25 WEST 45TH STREET,
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and more *boulevardier* than Parisian. Though quite discreet—there's just the lightest flick of allusion, for instance, to Yvonne Printemps—the book's every page contrives to exhale a mild perfume of indiscretion. A collection of reminiscences and *coulisses* anecdotes, it carefully sustains an informal, almost scratch-pad memo note. Guitry is a little master in the art of haphazardry. He is not witty, but his frivolousness is sufficiently intelligent to give the effect of wit. Once in a while there is a memorable line. The author, viewing the Statue of Liberty, remarks, "It is not really something enormous: it looks rather like an enlargement."

Tucked away here and there one finds a stray bit of autobiography. I like particularly the account of his school days—he attended twelve schools and was placed in the first form in every one of them. And the random narrative of his early vicissitudes as actor and playwright is amusing enough. But the best stories are about others: his father, Lucien, from whom he was, following a quarrel, separated for thirteen years; Sarah Bernhardt and her encounter with the horse that was afraid of other horses; Monet; Clemenceau—Guitry seems to like him for exactly what may appear to others most hateful and repulsive; the Comtesse de Noailles, whose reported conversation with Herriot is unforgettable, particularly by Herriot; Al Woods, who gave Guitry a watch that would run in water; and a great many stage notables whose names can mean little to those unfamiliar with the Paris boards of 1890 to 1910.

When Guitry gets off his narrow beat—as in his remarks on Mussolini and Fascism—he talks, as we would expect, like a charming child. But these excursions are rare. For him all the men and women are merely players. He once asked his father what he loved best in the world. Lucien replied without hesitation, "To put my hand on the doorknob of a set." The same innocent delight in the world of artifice characterizes Sacha's attitude toward life.

There are five caricatures—not at all bad—by the author, and Lewis Galantière contributes a tactful translation. The volume is, however, except for a frontispiece, otherwise unillustrated and is a little overpriced.

"Proletarian Literature in the United States: An Anthology" (384 pages, $2.50) is bound to be one of the most useful books of the year, if only because it will help to settle a lot of windy controversy and café-table nonsense. Here, in the opinion of the editors, all of them reputable writers (Granville Hicks, Michael Gold, Isidor Schneider, Joseph North, Paul Peters, Alan Calmer), is proletarian literature: its practice, not its theory. If you want to argue, you'll have to do it with this book at your elbow. A long introduction by Joseph Freeman traces the history of Left Wing writing in America and explains its social base. Then follow selections from the fields of fiction, poetry, "reportage," drama, and literary criticism. Each section is headed by a brief, simple foreword. From any point of view, even from the casual one of mere readability, much of the material ranks high, and many of the writers represented bulk large, whether looked at from Right, Left, or Centre. An anthology containing work—to mention only a few of the sixty-two contributors—by Erskine Caldwell, Robert Cantwell, John Dos Passos, James T. Farrell, Horace Gregory, Isidor Schneider, Genevieve Taggard, Agnes Smedley, Clifford Odets, Malcolm Cowley, and Granville Hicks is an anthology of calibre.

In a work so large and so difficult to assemble there are bound to be errors of omission and commission, but the editors in general have done something not only well worth doing but badly needed by anyone interested in what is happening to American writers. There are two omissions a little difficult to understand: the play "Can You Hear Their Voices?," which is a classic, and some selection from the work of Edward Dahlberg, important for his technical innovations, and far more the serious artist than, it may be, others who are represented. There is one story in the book about which I have been going, as the phrase at one time had it, quietly mad for two years. It deals with Mr. Hamstringer, a millionaire who lived to be a hundred. It is by Philip Stevenson, and is called "Death of a Century." I take my oath that this is one of the finest short stories ever written by any American.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

•

ALSO OUT THIS WEEK

FICTION

THE SEVEN ARMS, by L. A. G. Strong. A swinging romantic tale about two sisters who lived during the Napoleonic era on a desolate peninsula jutting out from the west coast of Scotland. Jeanie was the untamable

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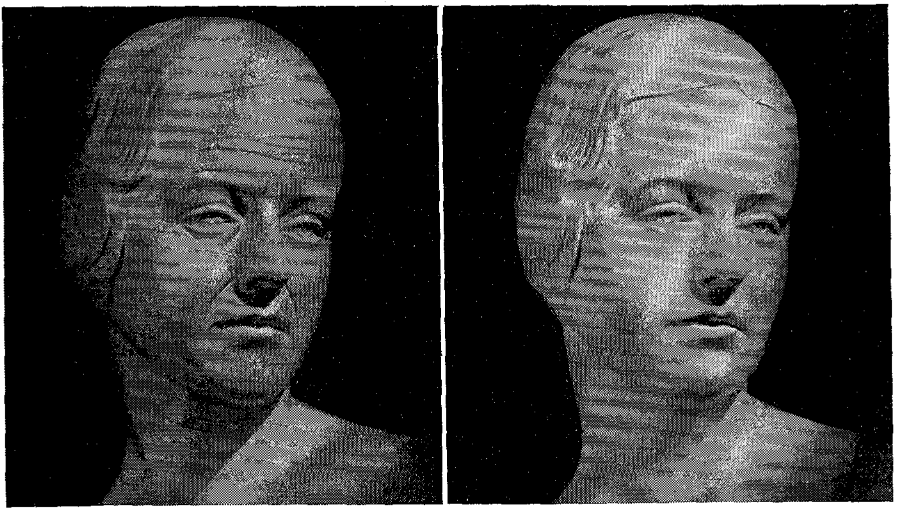

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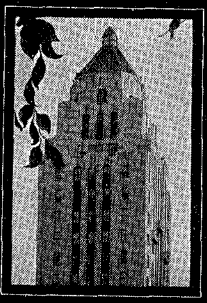

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one who followed her beloved uncle to the wars in Flanders and beat in her husband's head with a pillowcase stuffed with stones. Ellen stayed home and behaved herself. Mr. Strong writes without any weak-kneed concessions to reality. He has great facility but his books remain, in the questionable sense of the word, literature. He has a neat hand with wild Gaelic landscape, however. (315 pages, $2.50.)

AT MADAME BONNARD'S, by Joseph Vogel. Mr. Vogel removes the roof from a West Side rooming house to reveal what is going on among some odds and ends of human beings during the crisis. A first novel containing some incisive characterization. (297 pages, $2.)

THE JOHANNA MARIA, by Arthur van Schendel, translated from the Dutch by Brian W. Downs, with an introduction by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. The odyssey of a full-rigged three-master and of Jacob Brouwer, the sailmaker who loved her most and longest. For amateurs of Masefield's sea thrillers. (223 pages, $2.)

SMITH: A SYLVAN INTERLUDE, by Branch Cabell. A continuation of the trilogy begun with "Smirt." This one seems to be about parents and children. Cabellians will not be disappointed. (313 pages, $2.50.)

GENERAL

THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW: THE STORY OF A CHECKERED LIFE, by Marguerite Harrison. These memoirs are by an energetic lady who started life as a Baltimore débutante and rose rapidly. Her wide curiosity, her social connections, her journalistic gifts, her hobby of watching the fashioning of new nations, and her capacity for getting into and out of trouble all combined to lead her through a series of adventures in France after the armistice, postwar Germany, Russia during the civil war (she was imprisoned twice as a spy, but has no complaint to make), Japan, the Far Eastern Republic, China, and the Near East, where she met Gertrude Bell and helped Cooper and Schoedsack make "Grass." The whole story impresses one as a kind of distaff-side "Personal History," except that the author lacks Mr. Sheean's depth of personality, dramatic vigor of style (though she writes well), and power of political analysis. She is a shrewd observer but is hindered from going too deeply by her general ideas—a

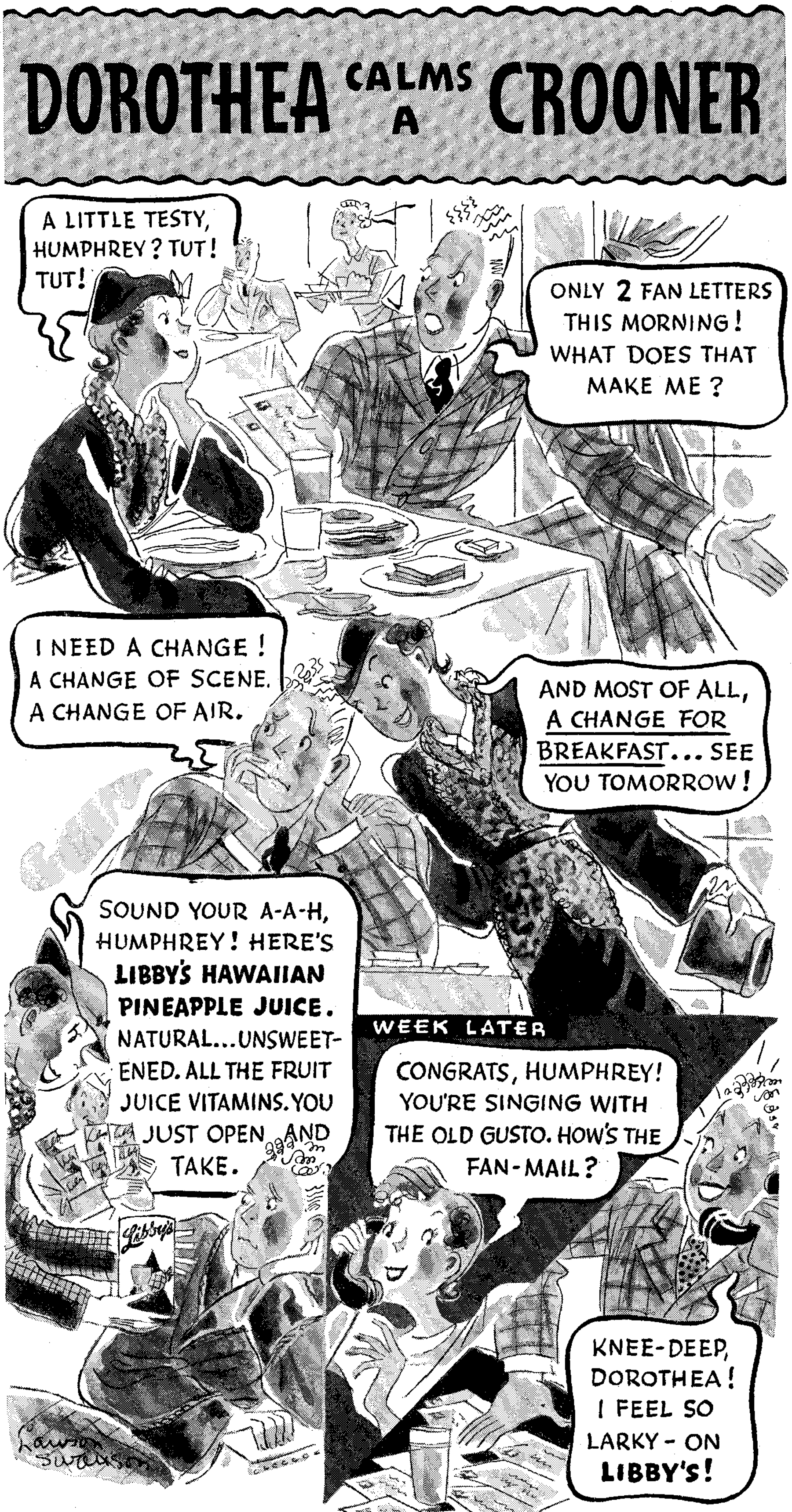
STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1933, OF THE NEW YORKER, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1935, State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Philip D. Hoyt, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of THE NEW YORKER and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, general manager and business manager are: Publisher, R. H. Fleischmann, 151 East 74th Street, New York, N. Y. Editor, H. W. Ross, 22 East 36th Street, New York, N. Y. Managing Editor, None. General Manager, E. R. Spaulding, Ridgewood, New Jersey. Business Manager, Philip D. Hoyt, Scarsdale, New York. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; R. B. Bowen, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Virginia Van S. Bowen, New Rochelle, N. Y.; C. R. Fleischmann, 136 East 67th Street, New York, N. Y.; Ruth G. Fleischmann, 151 East 74th Street, New York, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, 151 East 74th Street, New York, N. Y.; Jane Grant, Savoy Plaza Hotel, New York, N. Y.; Gunn & Company, 40 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.; J. Hanrahan, 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; Agnes Morgan Hanrahan, 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; R. Irvin, Newtown, Conn.; E. Melville Price, Chappaqua, N. Y.; H. W. Ross, 22 East 36th Street, New York, N. Y.; A. H. Samuels, 572 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; E. R. Spaulding, Ridgewood, N. J.; R. H. Truax, 232 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Katharine S. White, 245 East 48th Street, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Philip D. Hoyt, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1935. (Seal.) WILLIAM G. GEBERT, Notary Public, Queens County, Queens Co. Clk. No. 2841, Reg. No. 7004. Certificate filed in New York County, N. Y. Co. Clk. No. 873, Reg. No. 7G520. (Commission expires March 30, 1937.)

compound of misty internationalism, mild Right Wing Socialism, and a touch of transcendentalism. Quite worth reading, however. (664 pages, $3.50.)

MARK TWAIN'S NOTEBOOK, prepared for publication, with comments, by Albert Bigelow Paine. Mark Twain *en pantoufles*. These are the diaries or commonplace books, covering almost fifty years, in which Mark Twain set down rough travel impressions, maxims, business memoranda, notes on his contemporaries, and the harmless banalities to be found in the journals of any busy and celebrated person. They have little literary value, as is to be expected. Much of this material was later reworked into "Innocents Abroad," "A Tramp Abroad," "Following the Equator," and other books. The general picture that emerges roughly confirms Van Wyck Brooks' thesis that Mark Twain, for all his genius, was a frustrated, censored, and bitter man. Note to collectors: this is a Mark Twain first edition. (4 illustrations, 413 pages, $4.)

MULES AND MEN, by Zora Neale Hurston, with a foreword by Franz Boas and 10 black-and-white illustrations by Miguel Covarrubias. This catalogues as American Negro folklore, but the rubber stamp gives no hint of the delightful qualities of Miss Hurston's book. Here are authentic Negro songs, fables, sermons, and stories caught almost in the act of creation, for Miss Hurston went down among her own people, made them talk, laugh, and sing, and never once aroused any suspicion that she was an anthropologist. A feature of the book is the large collection of voodoo rituals, formulas, and charms. Miss Hurston ties her material together with a running personal narrative that has a curiously fresh and joyful quality. Altogether a volume no less charming than valuable. (343 pages, $3.)

POOR JOHN FITCH, by Thomas Boyd. An interesting biography of the homespun genius who helped to survey the Northwest Territory, invented the steamboat, and died a suicide. Fitch didn't know, or didn't know how to handle, the right people, whereas Fulton played the game and through some fancy political racketeering got the cash and the credit. The late Mr. Boyd's book is no mere portrait of a Yankee eccentric; it is biography informed with social vision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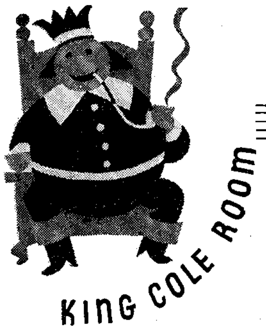

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and an understanding of the historical forces that defeated poor John Fitch. (5 illustrations, 315 pages, $3.)

NEW WORLDS FOR OLD, by Irina Skariatina and Victor Blakeslee. Madame Skariatina, assisted by her husband, gives a rather haphazard but interesting account of her recent European trip, during which she saw the effect of the June 30th Nazi purge, was present in Vienna the day Dollfuss was killed, heard Mussolini speak, and observed the progress of her native country, Russia. The book consists mainly of conversations. It has no weight but is good spot-reporting. (307 pages, $2.75.)

THE MINOR PLEASURES OF LIFE, selected and arranged by Rose Macaulay. An odd and enjoyable anthology, composed of little-known extracts, few more than a page in length, and culled mainly from English authors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. They deal with any number of minor pleasures, beginning with Agreeable Encounters, finishing off with Xenophobia, and including such enjoyments as Being Flattered, Catching Animals, Deploring the Decadence of the Age, Eccentricity, Giving Advice, Hot Baths, Making a Fuss, Snacks between Meals, and Taking Umbrage. (751 pages, $3.50.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EARTH, by John Hodgdon Bradley. A pompous title, some silly drawings, and a style that tries a little too hard to be picturesque and philosophical are the only drawbacks to this interesting popularization of the sciences connected with the earth and its history. All about the atmosphere, weather, wind, the ocean surface and the ocean floor, rivers that we see and those that live underground, glaciers, icecaps, volcanoes, earthquakes, coastal erosion, rocks and stones (including gems), metals, minerals, and oil. (347 pages, $3.)

BROWNSTONE FRONTS AND SARATOGA TRUNKS, by Henry Collins Brown. Some more of Mr. Brown's unpretentious antiquarian rambles, this time in the New York of 1835 to 1900. An amusing mixture of facts everyone knows and facts only Mr. Brown could have dug up. There are plenty of old contemporary photographs, sketches, and prints. (412 pages, $3.75.)

JOAN OF ARC, by Milton Waldman. Still another attempt to separate the myth from the probable realities. Mr.

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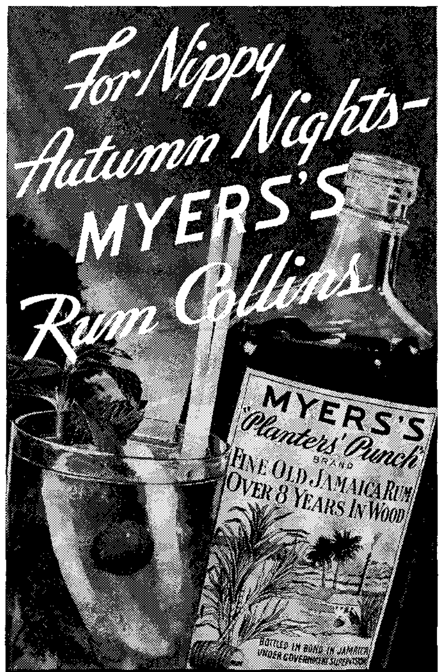

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THE LEES OF VIRGINIA, by Burton J. Hendrick. Full-dress biography of a great American family that was founded by Richard Lee (died 1664) and reached its climax in the Confederate leader. (12 portrait illustrations, 455 pages, $3.75.)

BREAKDOWN: THE COLLAPSE OF TRADITIONAL CIVILIZATION, by Robert Briffault. A revised edition, plus an epilogue covering the last three years, of a Marxian Götterdämmerung. A kind of expository companion volume to "Europa." (342 pages, $2.)

JANE ADDAMS, by James Weber Linn. An authorized, documented biography by Jane Addams' nephew. (Photographs, 457 pages, $3.50.)

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READER'S REMINDER LIST

FICTION

THE WORLD FROM BELOW, by Jules Romains, translated from the French by Gerard Hopkins. This, the fourth American volume of "Men of Good Will," consists of the French Volumes VII and VIII. Mainly about Jerphanion, Jallez, and the wily Abbé Mionnet. Not as exciting as the preceding parts, but you'd better hang on.

SUMMER TIME ENDS, by John Hargrave. To expose his thesis that people are poor in a world of plenty, Mr. Hargrave offers nine hundred pages of technical innovation. He is energetic, indignant, often savagely satiric, and perhaps just a wee bit eccentric.

THE STARS LOOK DOWN, by A. J. Cronin. A long, sprawling, almost continually interesting story about an English coal mine and the manner in which it affected the fortunes of dozens of people. Without a doubt Dr. Cronin's finest novel.

HORSE SHOE BOTTOMS, by Tom Tippett. A plain, moving story of the life of an Illinois coal miner during the latter part of the nineteenth century, set against an authentic background of labor warfare.

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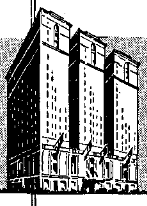

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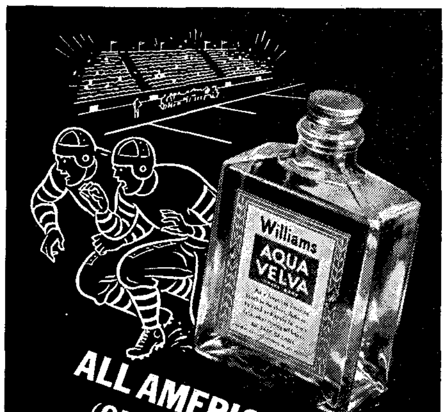

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color illustrations by the author. A long, uneven, but fairly interesting novel, half social study, half love story, about the young aristocrats of a Southern town.

EUROPA, by Robert Briffault. This first novel by a great anthropologist offers a vivid, Zolaesque panorama of the death throes of the aristocracy of Europe, from 1890 to 1914. Must be read.

THE ROOT AND THE FLOWER, by L. H. Myers. "The Near and the Far," "Prince Jali," and "Rajah Amar," Mr. Myers' serene philosophical romances of the India of the Emperor Akbar, collected in one volume. Contains probably some of the finest prose of our day.

THE INQUISITOR, by Hugh Walpole. Fourth in the Polchester Cathedral series, offering plenty of melodrama, English drawing-room conversations, and Dickensian eccentrics. Perfectly good standard Walpole.

VEIN OF IRON, by Ellen Glasgow. A long, beautifully written story of some modern descendants of the old Virginia Presbyterian pioneers, showing that the moral endurance of one's ancestors may repeat itself even in our bloodless day. Not for nasty youngsters who don't believe in romantic love.

GENERAL

SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM: A TRIUMPH, by T. E. Lawrence. The original 300,000-word story (first privately printed in 1922, and the version from which "Revolt in the Desert" was abstracted) of Lawrence's great Arabian adventure. In parts a great book, in parts a mere military chronicle. Handsomely produced and illustrated.

SINGING IN THE WILDERNESS: A SALUTE TO JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, by Donald Culross Peattie. The author of "An Almanac for Moderns" demonstrates that that was no flash in the pan. A lyrical reconstruction, part biography, part romance, part reverie, of Audubon's early and formative years in a dawn-America. Six reproductions from Audubon plates. Not to be missed.

MY COUNTRY AND MY PEOPLE, by Lin Yutang, introduction by Pearl S. Buck. A fascinating psychograph, written in witty English, of the Chinese people. Must be read if you have even a remote interest in the Far East.

IT SEEMS TO ME: 1925-1935, by Heywood Broun. A collection of one hundred and five of Mr. Broun's best columns which ought to convince you that, if a man is good enough, he can write every day and still write remarkably well.

ENGLISH YEARS, by James Whitall. Gentle memories of the English literary great and near-great (particularly George Moore), dating mainly from 1914 to 1920.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTLAND AND THE ISLES, by Stefan Zweig, translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. A "sister book" to "Marie Antoinette" and pretty much the same sort of thing, readable, dramatic, and not profound enough to be at all disturbing.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL, a play by T. S. Eliot. Mr. Eliot, with much bitterness for a believer, dissects martyrdom in general and the death of Thomas à Becket in particular. A liturgical tone tends to flatten out the tragic effects, but in spite of that the Eliot power comes through.

NEW MYSTERIES

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MURDER IN TEXAS, by Ada E. Lingo. The society editor of a small Texas newspaper solves the town's crime-of-the-year with the aid of a private detective. Less hardboiled than most stories centring about a newspaper office, and rather nice as a result.

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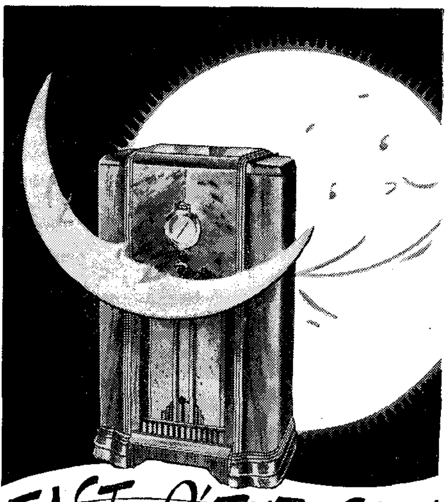

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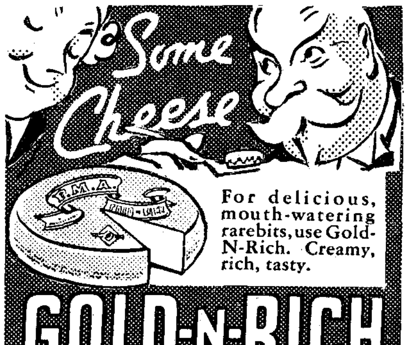

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